Miss America

for Teen-agers

JUNE • 10¢

VAN JOHNSON'S DATE TIPS

comics
charm
fashions
stories
movies

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250 CLASSIC
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Miss America

JUNE, 1945 • VOLUME 2, NO. 3

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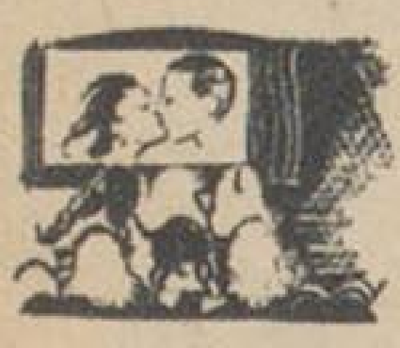

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HELLO, GIRLS:

MANY of you are graduating from grammar and high school and starting on a new, exciting milestone. You are in the midst of buying graduation outfits, from shoes to hats. Every little item of your wardrobe is being studied with loving care. What you wear, how you look means much to you on this memorable day.

But how you look should mean more than much, every day. Good grooming, good looks, good taste should not be just a now-and-then thing in your lives. These important and feminine niceties should be part of your daily habits—such as brushing your teeth, cleaning your nails and the like.

I know what a proud moment graduation is to a teen-ager. There's a proudness in growing up, wearing new clothes. It's a moment you will hug to your heart for a long time. And how you'll remember the shining, proud faces of your parents as they watch you take another step upwards toward that climb to—well, so many wonderful things that are in store for you.

Goodness, I'm getting serious — but, I hope, not preachy. It's too sunshiny a day to preach and, besides, what I really started to say, girls, is: "Good luck. Have a happy graduation and grand summer." You're not going to waste your vacation in lazy idleness, are you? I know you will be busy MISS AMERICA, volunteering your youth and energy to the war effort. There's so very much you can do, that I scarcely have the space to mention individual items here.

The pretty, dimpled, bright-eyed miss you see smiling at you is Paula Lohmann, whose prize-winning story appears on page 40 of this issue. One doesn't have to be a fortune-teller to predict that Paula has great creative talents and is headed for a successful writing career. Her story sparkles with wit, imagination and future promise.

"You can't imagine how happy I was to receive your letter," Paula wrote when I told her she had won this month's $50.00 story contest. "It still doesn't seem possible." It is possible, Paula, because it is MISS AMERICA's sole interest to help, guide and inspire young girls, to lend a hand as they reach for the goal of their dreams.

Keep writing, girls, and do let me know what you think of MISS AMERICA. If you have ideas on how to improve your magazine, do let us know.

Have fun on your school furlough.

Affectionately,
Jean Goodman

Cover: Kodachrome by Hal Reiff

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Miss America goes to a Party...

Jean Goodman hosted a party for filmville's teen-agers. and what fun...

Virginia Weidler, Peggy Ryan, Jane Powell, Sandra Marks, Shirley Temple, Jean Goodman and Janet Martin had a good old-fashioned gabfest, and very fest-ive it was!

By May Mann

HOLLYWOOD'S Younger Set star-studded the luncheon party honoring Jean Goodman, supervising editor of MISS AMERICA.

It was Jean's first trip to Movie Town, and lovely Shirley Temple, Jane Powell, Virginia Weidler, Peggy Ryan, and Janet Martin—our enthusiastic supporters and contributors—attended the gala social-session in the patio room of the Beverly Wilshire.

Sandra Marks, lucky teen-ager, took "a furlough" from her school in Arizona for the occasion. Sandra, who is Jean's niece, and Shirley, who is marking off her last year at Westlake School for Girls, were soon comparing campus notes, preference of school uniforms and other (*Continued on page* 61)

Martin Goodman dropped in for a chat with the Younger Set and, as you can see, is completely enchanted with charming teen-agers Shirley Temple and Jane Powell.

Art Weissman's candid camera clicked as the girls, and Jean Goodman, left the Beverly Wilshire after their grand gathering. It was strictly a femme affair.

Joyce makes a discovery...

Joyce had everything—good looks, a swell line and lots of males at her beck and call . . . Who could ask for anything more? Joyce could, and did —and that's when she found . . .

by Alice A. Sherman

OH, *when* is that bell going to ring?, thought Joyce Martin. She couldn't *wait* for lunch period. She almost bounced in her seat with impatience.

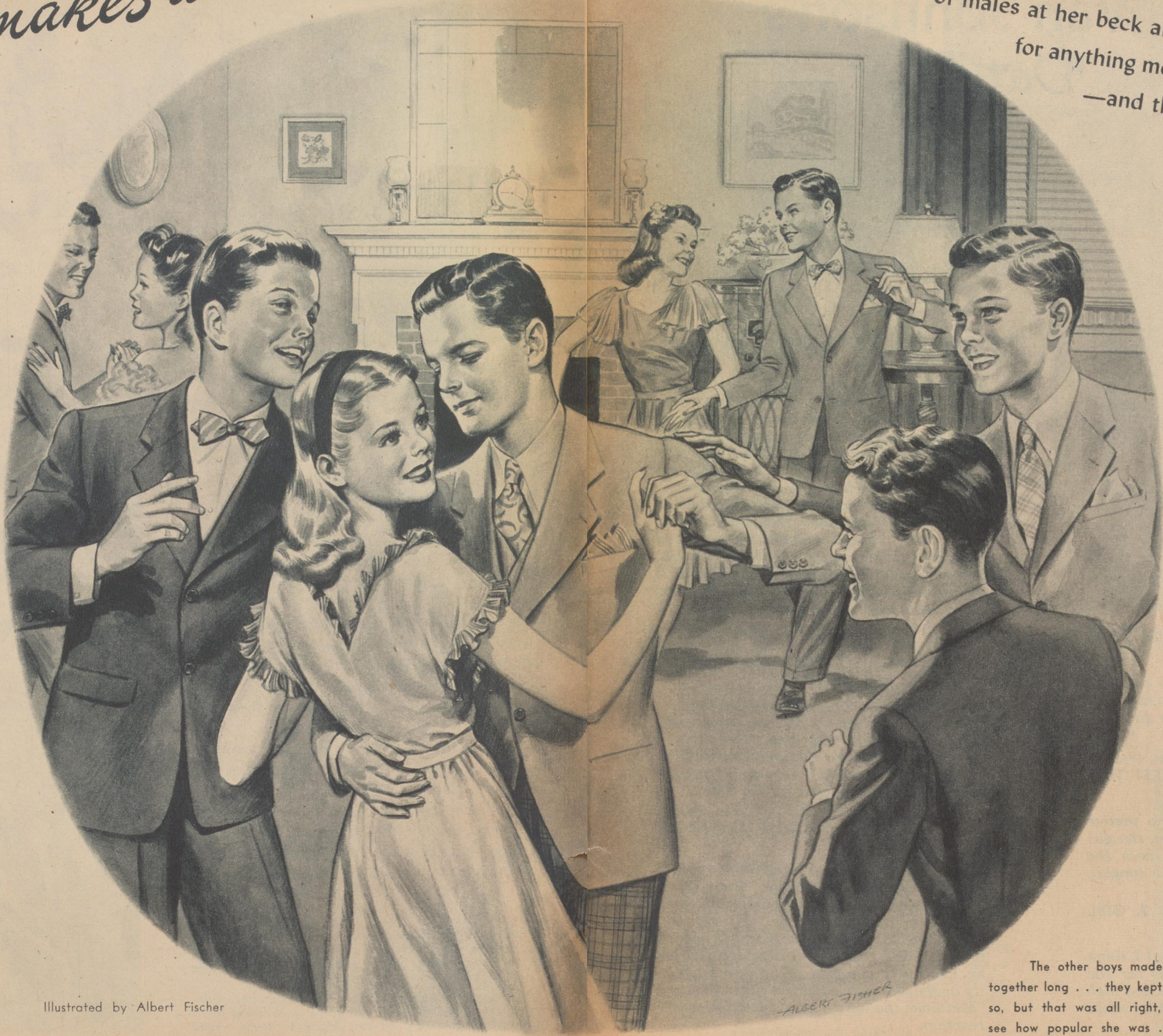
Across the classroom, Donna Sayres caught her eye and sent a questioning signal that said plainly, "What gives?" Joyce frowned at the clock over Miss Hilton's desk and made an extravagantly despairing gesture, but Donna shook her head slowly and shrugged to show she did not understand.

Naturally, she didn't understand. Donna was her best friend, but not even to *her* had Joyce described her plan. At lunch, Joyce was going to ask Dickie Farrow to the Class Dance! . . . Of course, he was a new boy and she had met him only the night before, but that made it even easier. Then, when one of the girls became catty and said something about rushing things, Joyce could explain lightly that because Dickie *was* a new boy and didn't really know anyone—well, what was wrong with being kind and like a Good Samaritan?

The truth was, though wild horses couldn't have made her admit it even to Donna, that she wanted to go to the dance with Dickie more than she had wanted anything before. Why, the very thought of him was enough to give her goose bumps! He was so—she could think of no other word for him except *super*.

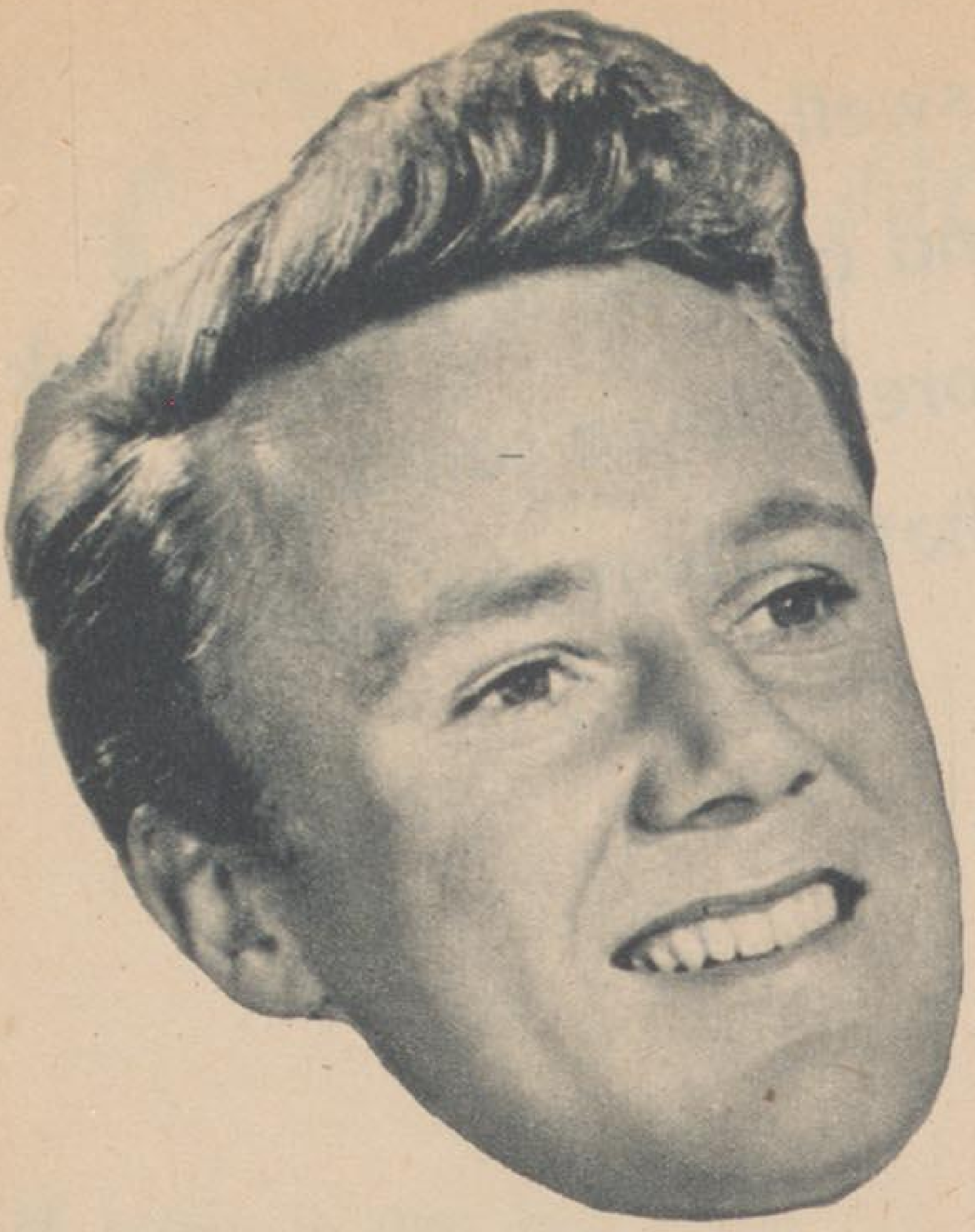
She had not known he would be there when she went to Stanley Frank's party the night before. As usual, more than one boy had called to be her escort, she had chosen three. They made quite a group as they came in. Everyone turned. One of the boys was trying to be funny and she laughed as if she thought he really was. She knew she looked her best when she laughed.

Then she saw Dickie, so tall and good-looking and smooth. He had (*Continued on page* 64)



Illustrated by Albert Fischer

The other boys made it hard for them to be together long . . . they kept crowding around her so, but that was all right, too. Let him see how popular she was . . .



Van Johnson's Date Tips...

Fine, friendly advice from the screen's grandest guy —Van Johnson. We hope this exclusive interview will help you to be a lovelier MISS AMERICA . . .

SHOULD A GIRL BE PROFICIENT IN SPORTS?

Personally, I prefer the type of girl who has athletic inclinations, who can go bowling, swimming, dancing, or play tennis or badminton with me. If she's a good player, the evening is more fun. If she's excellent, it puts me on my mettle.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE TO DO ON A DATE?

I like to share a good dinner at some quiet place and then go back to the studio and have some old picture run off. I love Garbo's films, and I've seen a lot of them many times.

DO YOU EXPECT A GIRL TO KISS YOU GOODNIGHT ON THE FIRST DATE?

No. I don't think you should get down to romance boom, like that! I want to have fun and share things, get to know the girl first.

WOULD YOU THINK LESS OF A GIRL IF SHE DID KISS YOU GOODNIGHT THE FIRST TIME YOU TOOK HER OUT?

Definitely, but let us say that no matter what men may say on the subject, the girl who is discriminating intrigues them the most and holds their interest the longest.

WHAT KIND OF CLOTHES SHOULD A GIRL WEAR ON A DATE?

See here, now, I'm no Adrian! But I think it's important that the girl dress for the occasion. She wouldn't wear veils and high heels to a bowling alley, nor bobby socks to the Mocambo.

SUPPOSING SHE DIDN'T KNOW THE PLANS FOR THE EVENING?

In the first place, when I call, I try to suggest what we'll be doing, such as, "Let's take a drive out toward the beach and maybe drop in some night spots later on." Or, "Would you like to have dinner with the Keenan Wynns and me?" That gives her the tipoff as to what to wear. However, if a man calls a girl just for a date and doesn't indicate what is planned, then I think if he comes over in slacks and sneakers, and she is dressed to her teeth, she should change. She can avoid this possibility, however, if she'll wear a simple tailored outfit that can either be dressed up or dressed down.

DO YOU THINK A GIRL WHO HAS JUST BROKEN UP WITH SOMEONE ELSE SHOULD TELL HER DATE ALL ABOUT IT?

I don't think a man is interested on the first date in whether or not the girl is carrying the torch for someone else. Later on, if they want to explore into past experiences, they can get it off their chests. But right at first, it puts a damper on the date.

DO YOU THINK A GIRL SHOULD TALK ABOUT OTHER MEN ON A DATE?

If it's done naturally as a legitimate part of the conversation, it's all right. But a show-off manner, with the girl chattering away about how many dates she has, isn't very interesting to the average man. If he's intelligent, he's going to surmise the girl has an inferiority complex about her popularity or she wouldn't advertise it so. Sort of a "Methinks the lady doth protest too much" reaction.

as told to
Alyce Canfield

Art Weissman, our candid cameraman, caught Van in two unguarded, but interesting moments. Van studying his script and—well, the other-loafing.

Van and Marilyn Maxwell relax and chat between scenes of their pictures. The pair are among MGM's popular Younger Set stars.

Just "hossing" around between the grind of making moving pictures. Van obliges his close friend, Keenan Wynn, with this pose.

DO YOU THINK A GIRL SHOULD ACT POSSESSIVE?

Not until she has reason to believe she has a right to.

WHAT IS THE MOST VALUABLE ASSET A GIRL CAN HAVE ON A DATE?

Adaptability. A way of adapting herself to the mood and the occasion. A girl who seems to be enjoying herself thoroughly is always popular.

AS FAR AS PHYSICAL APPEAL IS CONCERNED, WHAT IS THE THING THAT ATTRACTS YOU THE MOST?

Cleanliness, the immaculate look.

DO YOU HAVE ANY OBJECTIONS TO MAKEUP?

I think makeup, carefully applied, makes a girl look more attractive. However, I hate lipstick put on so thickly that it looks shiny. Esther Williams, my co-star in "Thrill of a Romance," has a beautiful skin and for every day rarely uses anything but lipstick.

DO YOU DISLIKE PEROXIDE BLONDES?

I like the natural look.

DO YOU PREFER OLDER WOMEN?

I think a girl who is a few years older than a man is more steady and has greater understanding, but there is something very endearing in the fresh, naive charm of little Miss Bobby Socks. As a matter of fact, I never think of a woman's age. Charm has no age limit. A girl can be charming at sixteen and devastating at forty.

(Continued on page 53)

EVE was warned...

This is a subject that touches on the facts of life . . .

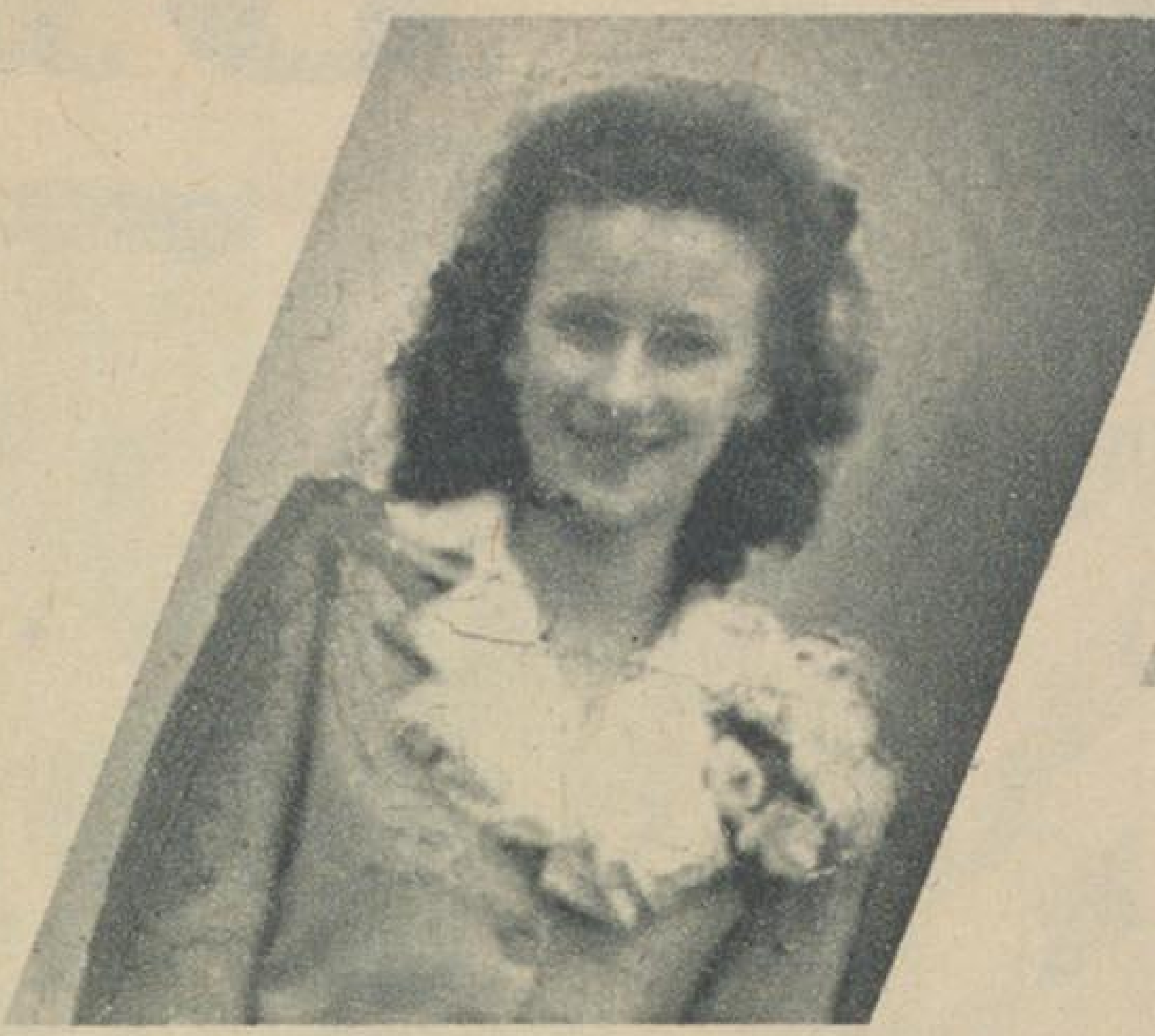
By Tina Travers

COME, come, little chick. Don't tell me you don't know about these things. Every girl does! So he calls and calls and you don't brush him off. You can't think of a way to get rid of him, so you date him. Just like you thought, you *don't* have fun. Or, perhaps again, your Big Moment takes you out, and there is a moon, and he asks, "Shall we stop and look at it?" What do you say? Well, what you SHOULD say is "No!" And it will do no good to remark afterwards that you didn't know he was going to make with those eyes, 'cause, oh yes, you did! Even Eve was warned by that sixth sense, that woman's intuition, that thing called Conscience. If Eve was warned, then so were you!

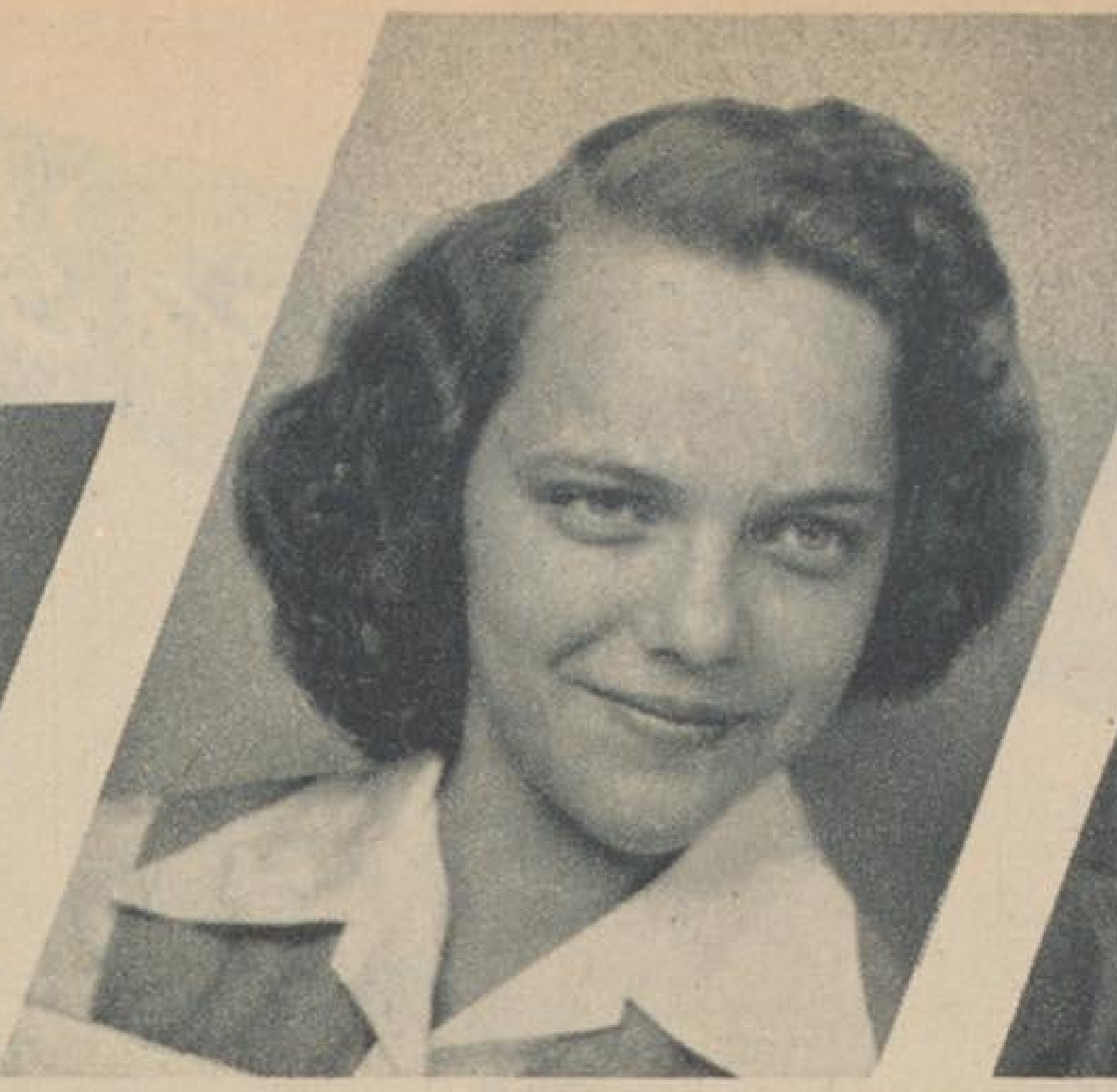
There's no need to go through life getting into jams. There's no use getting into situations in either school affairs, romance or business that make your life a stew and a mess. Because you always know *before* you do something whether or not you should. The time to stop getting involved is before you start. And that, says Gramma, is the best advice Eve could have heard.

How many times has some absolute droop started pestering you on the phone? Seems like all the boys (*Continued on page* 33)

'Moonlight and roses" are mighty romantic, but take heed, chick . . . You can avoid difficult situations later, by learning to say "no" graciously, now .



Here's pretty Dolores Martin from Walden, N. Y.



Sweet Juanita Hampton hails from McLeansboro, Ill.

It's Marjorie McDonald, Quincy, Mass., smiling "hello."

Miss America Speaks...

Introducing pig-tailed Betty Sanders, Union Beach, N. J

Meet Susie Black and her ice-skates, of Garden City, N. Y.

IT'S Delores Martin, of Walden, N. Y. Isn't she pretty? And she writes us a very sweet letter:

"We American girls are full of energy and eager to do new and interesting things to better ourselves in looks, personality and scholarship. MISS AMERICA, this new "teen-ager's" magazine is helping us to reach our goal as real personalities *plus*. Our magazine (it really is ours) is "tops" with our crowd. We like it particularly because it tells about the things we girls are interested in."

Now, here are two hat suggestions. The first one is from Phyllis Friedman, Shaker Hts., Ohio:

"If you have an army cap put a zipper in it and it makes a swell purse."

Won't your soldier beau love this! And, the second is from Mary Lou Lamphier, Albion, Mich. It is also a very tricky idea:

"Many girls are handy at making woven pot holders, so make five holders of your favorite colors and weave them together for a hat—one in front, one for the back, one for each side and one for the top. Then turn up the edges and you will have a cute little "hack-about" hat."

Juanita Hampton, McLeansboro, Ill., sends in a clever suggestion for a delightful scarf:

"Get some flowered or plain woolen goods and cut it into a "V" shape about 12 inches wide. Take any color yarn you like best and loop it all around the edges. Then split the loops on the bottoms and tie them securely, leaving the ends loose. This scarf can be worn on your head or around your neck."

So many of you have wanted some ideas on jewelry. Here are two suggestions from Norma Berkowitz, Medford, Mass.:

"Take a piece of velvet ribbon (any color) and a pretty earring. Put the earring in the center of the ribbon and clasp it very tightly. Then tie the ribbon on your arm in a cute bow. It makes a darling bracelet. Or, take a spoon, bend it and paint it with nail polish or shellac. This also makes a lovely (*Continued on page* 60)

Hi'ya girls . . . we've got heaps 'n' heaps of suggestions for your corner this month. It's fun reading and publishing your letters and pictures. You know, of course, we pay $1.00 for every letter printed . . .

Miss America's BIG TOP *Fashion Show*

CIRCUS
BARNUM & BAILEY
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MENAGERIE
RINGLING BROS
BARNUM & BAILEY
CIRCUS
Ringling
Barnum & B
VICTORY
POP CORN

A Juniorette fashion, feminine and fetching, with cotton eyelet top, velvet bows and puffed sleeves, complemented by a gay print skirt in green and brown or blue and green. Sizes 10 to 16. About $9.

A thin, dainty Petiteen cotton print with a ruffly eyelet collar and self-bows at waist. Cool and charming for warmish days. Sizes 10 to 14a. In rose on white background. About $8.

This Juniorette classic is a gray and white rayon with a luscious eyelet apron top. Nice for dates. Sizes 10 to 16. In azure-blue, luggage, sea-green and feather-gray. About $9.

Shantung is an ideal Summer fabric, and this Petiteen with drawstrings neck and Velvaray hearts on bodice can be your cute "conversation piece" dress. Size 10 to 14a. In aqua, blue, mellon, maize. About $9.

These styles are sold at McCreery's, New York. The models wear non-rationed Wise Shoes.

HAL REIFF

handling hands . . .

The same Maxine Shore who gives us the finest in fiction, writes about hand facts—fascinatingly . . .

THERE they are, attached to your slender wrists, two of them. Your hands. You don't pay much attention to them, aside from washing them, putting them into gloves or mittens, keeping them manicured—honestly, you don't half appreciate them! Have you ever really stopped to think how awfully important your hands are?

Not just their looks alone. Being self-respecting, you naturally keep them immaculately clean with water, smooth with hand (*Continued on page* **62**)

by maxine shore

Hollywood's YOUNGER SET...

By May Mann

May visits the stars,
Now you visit May—
And hear her tell about 'em . . .

Curly-headed Robert Walker and his girl friend, pretty Shirley O'Hara, spotlight their attention on the entertainment at swank Ciro's in Hollywood.

Practically all of Hollywood turned out for Eddie Bracken's party. Screen pretties Bonita Granville and Ann Rutherford partake of the hors d'oeuvres.

MOVE in, chickies, for a whirl around Hollywood and a confidential confab on your movie beaux!

Van Johnson is not secretly or otherwise engaged. Such a flow of your letters over that rumor. But 'tisn't so and Van more often goes stag 'cause he's waiting for "Miss Right" to come along.

Dolly of Erie, Penn., and a couple of thousand more of you who've written in asking ME to give YOUR LOVE to Van—well, I'm busy writing all of your names on a long list. And honor bright, next time I see Van I'll give it to him—oops—the list I mean. I can see Van looking at all of those fascinating names—and saying, "Isn't that really wonderful!"—and meaning every word.

Incidentally, Van has been receiving knitted socks from the Bobbie Sock-ers. And he'd like you girls to know he wears size 12.

* * *

Richard Jaeckel, in the Merchant Marine, postcards he's just shipped out from New Orleans.

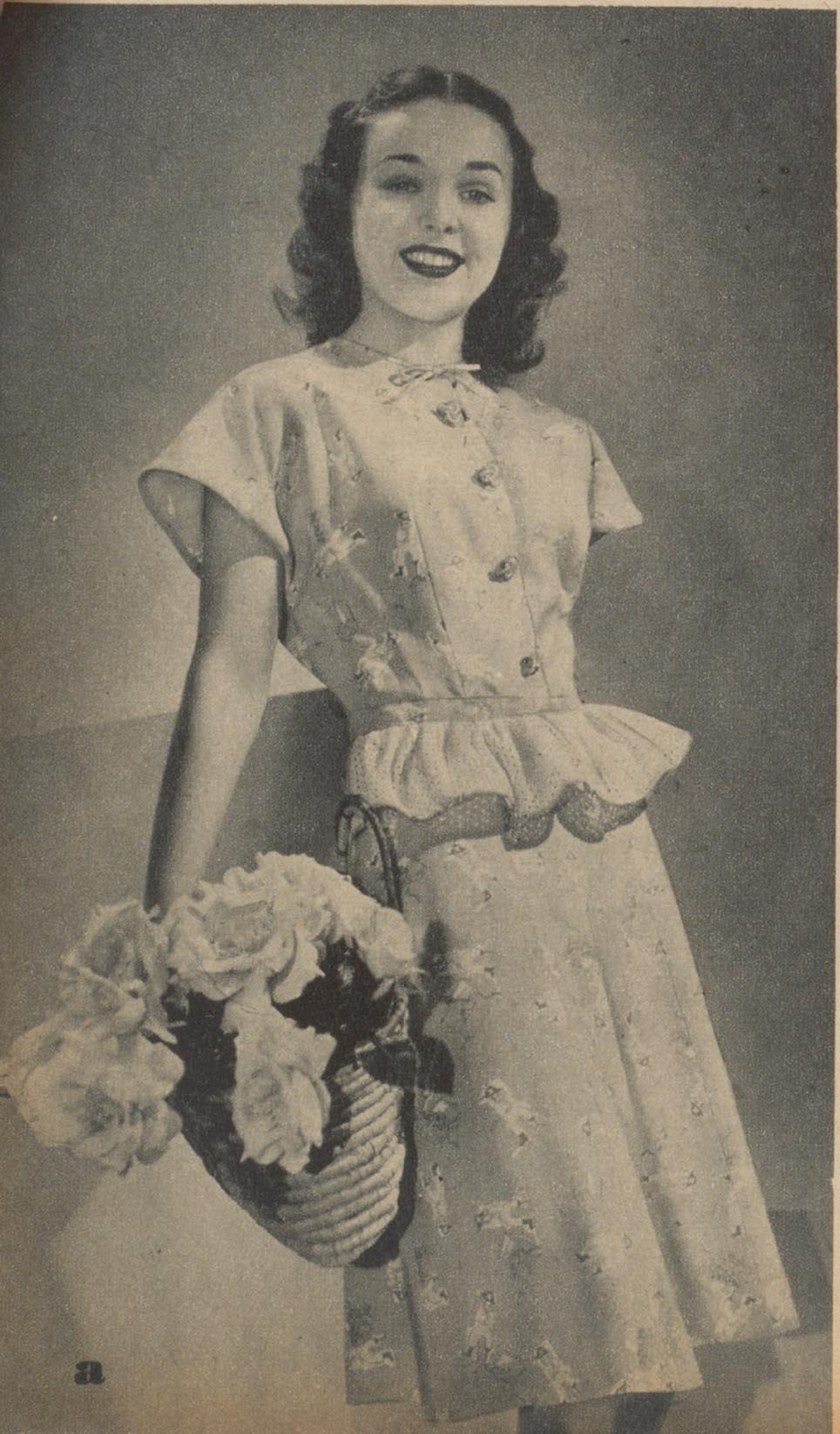
* * *

Alan Ladd came over to my house the other night—with his wonderful Sue. He's got a singing voice that is terrific! Laddie admitted that he's been using it to entertain the kids in the hospitals—and now Paramount's going to use it on the screen. That's fair warning—Frankie Boy! Incidentally, Laddie likes pie—and he liked a pumpkin pie I had made so much, I gave him a whole half (*Continued on page* 60)

✓approved by Miss America

Smart Styles for Keen Teens...

Our fashion experts have selected these typical Miss America fashions for you. They are teen priced—which means lots of style for so little money . . .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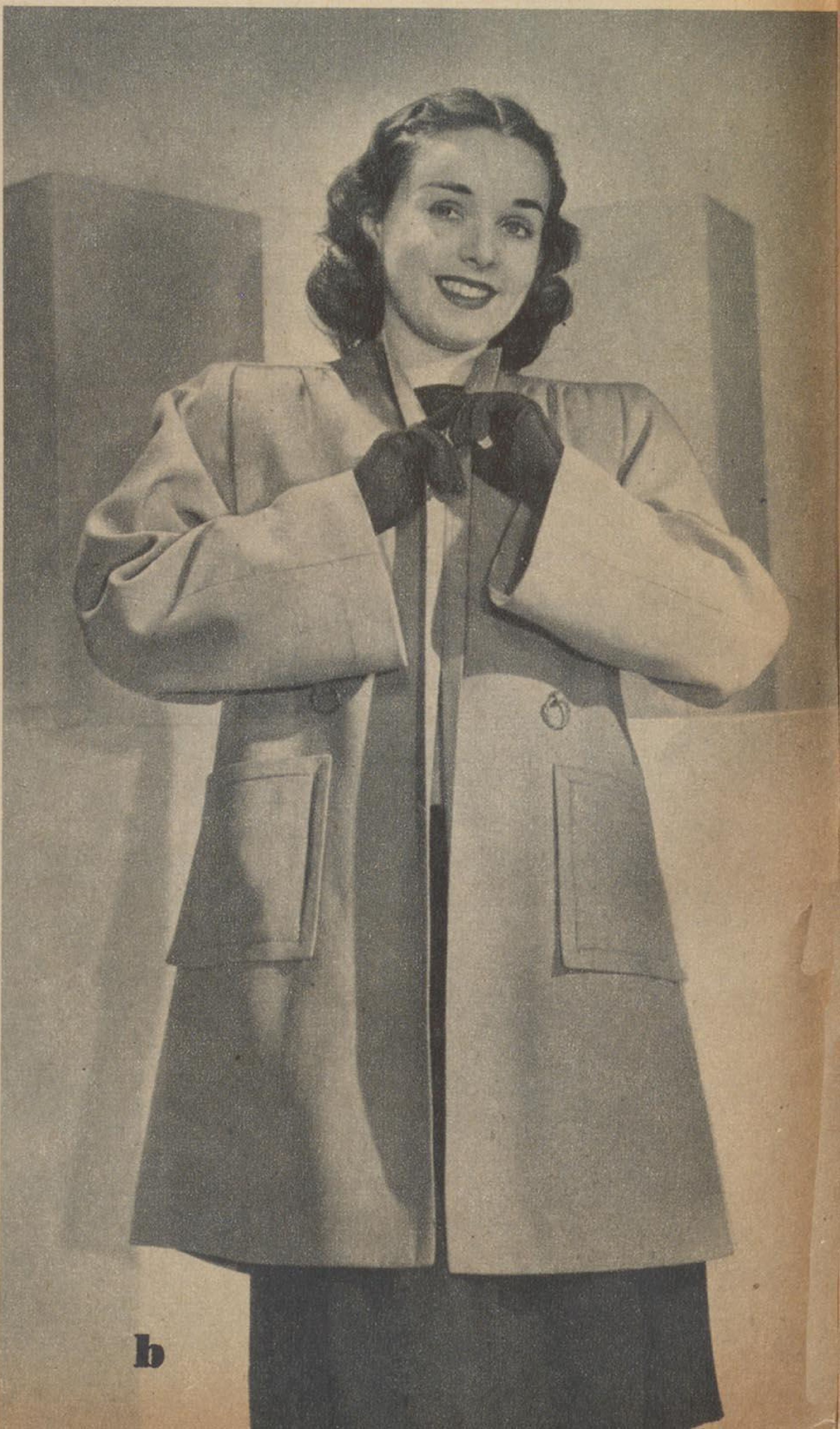
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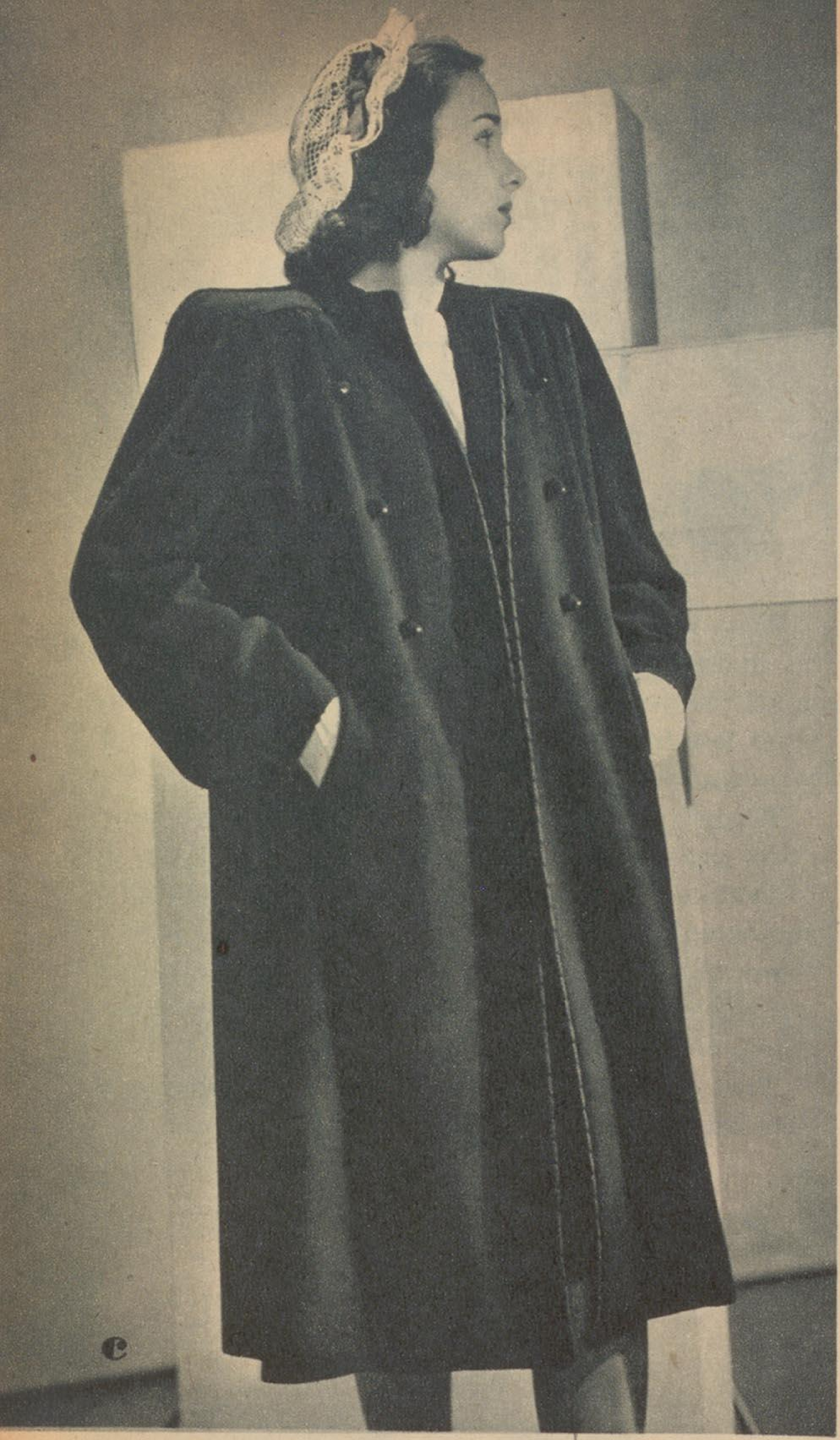
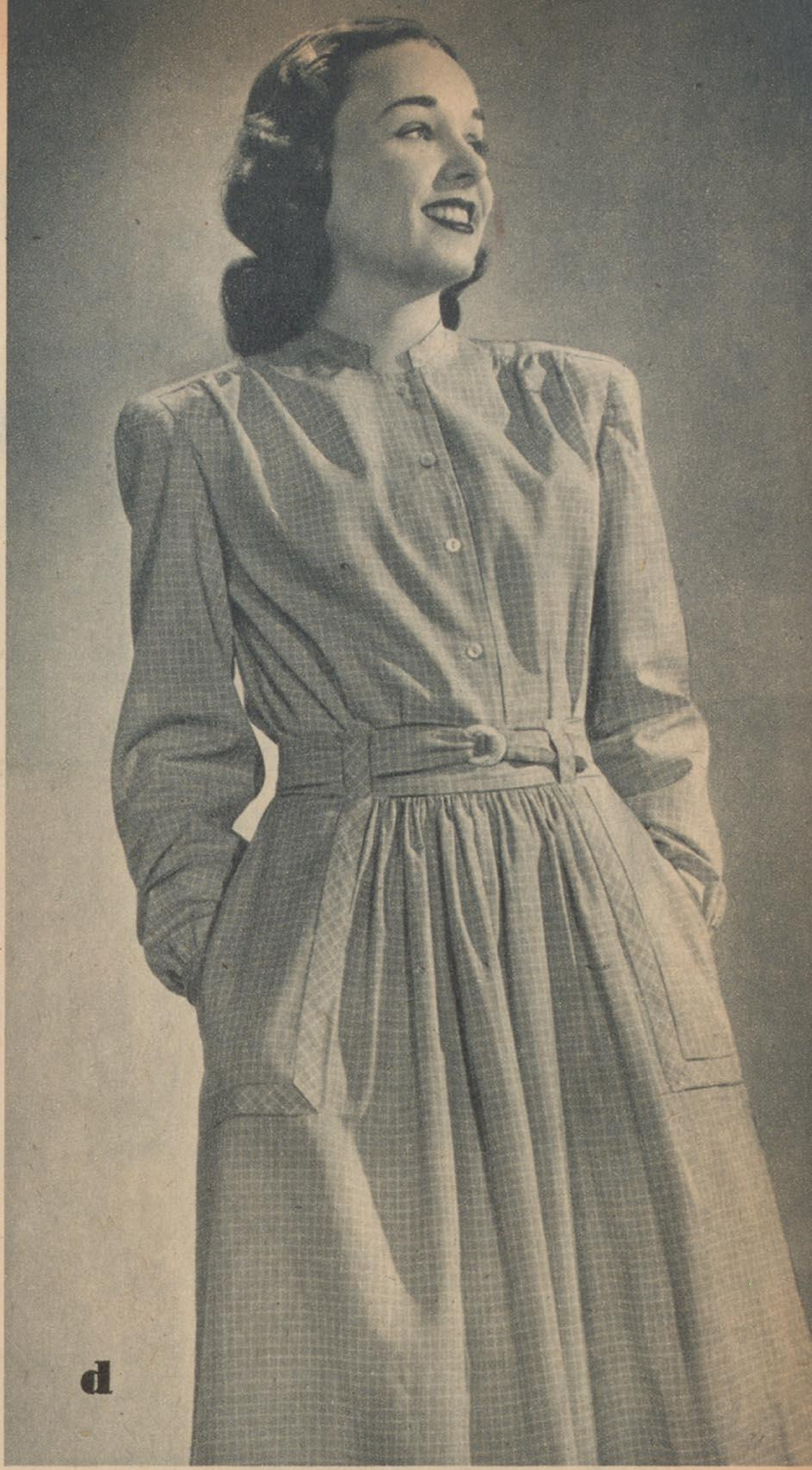




a *This pretty pirate print is a treasure! It's rayon-cotton with a crisp eyelet peplum and novelty buttons and a trim tie-back bow. Comes in hot pink, lime, sea-mist. Sizes 10-16. A Rainbow Dress. At about $8.00.*

b *A casual coat of luscious doeskin fabric, 33 inch, with swing back and square pockets. Buttons of gold-color metal. Comes in blue, black, coral, gold rose, grey, green. Sizes 9-15. From Barkin and Levin.*

c *Smart as a Quiz Kid is this all wool crepe box coat with satin binding. It has full, graceful sleeves, broad shoulders and nice detail. Colors are navy and black. In sizes 9-15. From Barkin and Levin.*

d *Pretty and practical is this Petti dress of star-spun gingham with long sleeves, Chinese collar and button down front blouse. Skirt with deep pockets, is separate. In green, brown, rose. Sizes 9-15. At $8.*

Jam Sessions

by *Pat Parks*

Get in the groove with Pat on latest music notes and disc-doings . . . .

Woody Herman and his licorice stick—tooting it the good ole Woody way. He and his crew are now making impressions on Columbia platters.

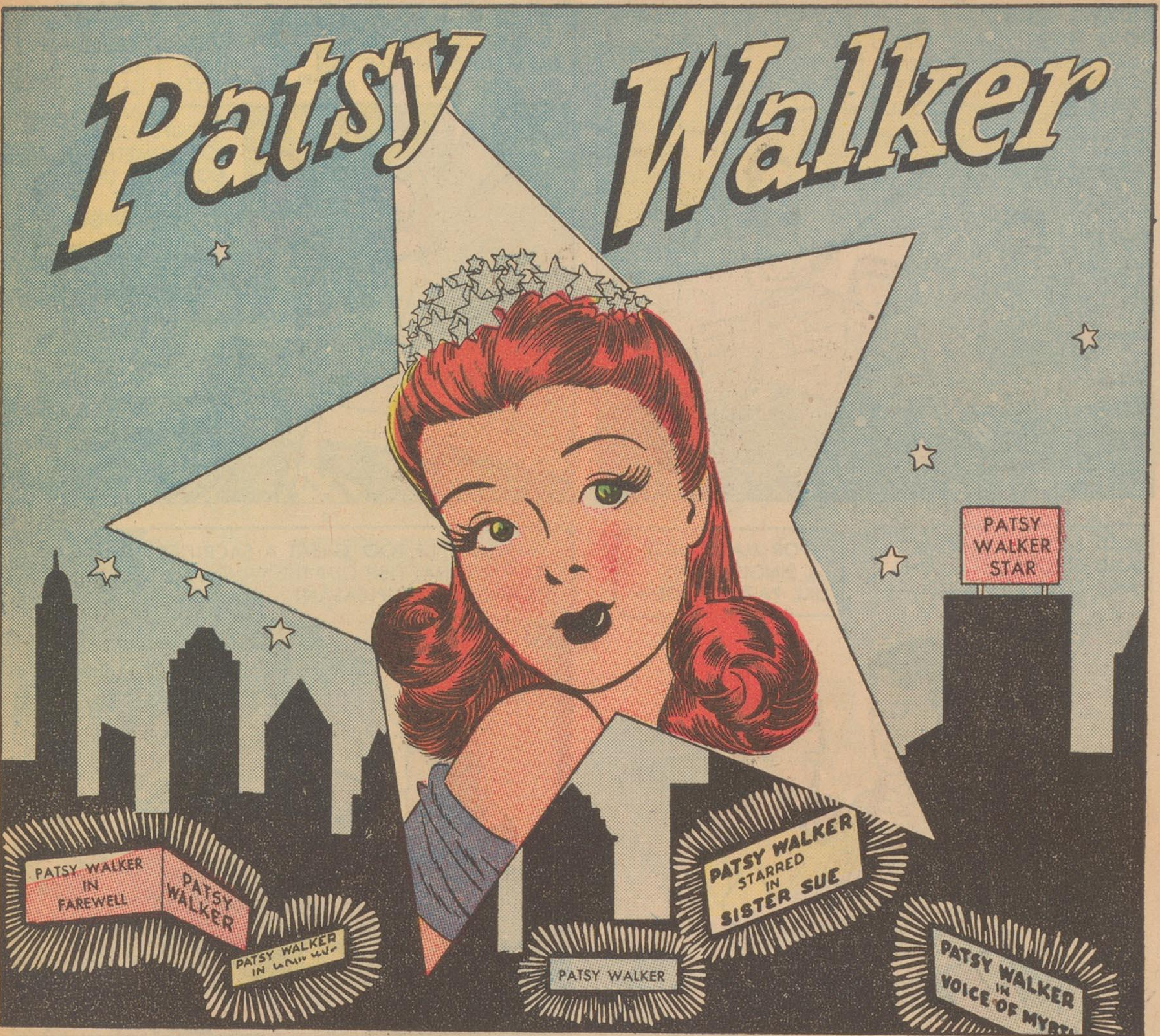
IDOL CHATTER: The gent in the brown corduroy sportcoat, tan slacks, yellow wool socks and brown suede shoes is Woody Herman. Woody Herman leads a band, plays a clarinet, writes songs, emcees, and sings the blues, the latter without reason.

Why Woody Herman sings the blues and why his band plays the blues is a mystery to me, for in all the years I have known the guy he has suffered less from the blues than any other person I have known. Woody just isn't a blue guy!

Tagged Woodrow Wilson Herman twenty-nine years ago when he first saw the light of day in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Woody probably gurgled contentedly That, I can't precisely say, for I wasn't there, but I have known Woody for several years and have always been impressed with his easy-going, contented manner. No blues.

That Woody was to be a stage personality was decided early in his (*Continued on page* 63)

Martha Stewart, charming new Bluebird warbler, who has already been screen tested in Hollywood. She has voice, looks, and bubbles with personality.


Patsy Walker
PATSY WALKER STAR
PATSY WALKER IN FAREWELL
PATSY WALKER
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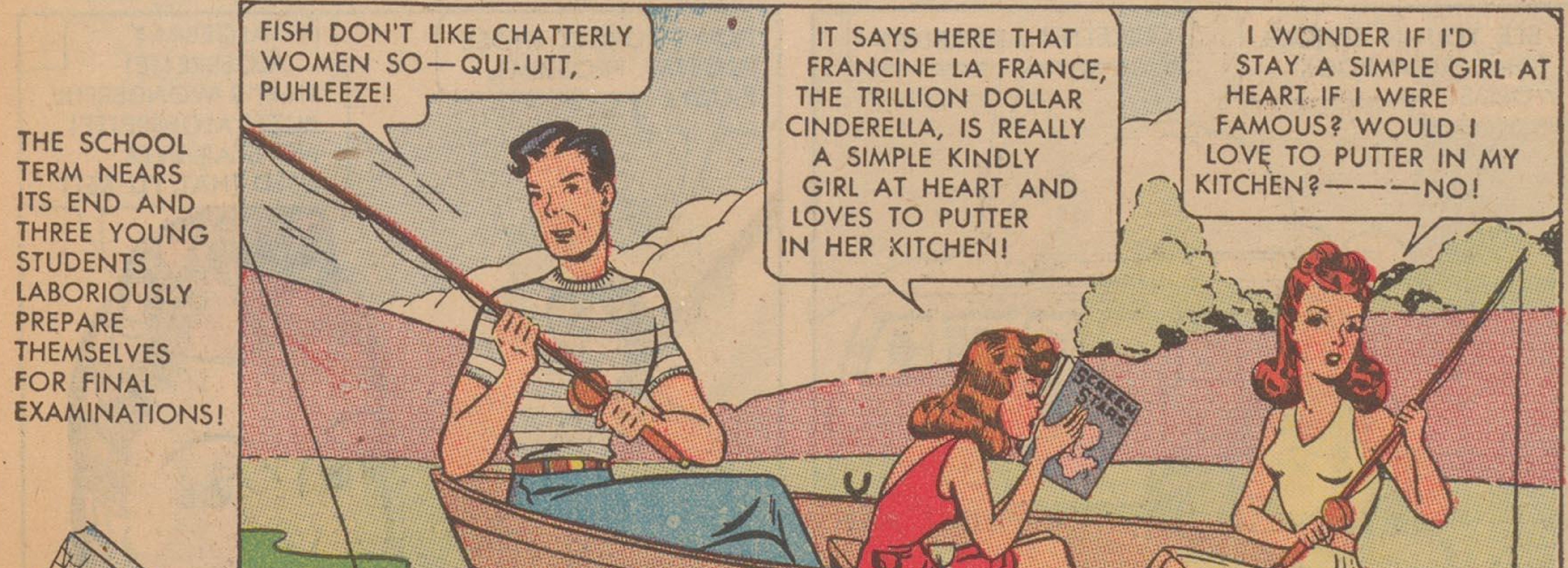
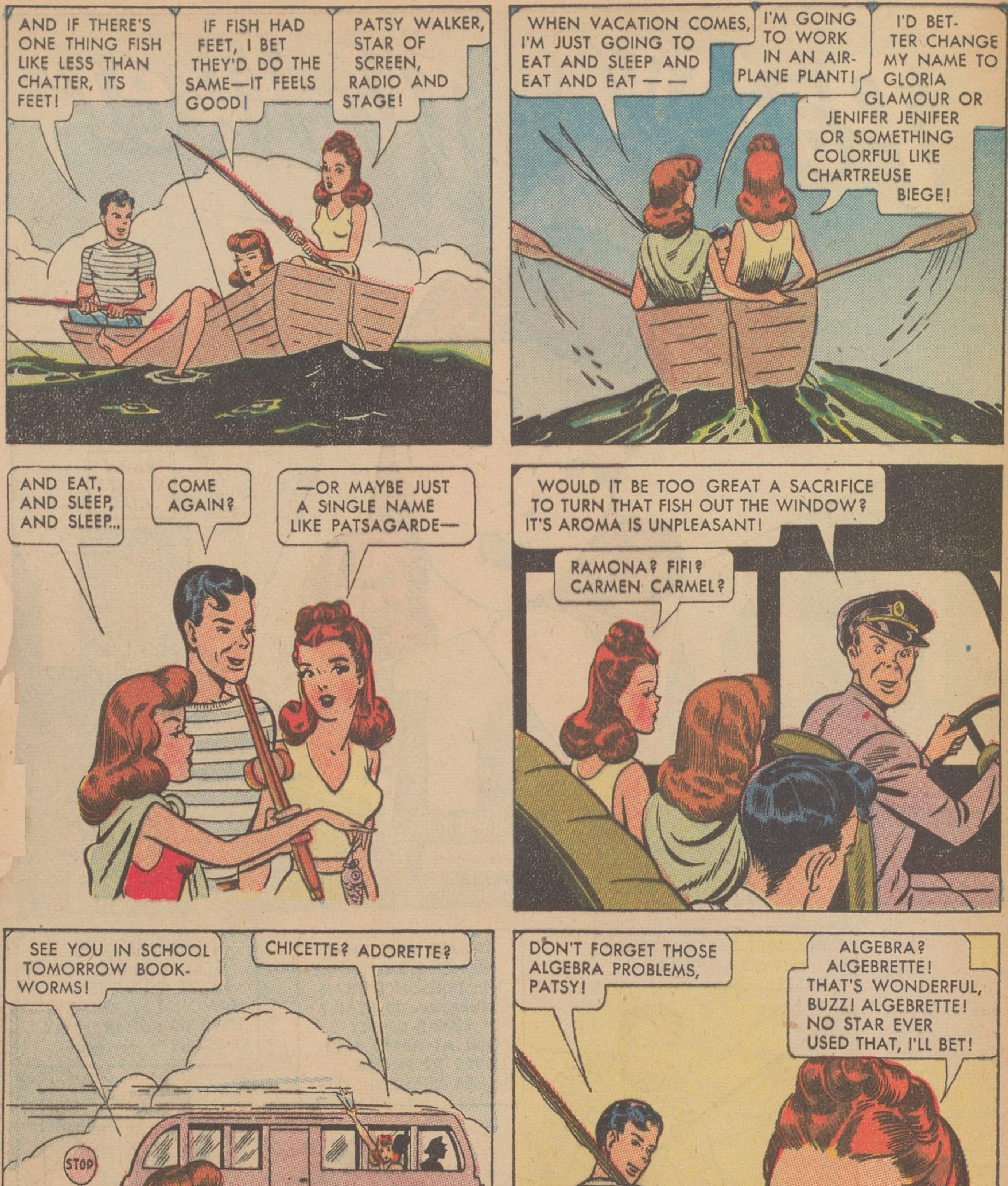
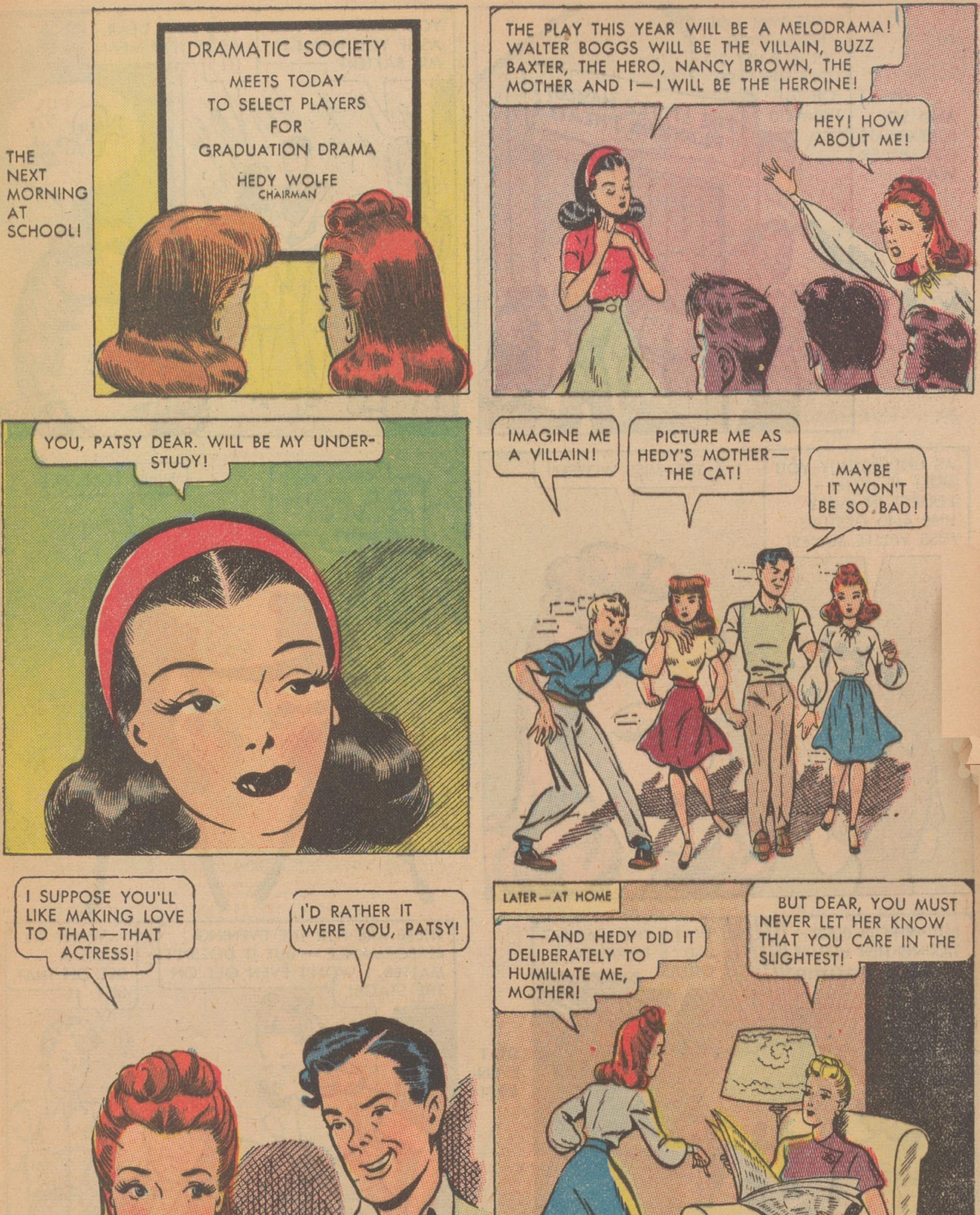
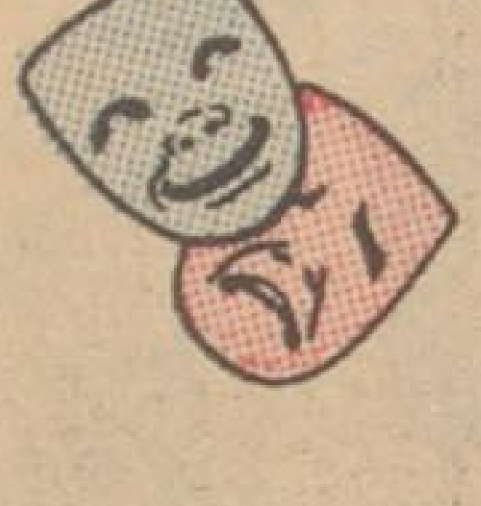
PATSY WALKER STARRED IN SISTER SUE
PATSY WALKER IN VOICE OF MYRT

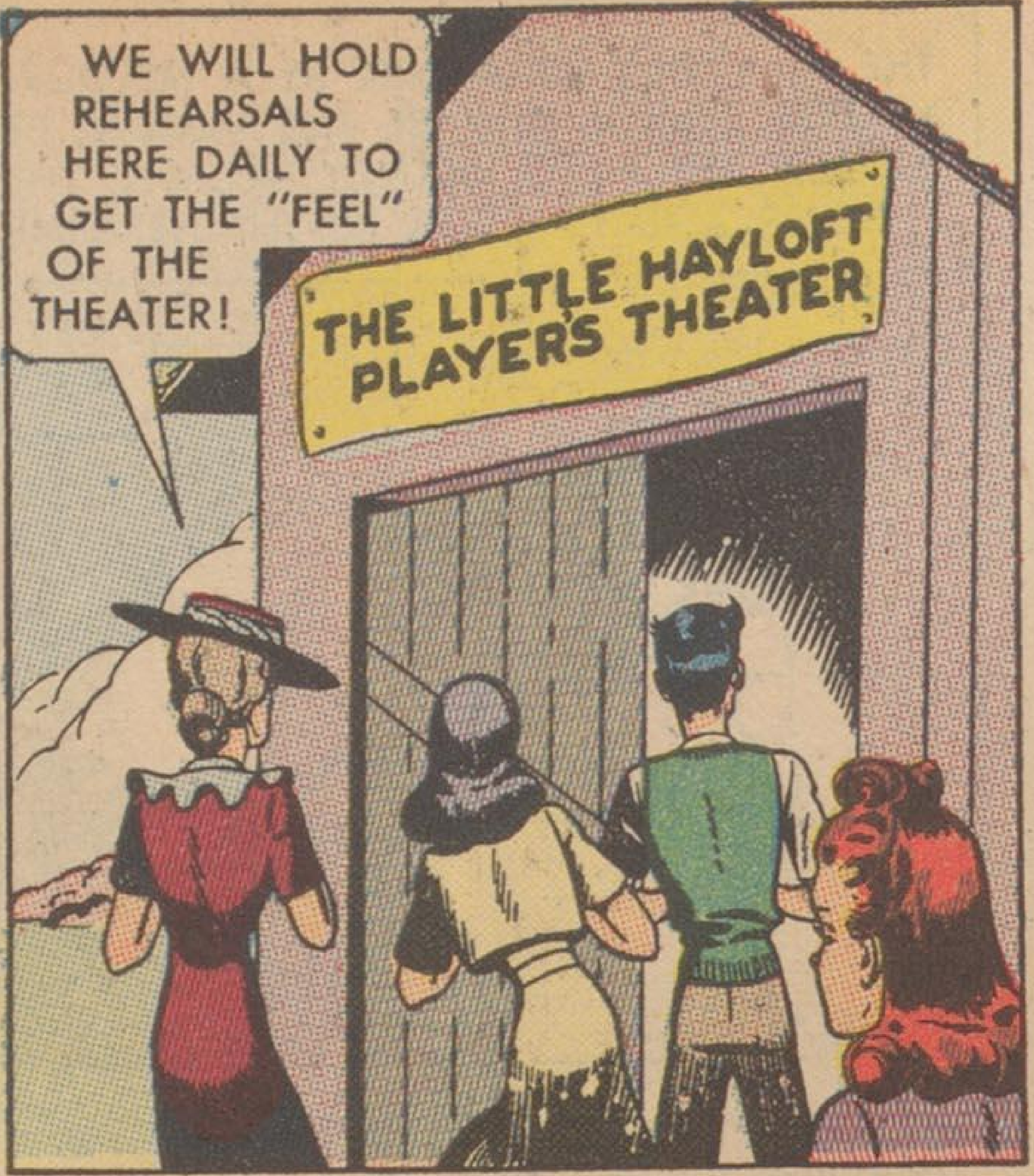

THE SCHOOL TERM NEARS ITS END AND THREE YOUNG STUDENTS LABORIOUSLY PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR FINAL EXAMINATIONS!
FISH DON'T LIKE CHATTERLY WOMEN SO—QUI-UTT, PUHLEEZE!
IT SAYS HERE THAT FRANCINE LA FRANCE, THE TRILLION DOLLAR CINDERELLA, IS REALLY A SIMPLE KINDLY GIRL AT HEART AND LOVES TO PUTTER IN HER KITCHEN!
I WONDER IF I'D STAY A SIMPLE GIRL AT HEART IF I WERE FAMOUS? WOULD I LOVE TO PUTTER IN MY KITCHEN?———NO!
SCREEN STARS

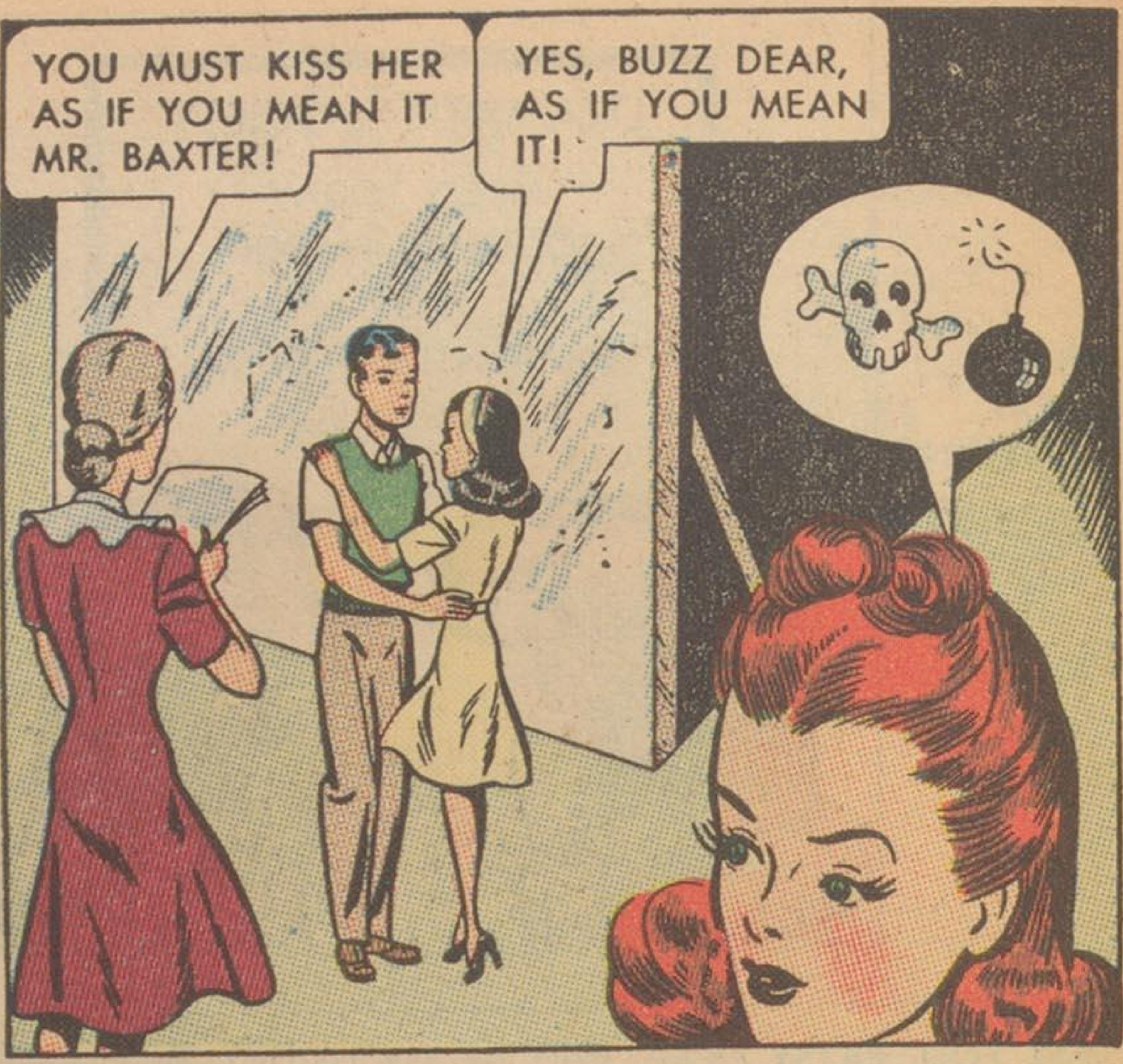

AND IF THERE'S ONE THING FISH LIKE LESS THAN CHATTER, ITS FEET!
IF FISH HAD FEET, I BET THEY'D DO THE SAME—IT FEELS GOOD!
PATSY WALKER, STAR OF SCREEN, RADIO AND STAGE!
WHEN VACATION COMES, I'M JUST GOING TO EAT AND SLEEP AND EAT AND EAT — —
I'M GOING TO WORK IN AN AIRPLANE PLANT!
I'D BETTER CHANGE MY NAME TO GLORIA GLAMOUR OR JENIFER JENIFER OR SOMETHING COLORFUL LIKE CHARTREUSE BIEGE!
AND EAT, AND SLEEP, AND SLEEP...
COME AGAIN?
—OR MAYBE JUST A SINGLE NAME LIKE PATSAGARDE—
WOULD IT BE TOO GREAT A SACRIFICE TO TURN THAT FISH OUT THE WINDOW? IT'S AROMA IS UNPLEASANT!
RAMONA? FIFI? CARMEN CARMEL?
SEE YOU IN SCHOOL TOMORROW BOOKWORMS!
CHICETTE? ADORETTE?
STOP
DON'T FORGET THOSE ALGEBRA PROBLEMS, PATSY!
ALGEBRA? ALGEBRETTE! THAT'S WONDERFUL, BUZZ! ALGEBRETTE! NO STAR EVER USED THAT, I'LL BET!

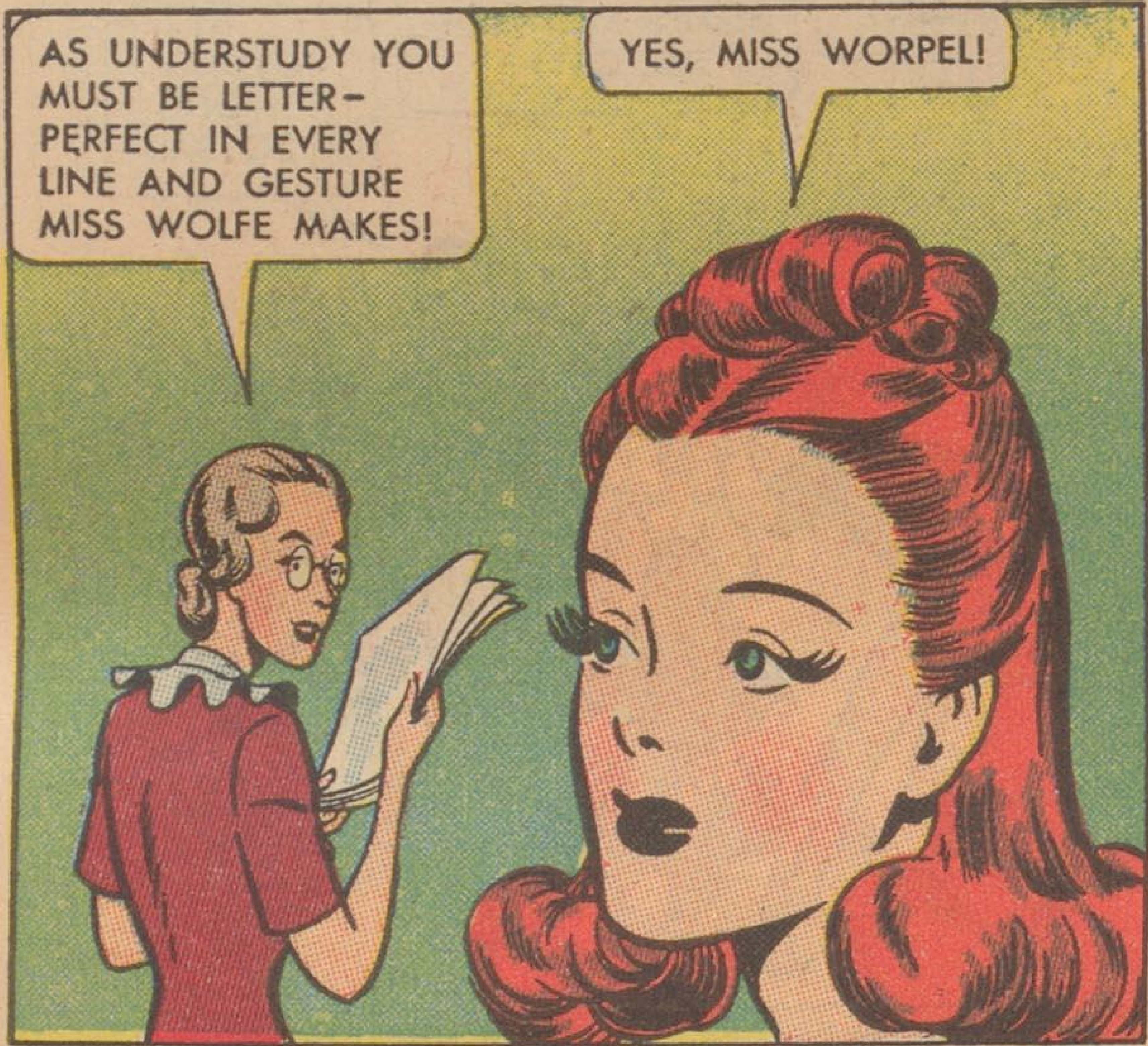

THE NEXT MORNING AT SCHOOL!
DRAMATIC SOCIETY MEETS TODAY TO SELECT PLAYERS FOR GRADUATION DRAMA HEDY WOLFE CHAIRMAN
THE PLAY THIS YEAR WILL BE A MELODRAMA! WALTER BOGGS WILL BE THE VILLAIN, BUZZ BAXTER, THE HERO, NANCY BROWN, THE MOTHER AND I—I WILL BE THE HEROINE!
HEY! HOW ABOUT ME!
YOU, PATSY DEAR. WILL BE MY UNDERSTUDY!
IMAGINE ME A VILLAIN!
PICTURE ME AS HEDY'S MOTHER—THE CAT!
MAYBE IT WON'T BE SO BAD!
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL LIKE MAKING LOVE TO THAT—THAT ACTRESS!
I'D RATHER IT WERE YOU, PATSY!
LATER—AT HOME
—AND HEDY DID IT DELIBERATELY TO HUMILIATE ME, MOTHER!
BUT DEAR, YOU MUST NEVER LET HER KNOW THAT YOU CARE IN THE SLIGHTEST!

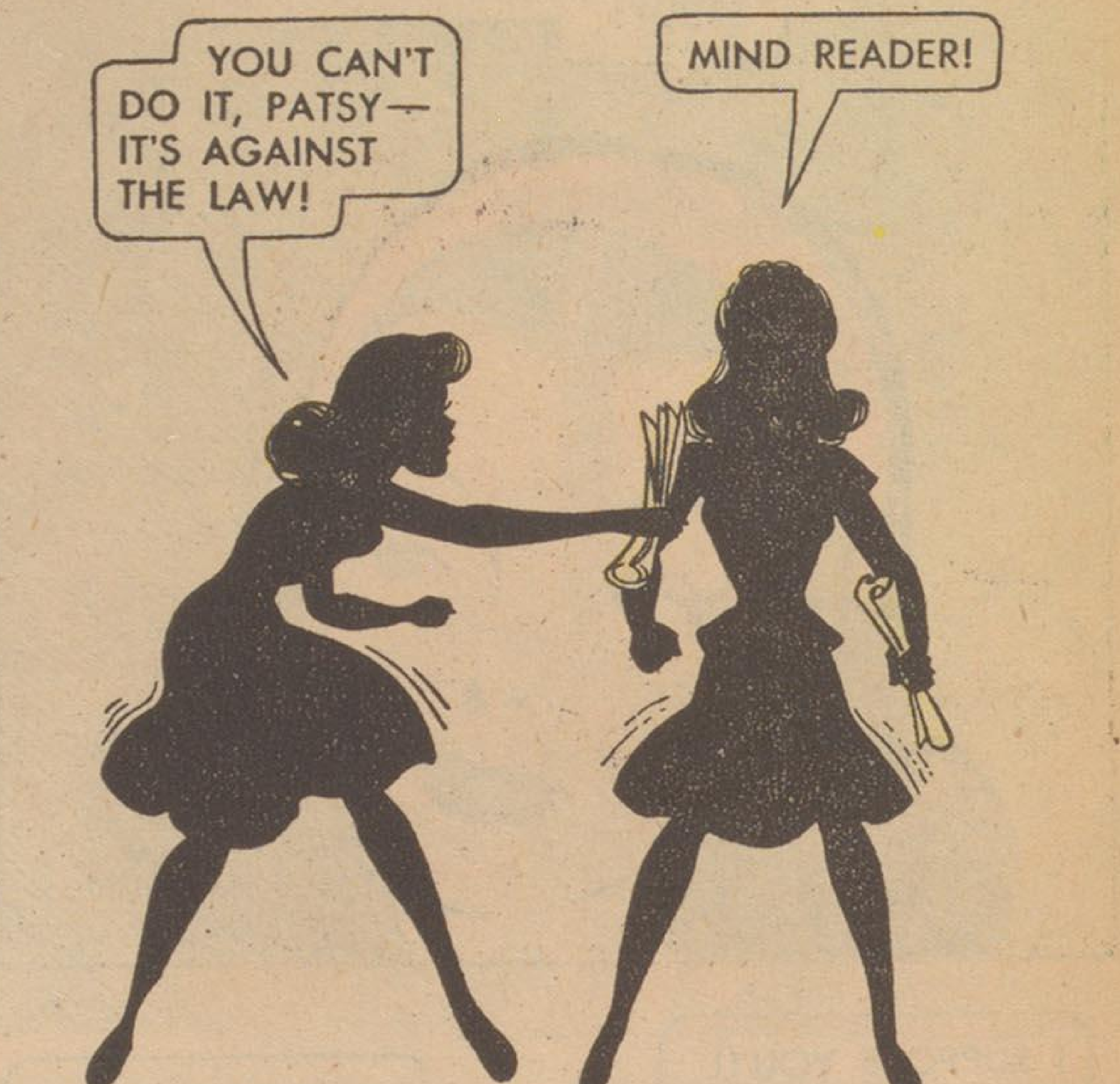
AND SO, REHEARSALS GET UNDER WAY!

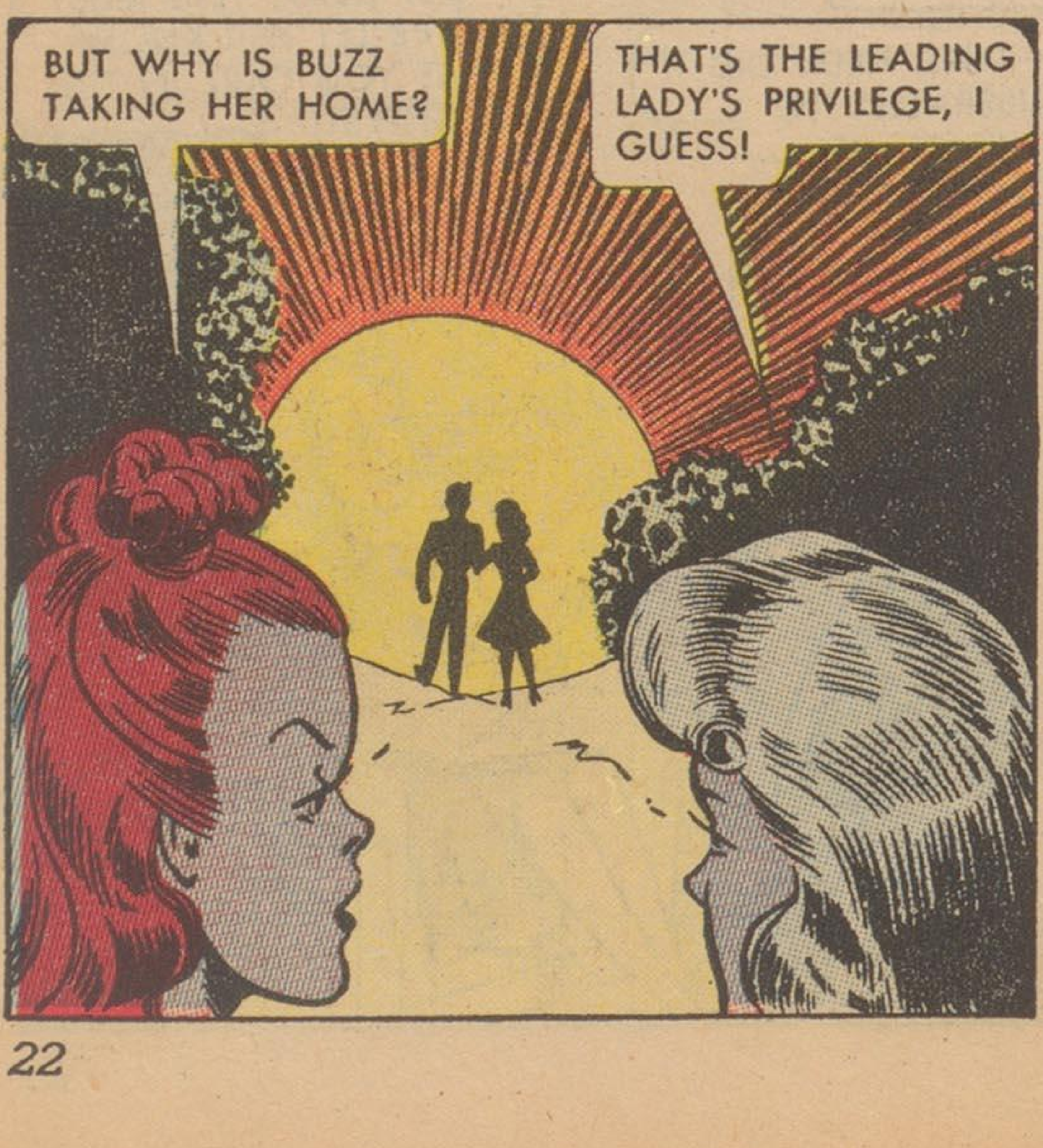



WE WILL HOLD REHEARSALS HERE DAILY TO GET THE "FEEL" OF THE THEATER!
THE LITTLE HAYLOFT PLAYER'S THEATER

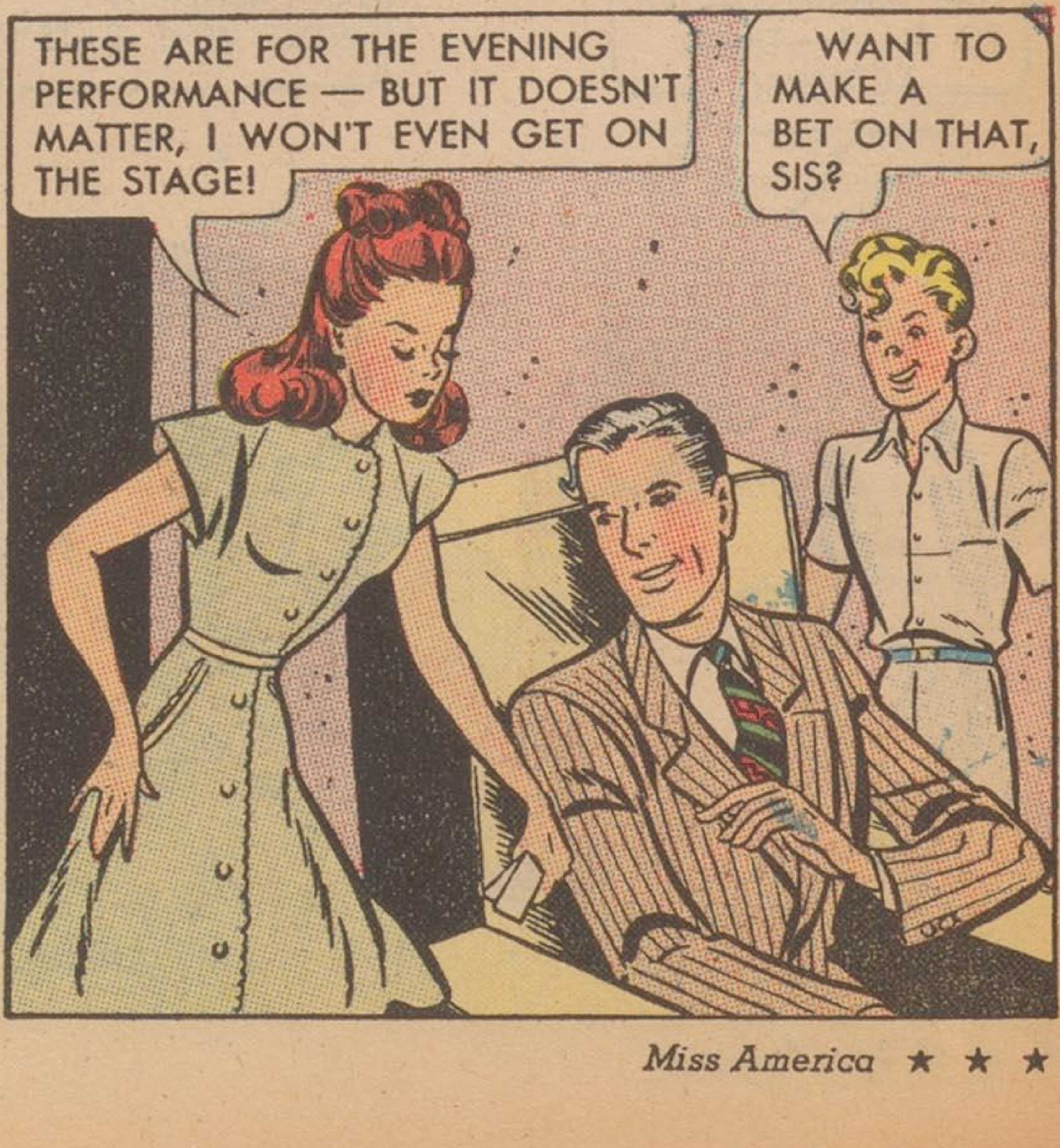

YOU MUST KISS HER AS IF YOU MEAN IT MR. BAXTER!
YES, BUZZ DEAR, AS IF YOU MEAN IT!

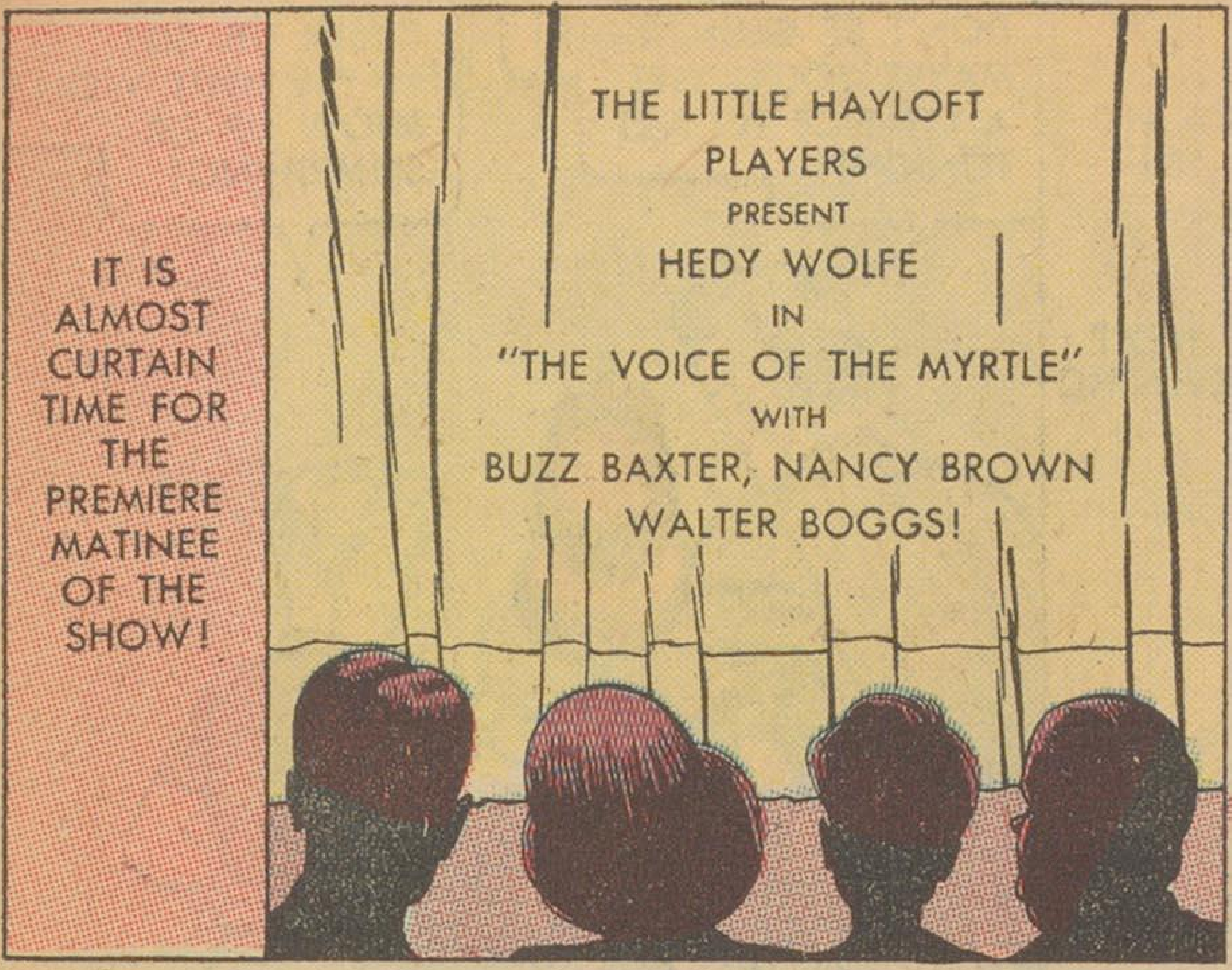

AS UNDERSTUDY YOU MUST BE LETTER-PERFECT IN EVERY LINE AND GESTURE MISS WOLFE MAKES!
YES, MISS WORPEL!

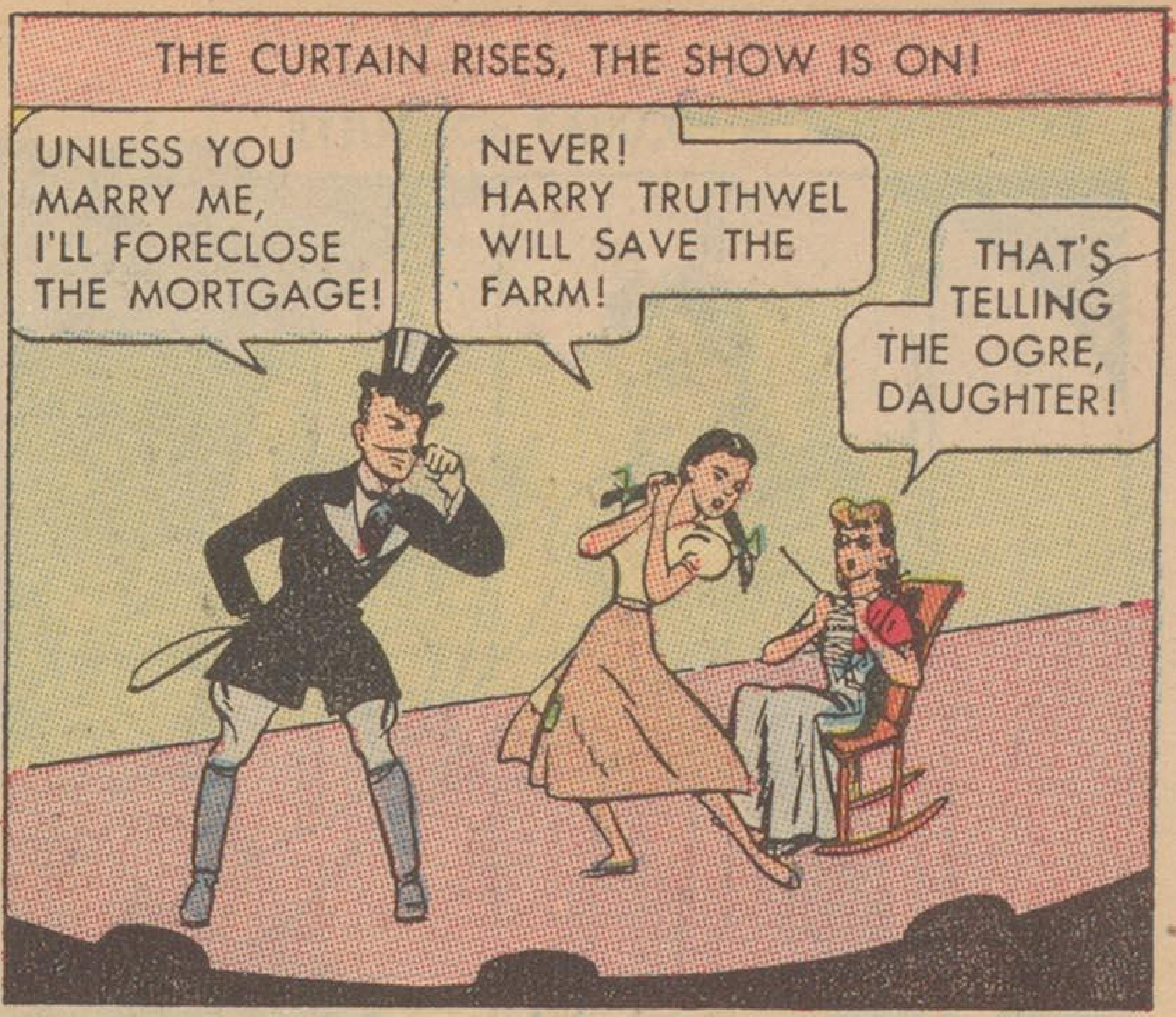

YOU CAN'T DO IT, PATSY—IT'S AGAINST THE LAW!
MIND READER!

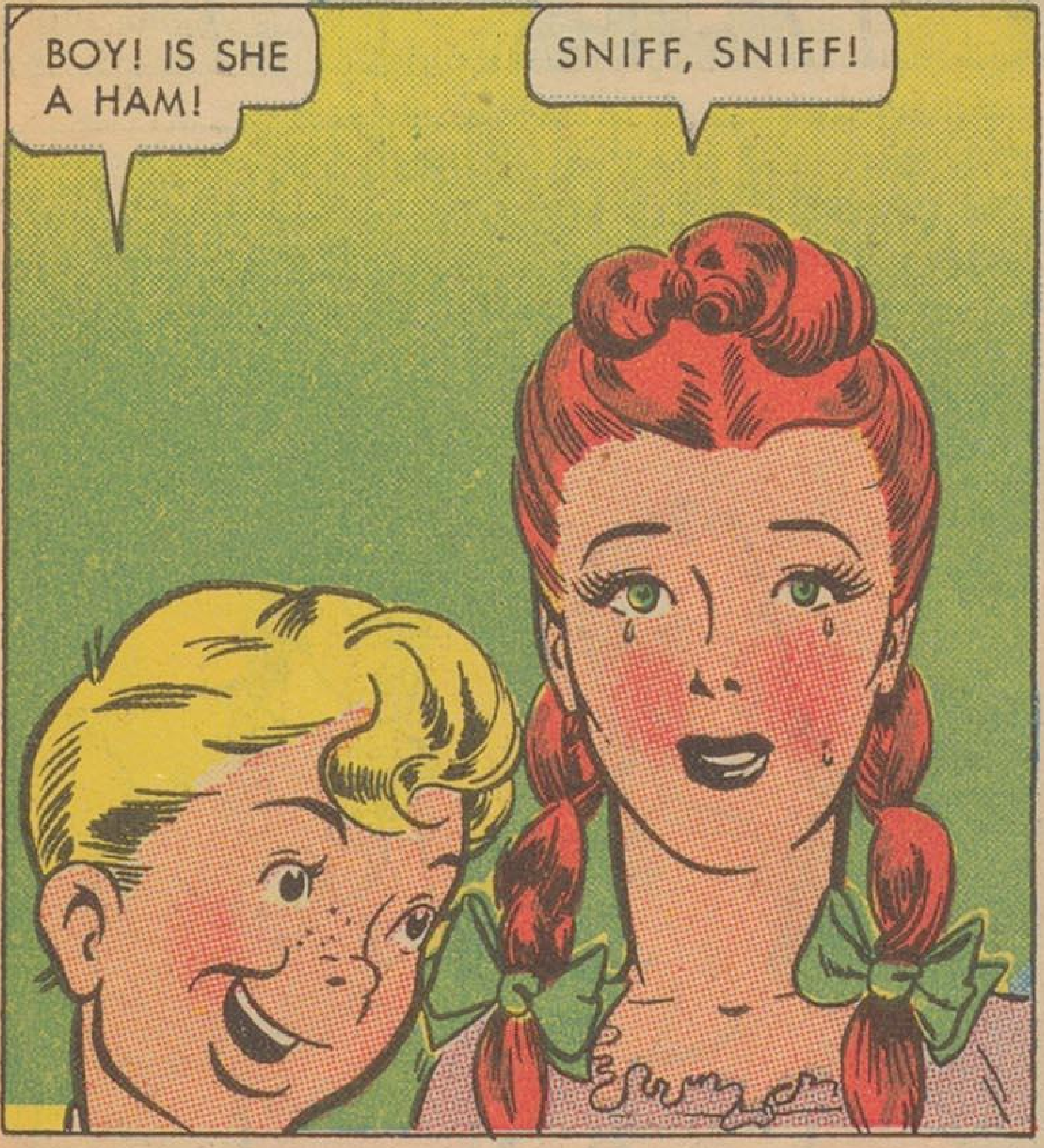

BUT WHY IS BUZZ TAKING HER HOME?
THAT'S THE LEADING LADY'S PRIVILEGE, I GUESS!

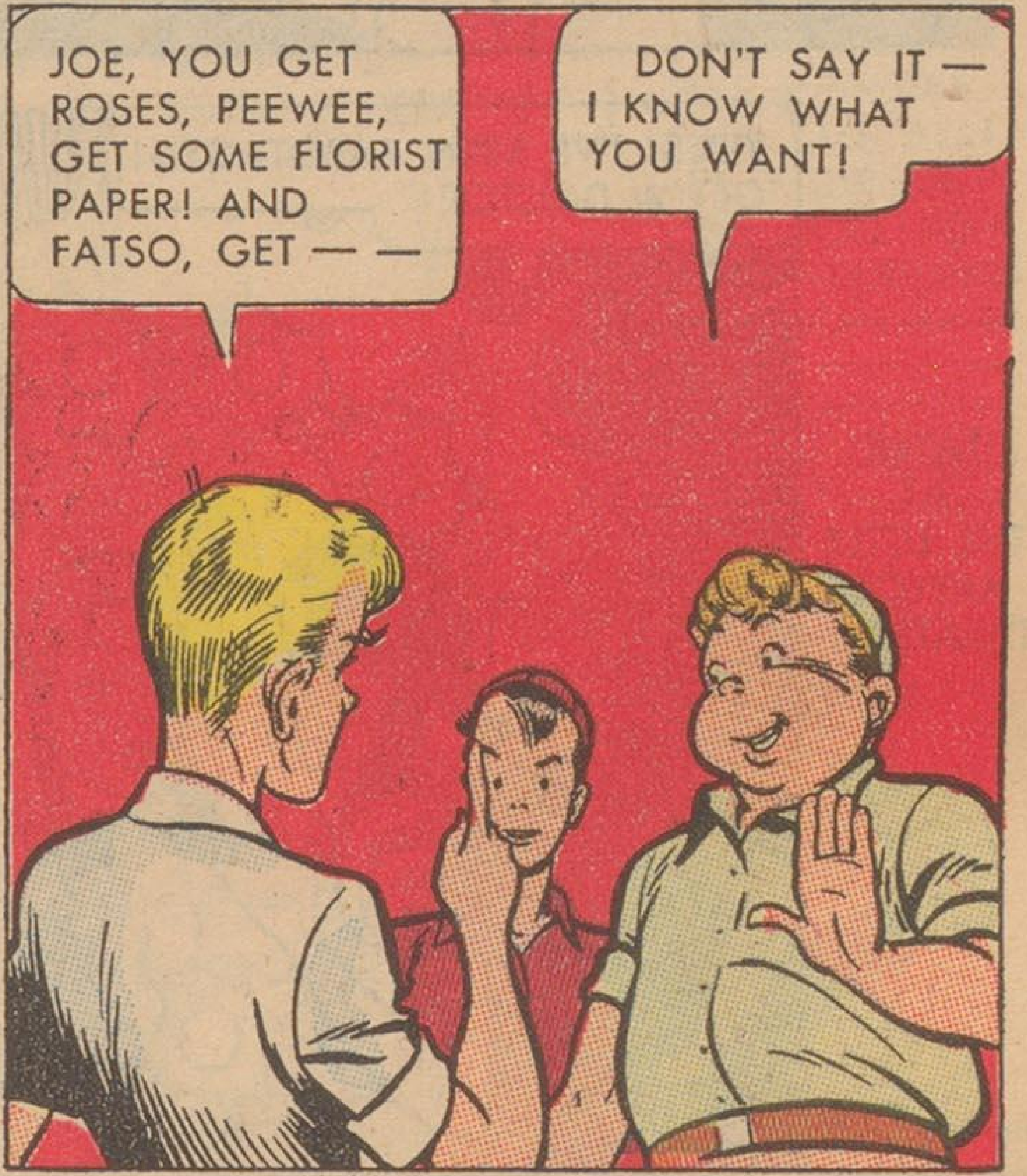
THAT EVENING!

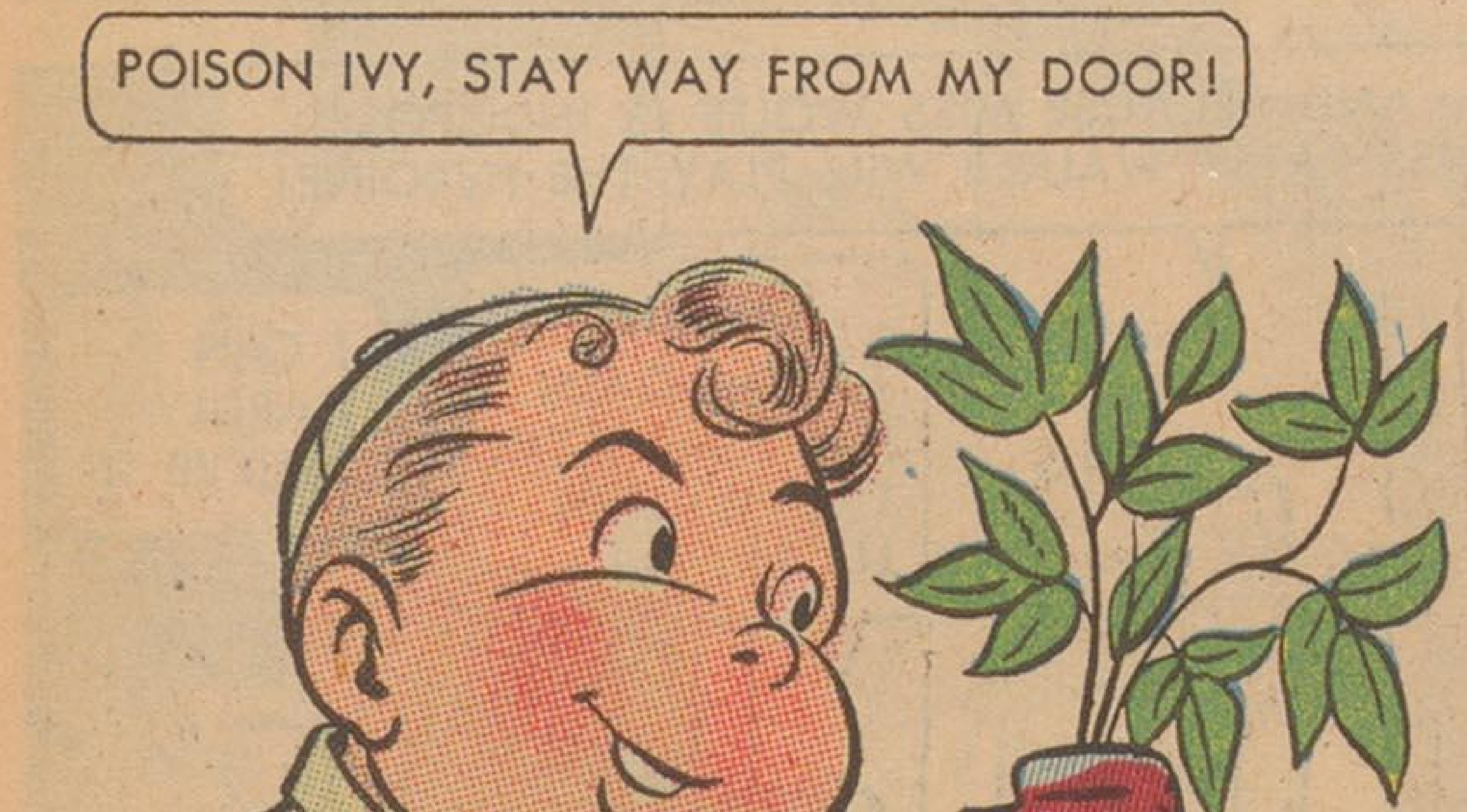

THESE ARE FOR THE EVENING PERFORMANCE — BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER, I WON'T EVEN GET ON THE STAGE!
WANT TO MAKE A BET ON THAT, SIS?

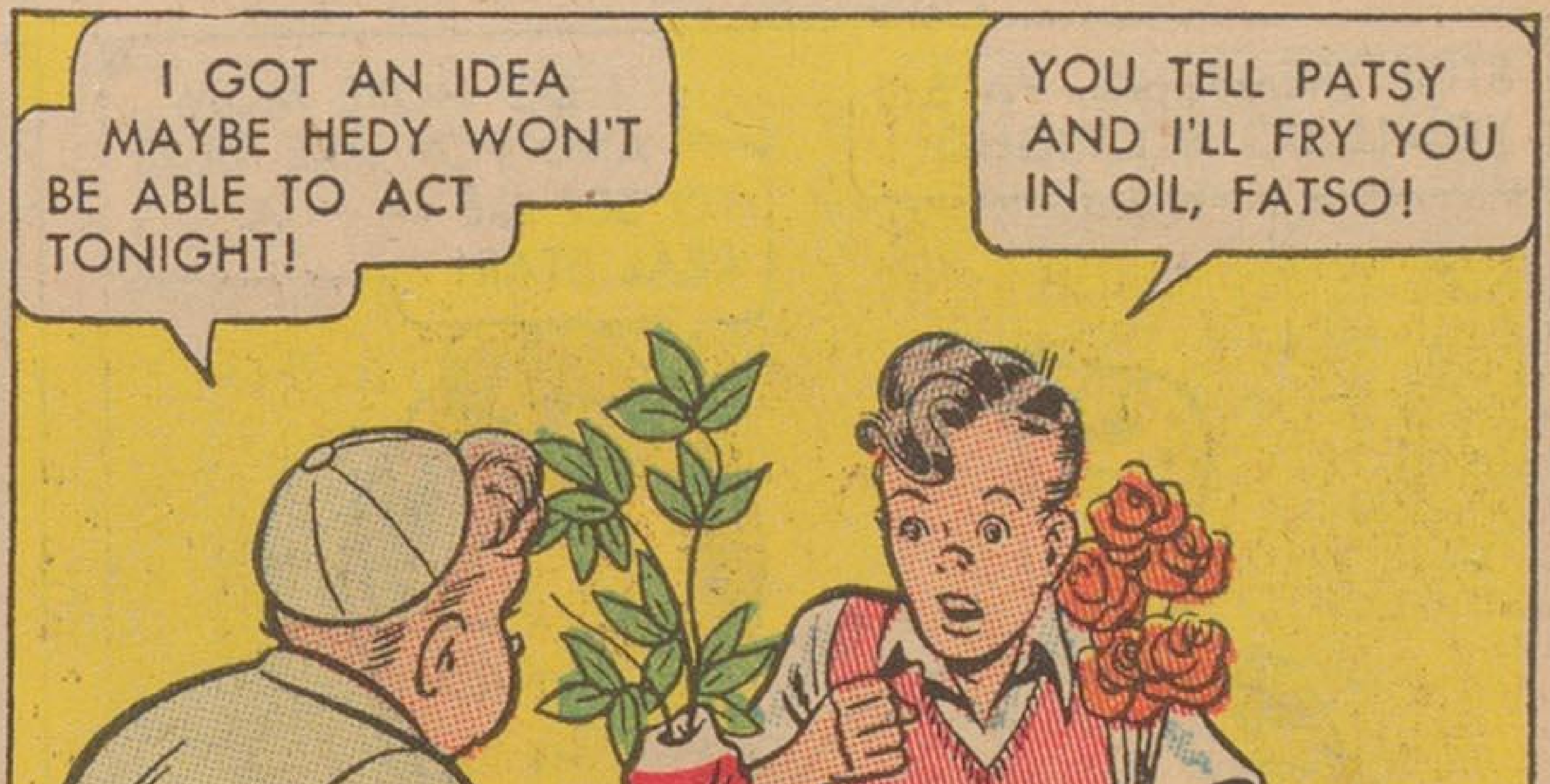

IT IS ALMOST CURTAIN TIME FOR THE PREMIERE MATINEE OF THE SHOW!
THE LITTLE HAYLOFT PLAYERS PRESENT HEDY WOLFE IN "THE VOICE OF THE MYRTLE" WITH BUZZ BAXTER, NANCY BROWN WALTER BOGGS!

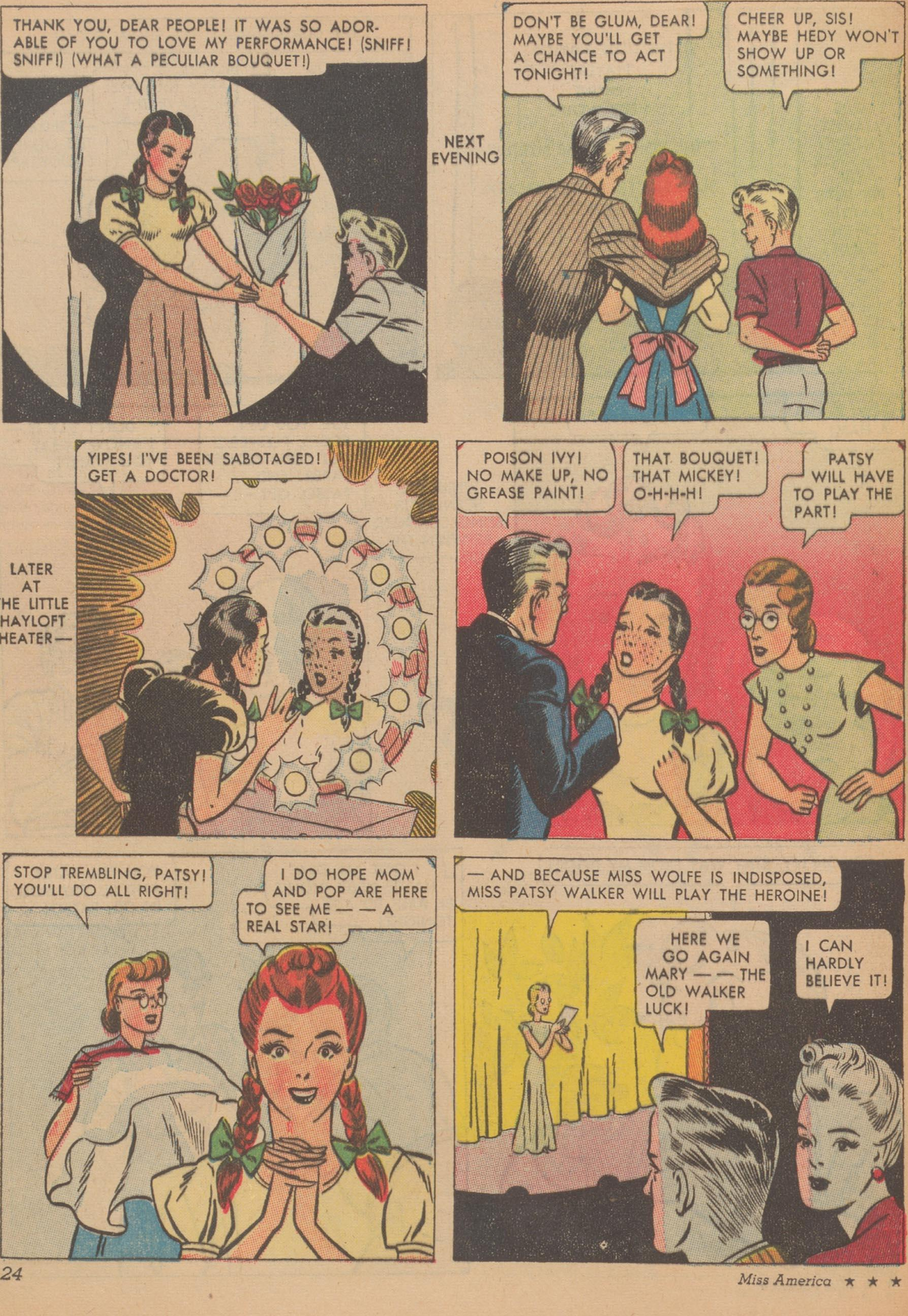

THE CURTAIN RISES, THE SHOW IS ON!
UNLESS YOU MARRY ME, I'LL FORECLOSE THE MORTGAGE!
NEVER! HARRY TRUTHWEL WILL SAVE THE FARM!
THAT'S TELLING THE OGRE, DAUGHTER!

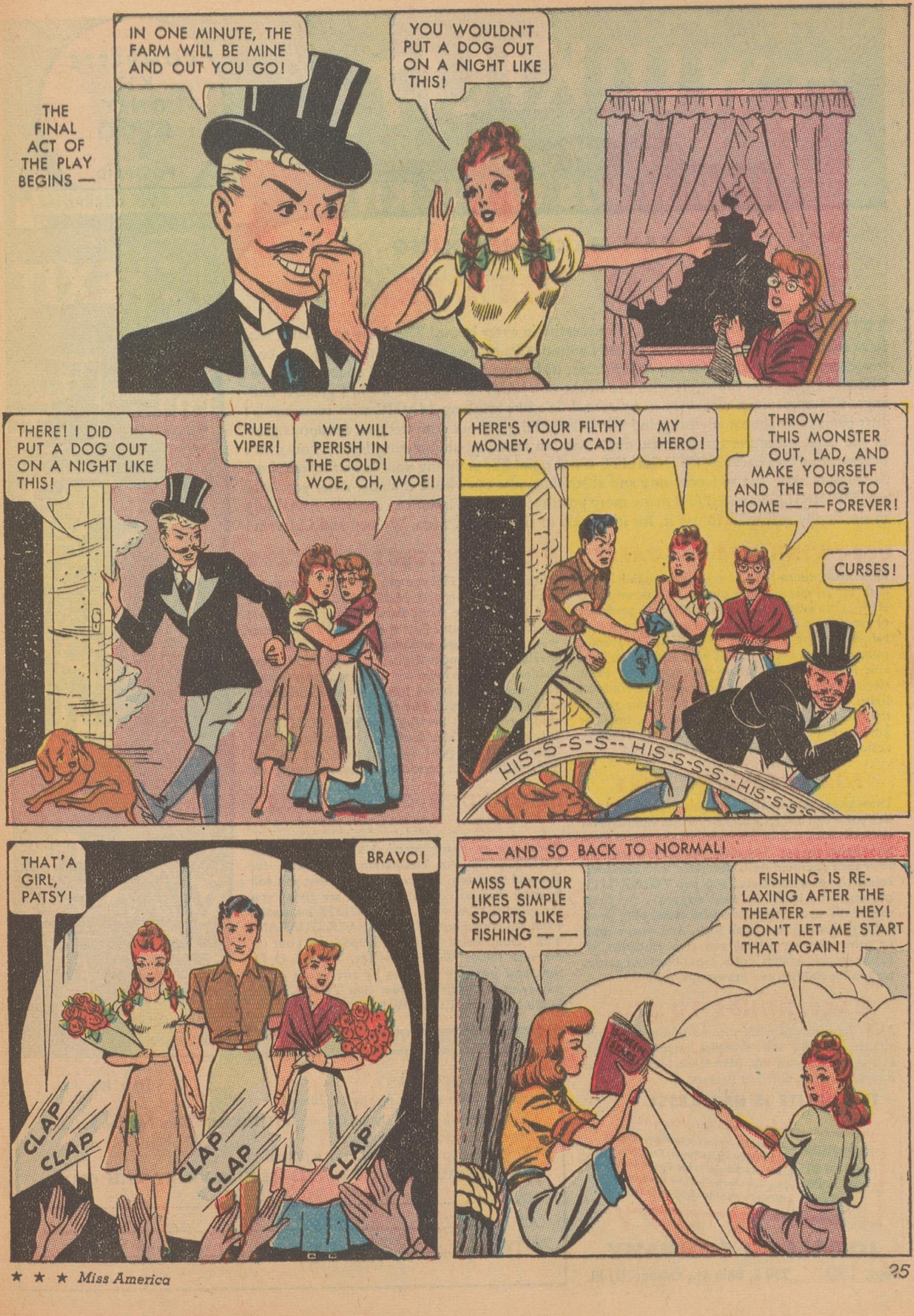

BOY! IS SHE A HAM!
SNIFF, SNIFF!


WHILE THE SCENERY IS BEING CHANGED BETWEEN THE ACTS — — —
JOE, YOU GET ROSES, PEEWEE, GET SOME FLORIST PAPER! AND FATSO, GET — —
DON'T SAY IT — I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT!


POISON IVY, STAY WAY FROM MY DOOR!


I GOT AN IDEA MAYBE HEDY WON'T BE ABLE TO ACT TONIGHT!
YOU TELL PATSY AND I'LL FRY YOU IN OIL, FATSO!


THANK YOU, DEAR PEOPLE! IT WAS SO ADORABLE OF YOU TO LOVE MY PERFORMANCE! (SNIFF! SNIFF!) (WHAT A PECULIAR BOUQUET!)
NEXT EVENING
DON'T BE GLUM, DEAR! MAYBE YOU'LL GET A CHANCE TO ACT TONIGHT!
CHEER UP, SIS! MAYBE HEDY WON'T SHOW UP OR SOMETHING!
LATER AT THE LITTLE HAYLOFT THEATER—
YIPES! I'VE BEEN SABOTAGED! GET A DOCTOR!
POISON IVY! NO MAKE UP, NO GREASE PAINT!
THAT BOUQUET! THAT MICKEY! O-H-H-H!
PATSY WILL HAVE TO PLAY THE PART!
STOP TREMBLING, PATSY! YOU'LL DO ALL RIGHT!
I DO HOPE MOM AND POP ARE HERE TO SEE ME — — A REAL STAR!
— AND BECAUSE MISS WOLFE IS INDISPOSED, MISS PATSY WALKER WILL PLAY THE HEROINE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN MARY — — THE OLD WALKER LUCK!
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!


THE FINAL ACT OF THE PLAY BEGINS —
IN ONE MINUTE, THE FARM WILL BE MINE AND OUT YOU GO!
YOU WOULDN'T PUT A DOG OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!
THERE! I DID PUT A DOG OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!
CRUEL VIPER!
WE WILL PERISH IN THE COLD! WOE, OH, WOE!
HERE'S YOUR FILTHY MONEY, YOU CAD!
MY HERO!
THROW THIS MONSTER OUT, LAD, AND MAKE YOURSELF AND THE DOG TO HOME — —FOREVER!
CURSES!
HIS-S-S-S--HIS-S-S-S--HIS-S-S-S
THAT'A GIRL, PATSY!
BRAVO!
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP
— AND SO BACK TO NORMAL!
MISS LATOUR LIKES SIMPLE SPORTS LIKE FISHING — —
FISHING IS RELAXING AFTER THE THEATER — — HEY! DON'T LET ME START THAT AGAIN!

TWINKILITE

The Magical

LUMINOUS PAINT KIT

COMPLETE KIT ONLY $1.00 POSTPAID

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

YOU CAN MAKE ANYTHING

GLOW IN THE DARK!

TWINKILITE Luminous Paint Kit is a necessity in every home! The Army and Navy, too, have found many important ways to use Luminous Paint. For accident prevention, for convenience, for decoration, for fun or for profit, its hundreds of uses work wonders. Imagine! "Bottled light" you can apply with the stroke of a brush! One of the world's greatest findings, this miraculous discovery is *sensational*. It's like working MAGIC with your hands! Just paint it on almost anything and TWINKILITE gives out a mysterious, luminous glow in the dark, gleaming through the night with an amazing, shimmering light! You won't believe your eyes because TWINKILITE is not quite like anything you've ever seen before. *So simple to apply*, yet so fascinating and absorbing, you can't leave it alone. After you once use TWINKILITE, you'll find many more practical ways you'll want to apply it. Everybody in the family will want to use it, for it appeals to *everyone* . . . Men, Women and Children!

USE TWINKILITE FOR SAFETY

How many times have you groped around in the dark for an electric light switch . . . down cellar steps . . . up attic steps . . . or in the closet, basement or garage? No more of that! No more tripping over furniture! Not if you use TWINKILITE. Paint a square area on either end of your steps. You'll be able to see perfectly where the stairs end! Paint electric light switches . . . the tips of pull-cords on lights, etc. TWINKILITE glow will guide you in the darkness. Paint around the keyhole, on door knobs, medicine chests, house numbers. Prevent accidents in the dark — use TWINKILITE!

FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

Draw paper moons, stars, animals, figures or other designs. Paint TWINKILITE on them and paste on the wall. Baby will be fascinated by the pretty glow after lights are out. The older youngsters, too, can have their bedroom walls decorated with airplanes, soldiers and pictures, etc., and put TWINKILITE numerals and letters on their wagons . . . paint their dolls' eyes, valentines, false faces, ping pong balls, games and toys of all sorts. And what a thrill to paint glowing school and club emblems, or names on old sweaters, coats, caps! Blackout parties are fun for children and grown-ups, too!

MAKE THINGS TO SELL

Many have earned extra income selling luminous articles. You can, too! Provides interesting, profitable work for shut-ins. Marvelous idea for Fund Raising, Socials, Gifts, or Bazaars.

TWINKILITE IS HARMLESS!

TWINKILITE COMPLETE KIT only $1.00 Postpaid Complete kit consists of Luminous Pigment, Vehicle, Sealer, Special Twinkilite Brush and Simple Instruction Folder. A big value for only $1.00 Postpaid, if cash sent with order. Mail order *Today!*

JONALSON COMPANY
Dept. 190 230 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

MAKE GORGEOUS DECORATIONS

With TWINKILITE you can easily create many artistic, decorative effects. Make artificial flowers that will glow in the dark. Paint designs on various objects in the room. Just think of all the different ways you can use amazing TWINKILITE . . greeting cards, cocktail glasses, party favors, lamp shades, recreation room decorations, picture frames, religious and art objects. Imagine what a unique and original note it will give to *any* room. And for a thrilling dress-up evening, try TWINKILITE on jewelry, shoe buckles, feathers . . . even finger-tips! There are *hundreds* of different ways you can use TWINKILITE for personal and home adornment.

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY FOR COMPLETE KIT!

There are so many practical ways you can use TWINKILITE—for Decoration, for Utility, for Fun and for Profit. So positive are we that you will be more than satisfied, and that we are giving you the greatest $1.00 value, TWINKILITE Luminous Paint Kit is sold on a MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! Don't delay. Mail the coupon and your remittance today. We pay postage. Save C.O.D. fees and postage charges by enclosing cash, money order or check. Order your TWINKILITE Luminous Paint Kit NOW!

EXIT

DANGER

FOR FIRE

YOO HOO

W

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

JONALSON COMPANY, Dept 190
230 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

☐ Please rush...............(State Quantity) TWINKILITE Kits. I enclose $.............
(Send cash, check, or money order.)

☐ Please ship C.O.D. I will pay Postman.

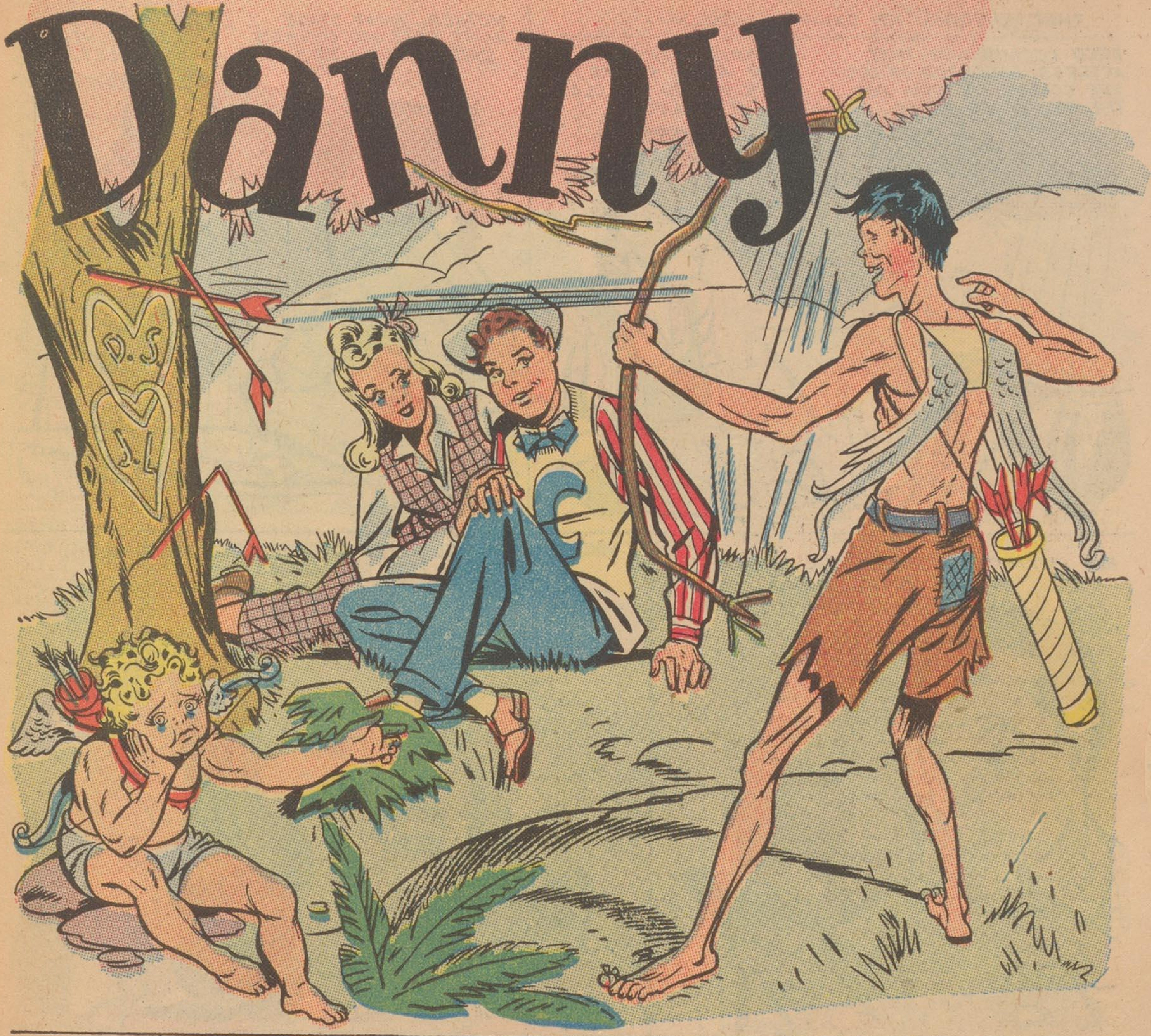
SAVE POSTAGE AND C.O.D. FEES—SEND PAYMENT WITH ORDER.

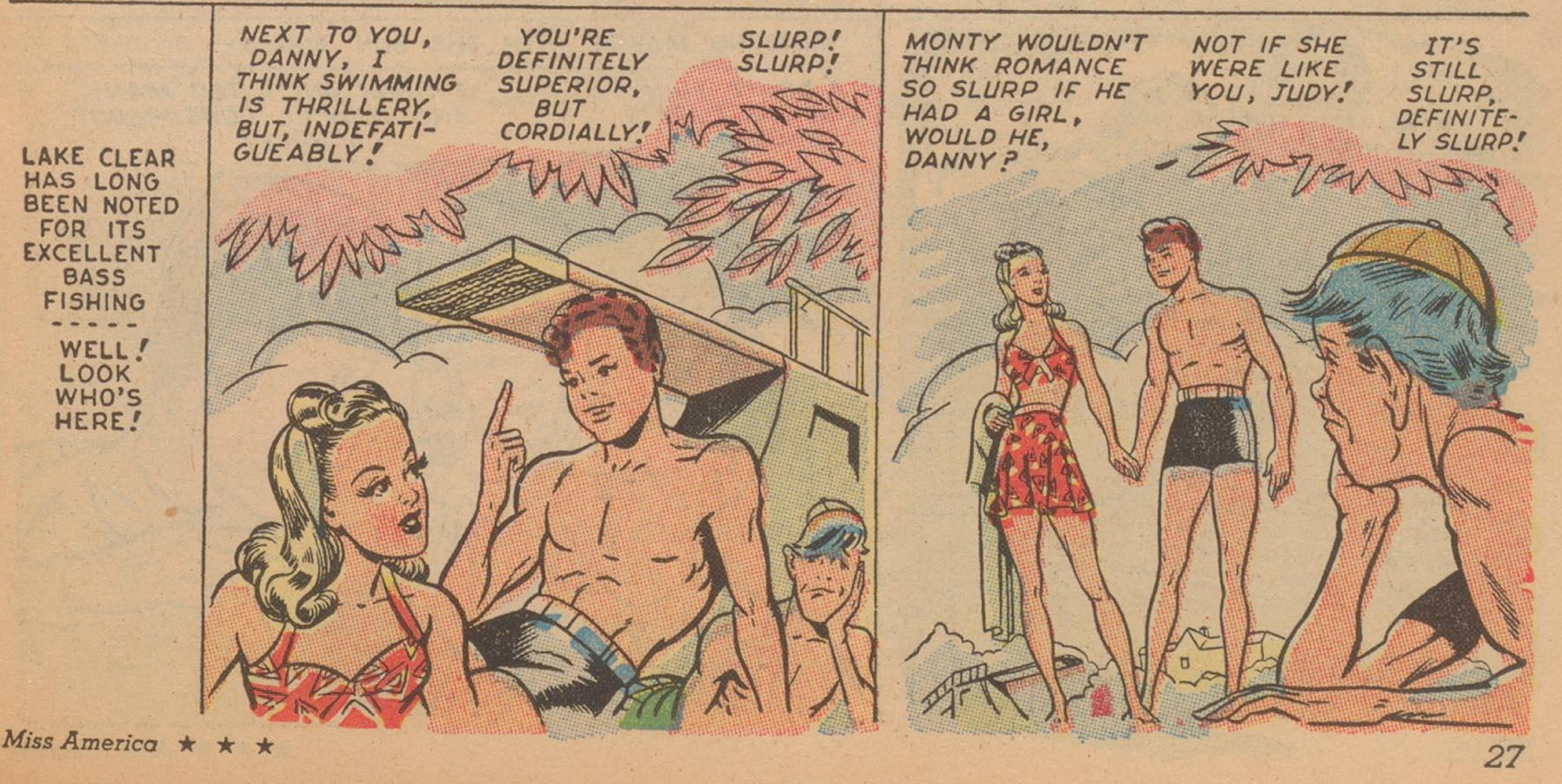
NAME...

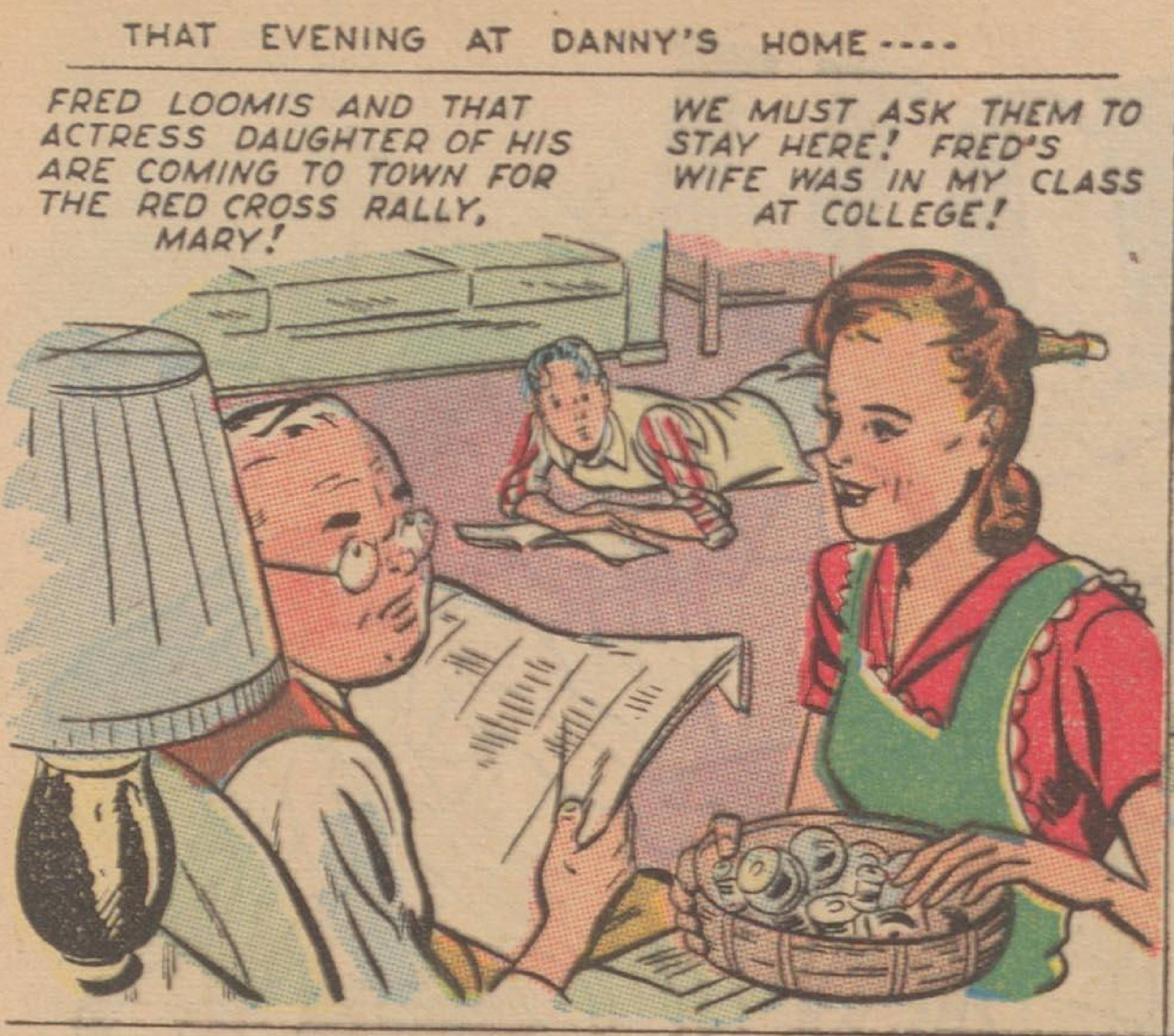
ADDRESS..

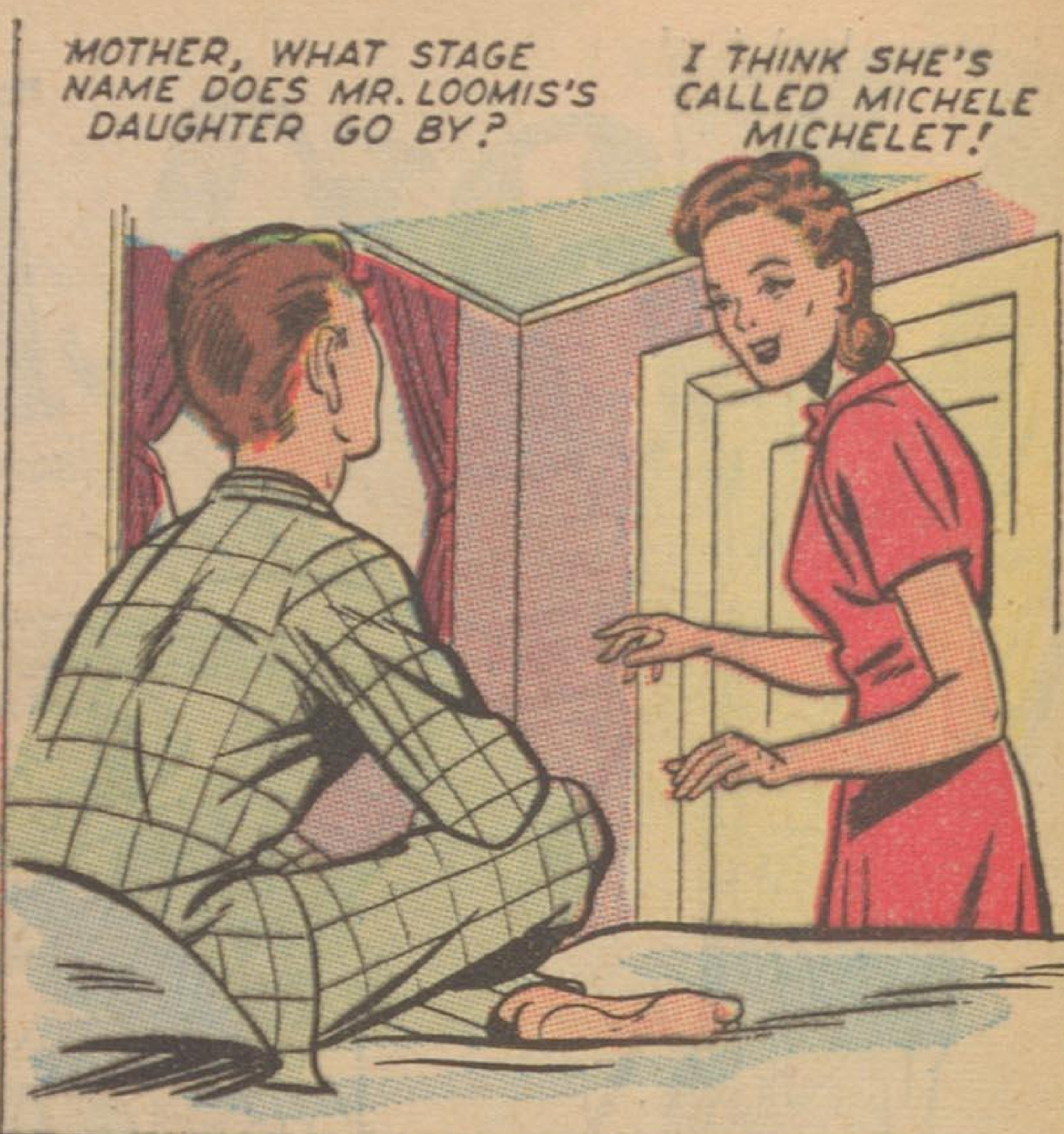
CITY.. STATE..........................
(Zone, if any)

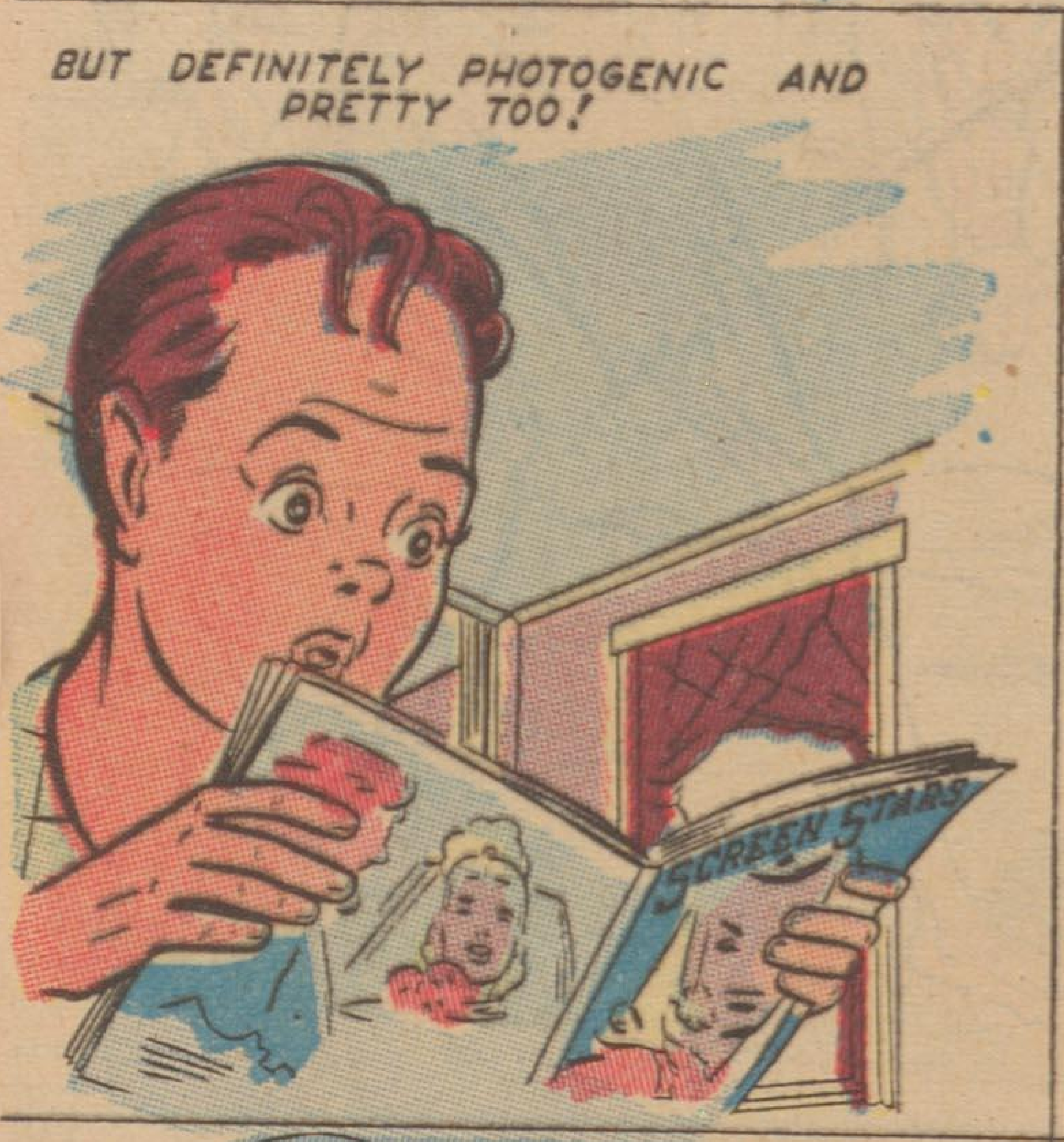
Danny

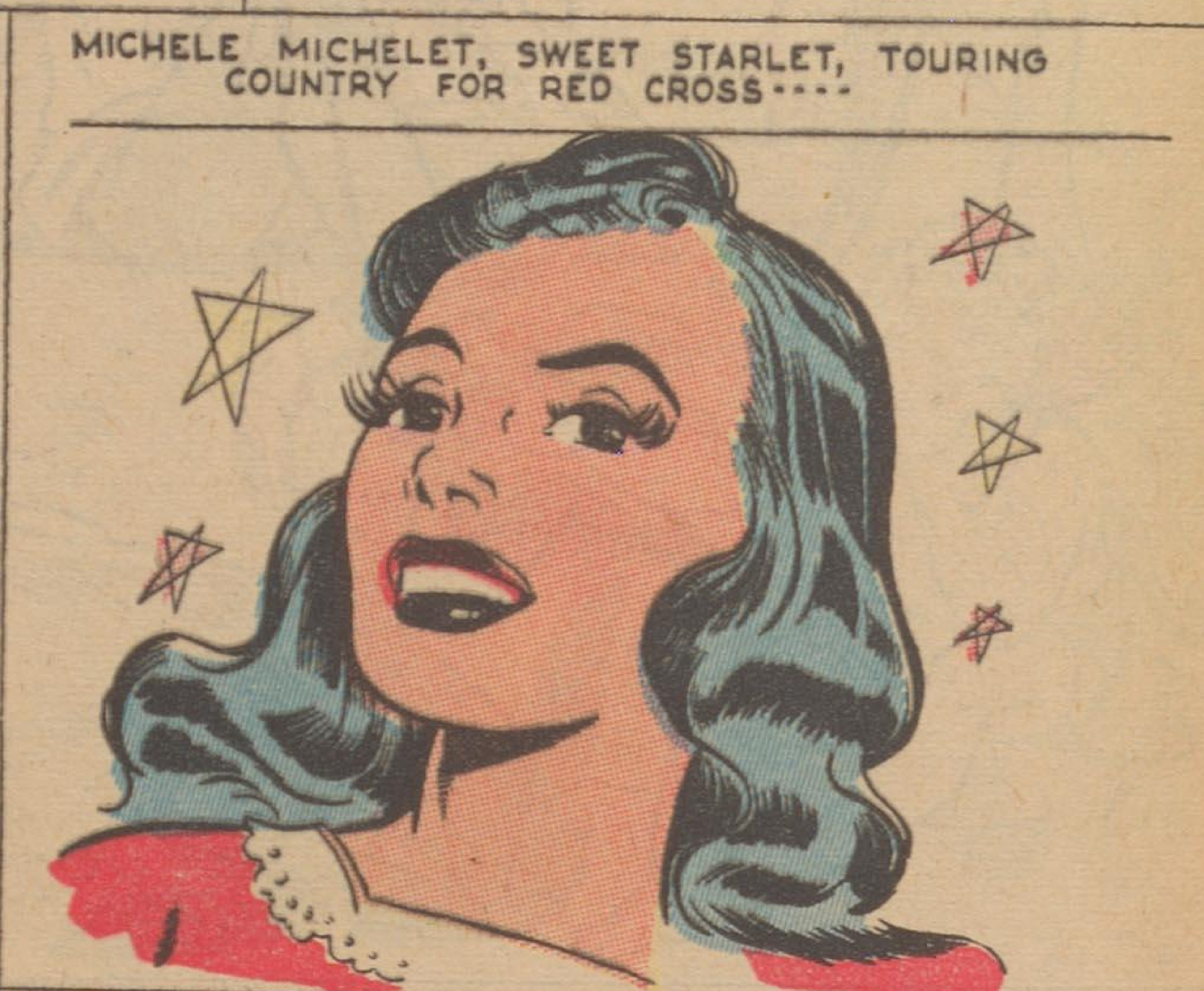

D.S.
J.L.

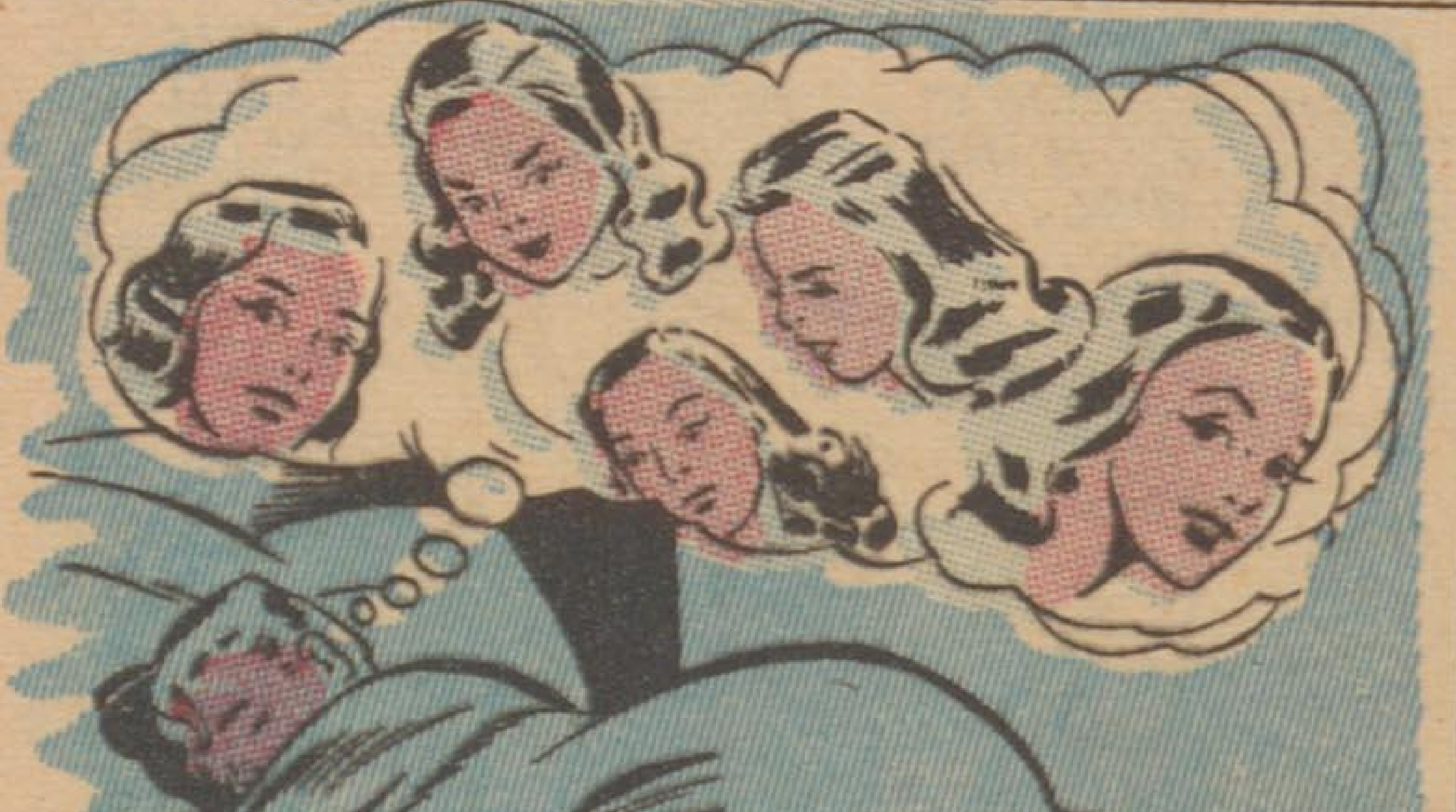

LAKE CLEAR HAS LONG BEEN NOTED FOR ITS EXCELLENT BASS FISHING - - - - - WELL! LOOK WHO'S HERE!
NEXT TO YOU, DANNY, I THINK SWIMMING IS THRILLERY, BUT, INDEFATIGUEABLY!
YOU'RE DEFINITELY SUPERIOR, BUT CORDIALLY!
SLURP! SLURP!
MONTY WOULDN'T THINK ROMANCE SO SLURP IF HE HAD A GIRL, WOULD HE, DANNY?
NOT IF SHE WERE LIKE YOU, JUDY!
IT'S STILL SLURP, DEFINITELY SLURP!

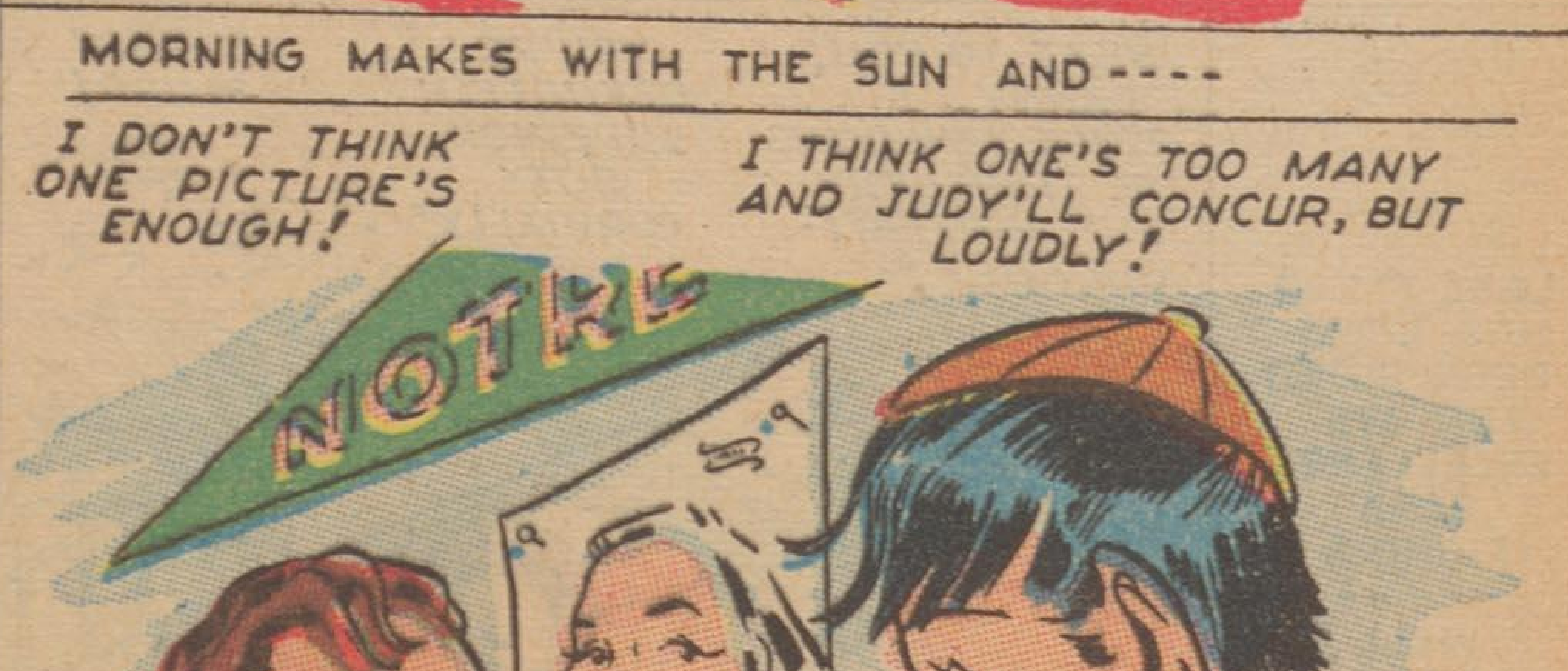

THAT EVENING AT DANNY'S HOME----
FRED LOOMIS AND THAT ACTRESS DAUGHTER OF HIS ARE COMING TO TOWN FOR THE RED CROSS RALLY, MARY!
WE MUST ASK THEM TO STAY HERE! FRED'S WIFE WAS IN MY CLASS AT COLLEGE!

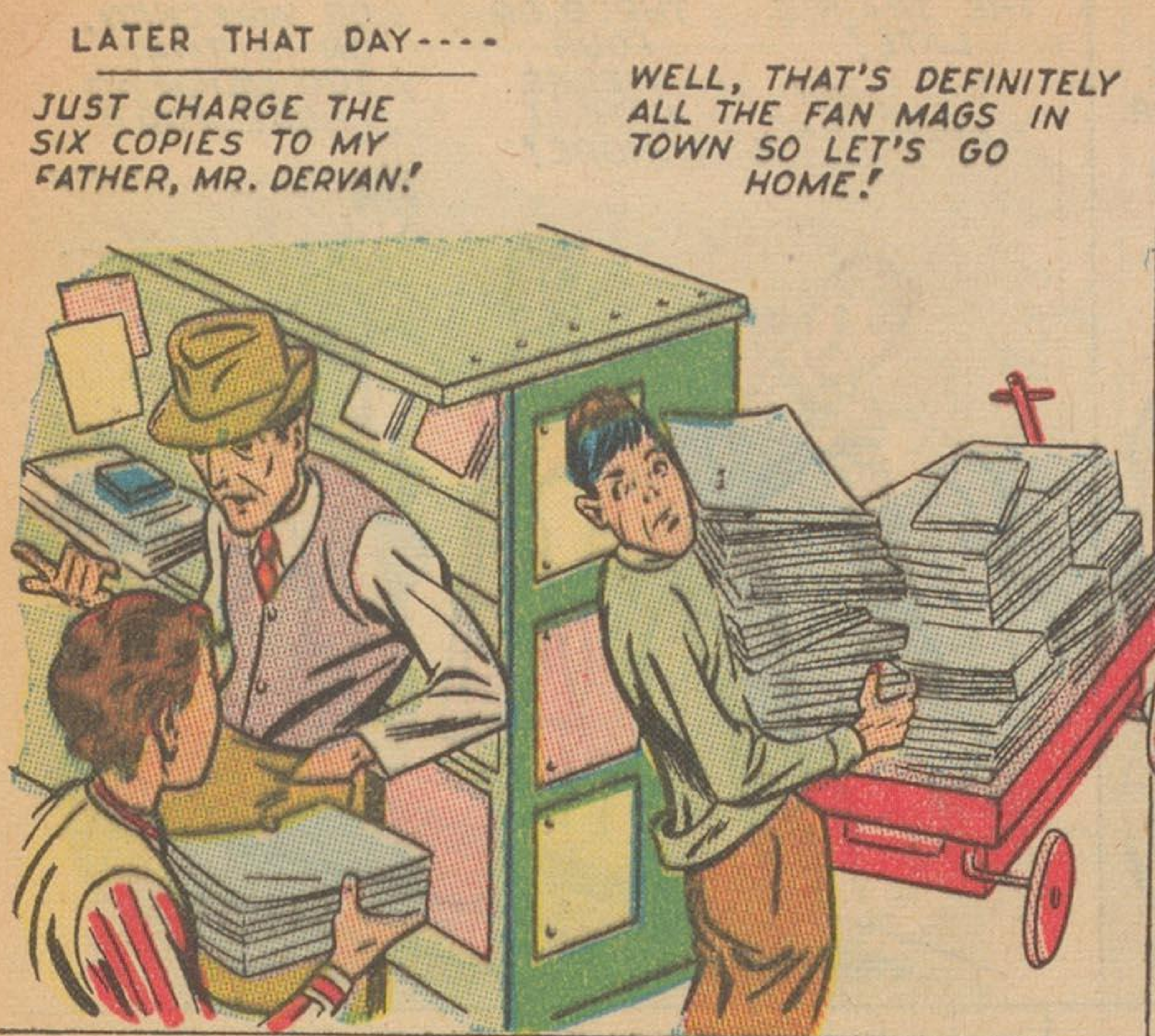

MOTHER, WHAT STAGE NAME DOES MR. LOOMIS'S DAUGHTER GO BY?
I THINK SHE'S CALLED MICHELE MICHELET!

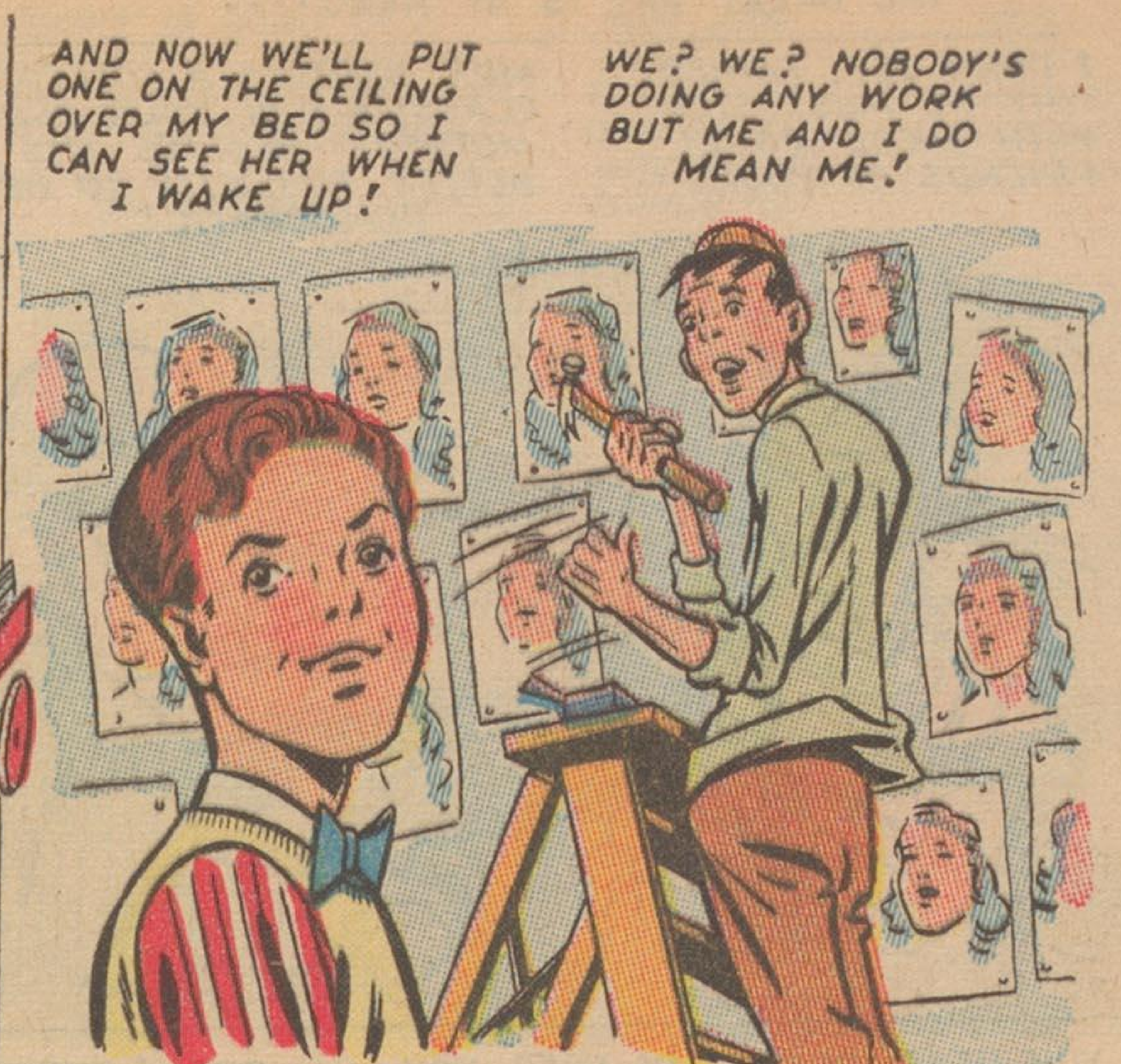

BUT DEFINITELY PHOTOGENIC AND PRETTY TOO!
SCREEN STARS

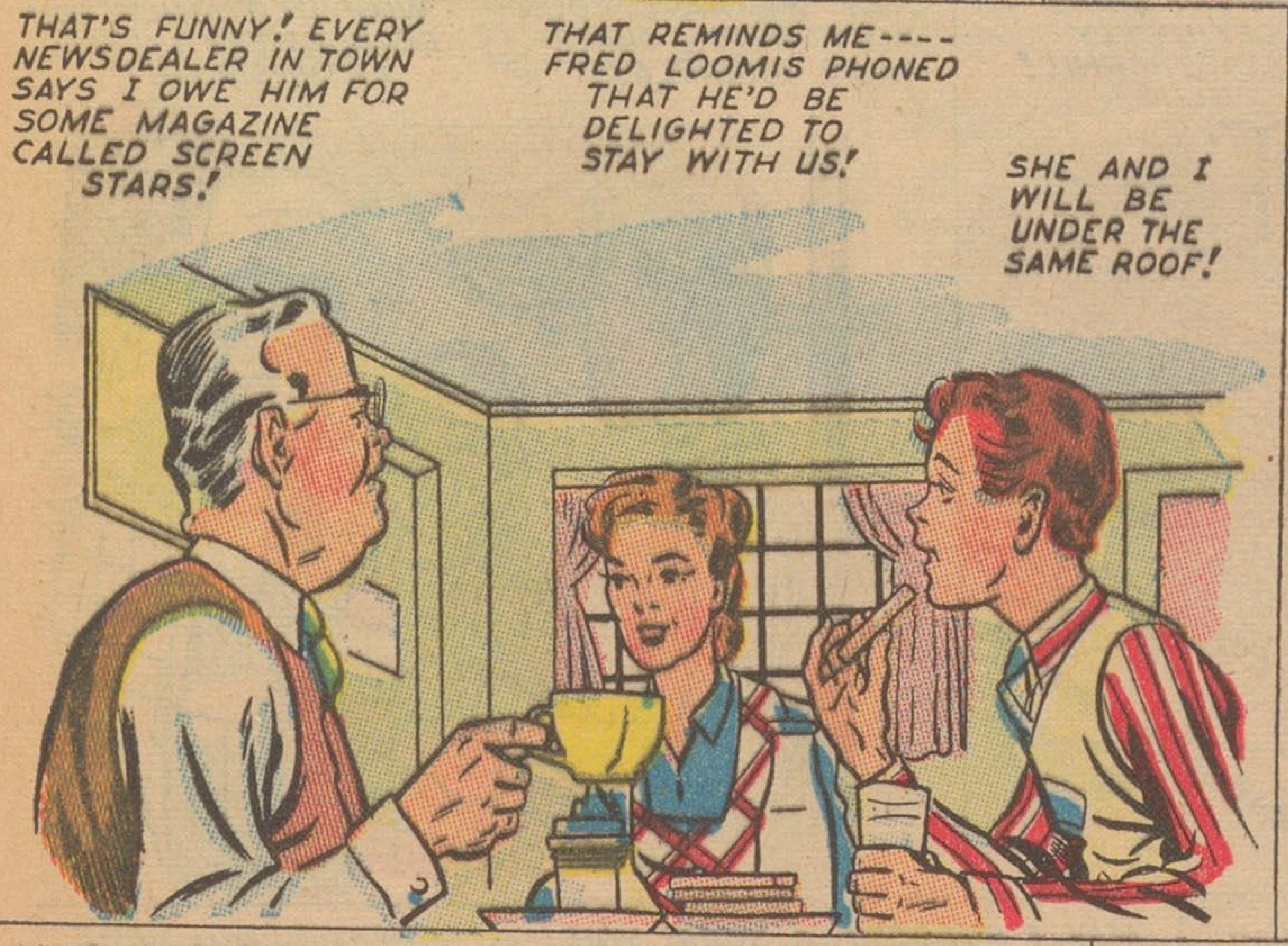

MICHELE MICHELET, SWEET STARLET, TOURING COUNTRY FOR RED CROSS----

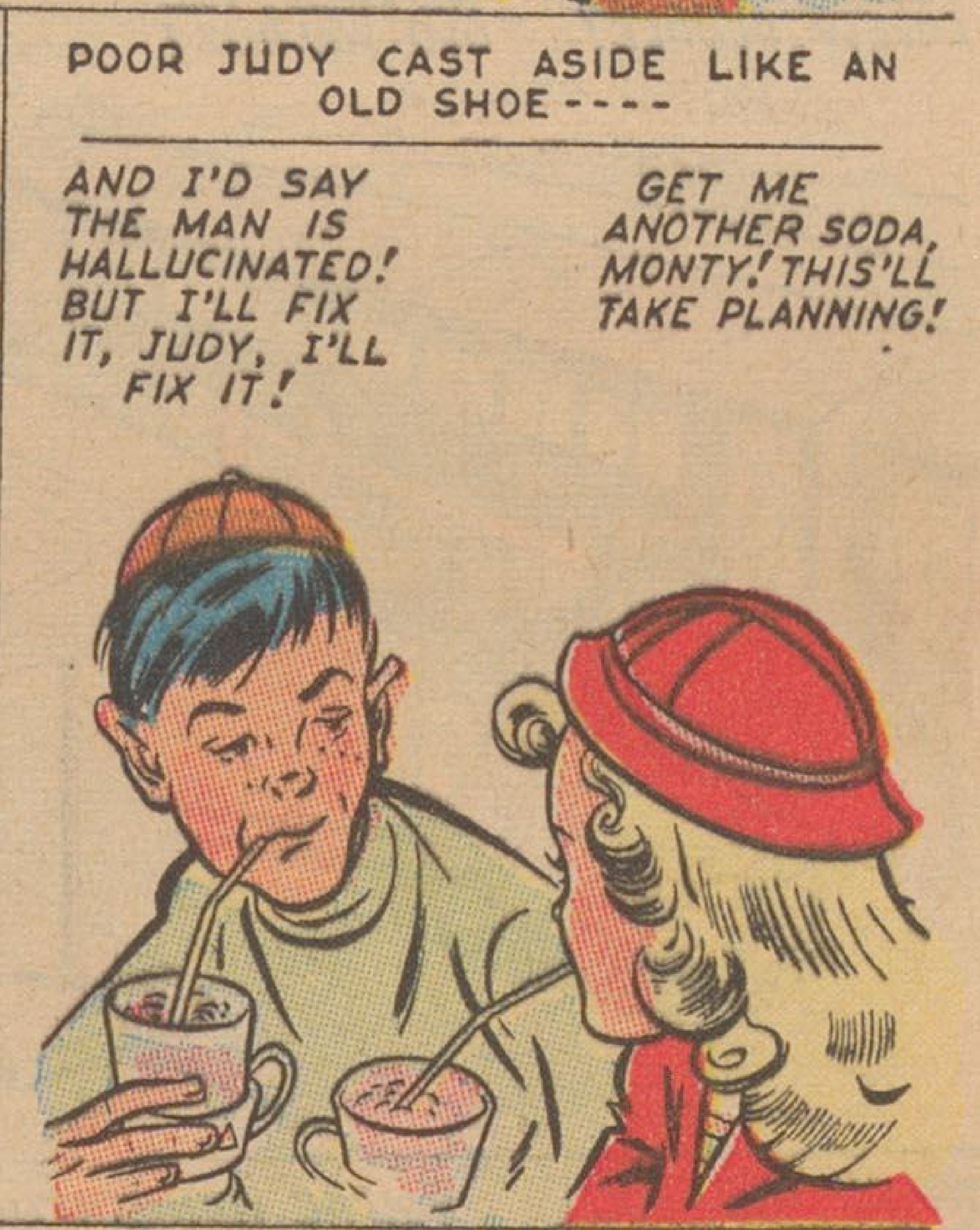


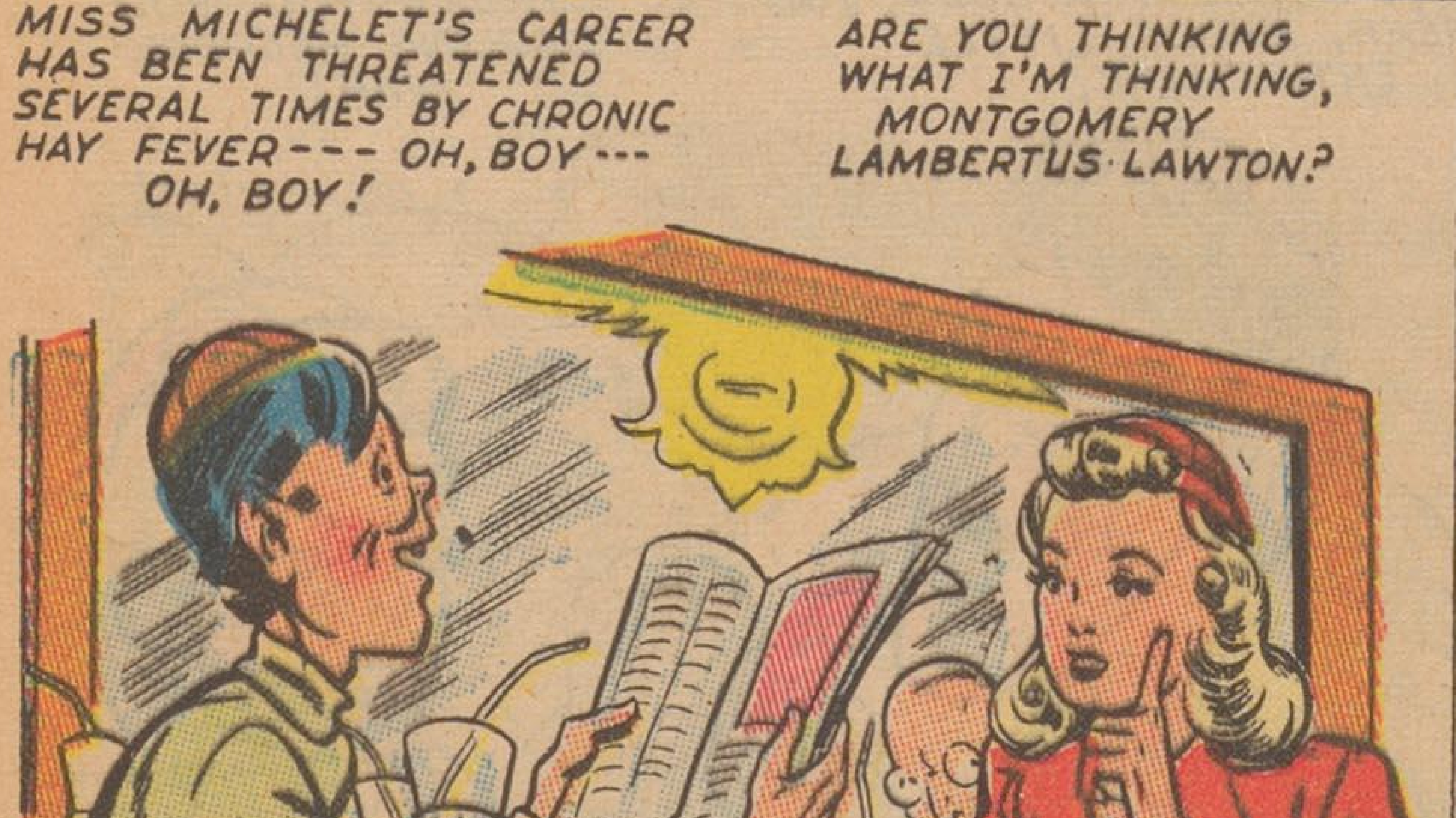

MORNING MAKES WITH THE SUN AND----
I DON'T THINK ONE PICTURE'S ENOUGH!
I THINK ONE'S TOO MANY AND JUDY'LL CONCUR, BUT LOUDLY!
NOTRE

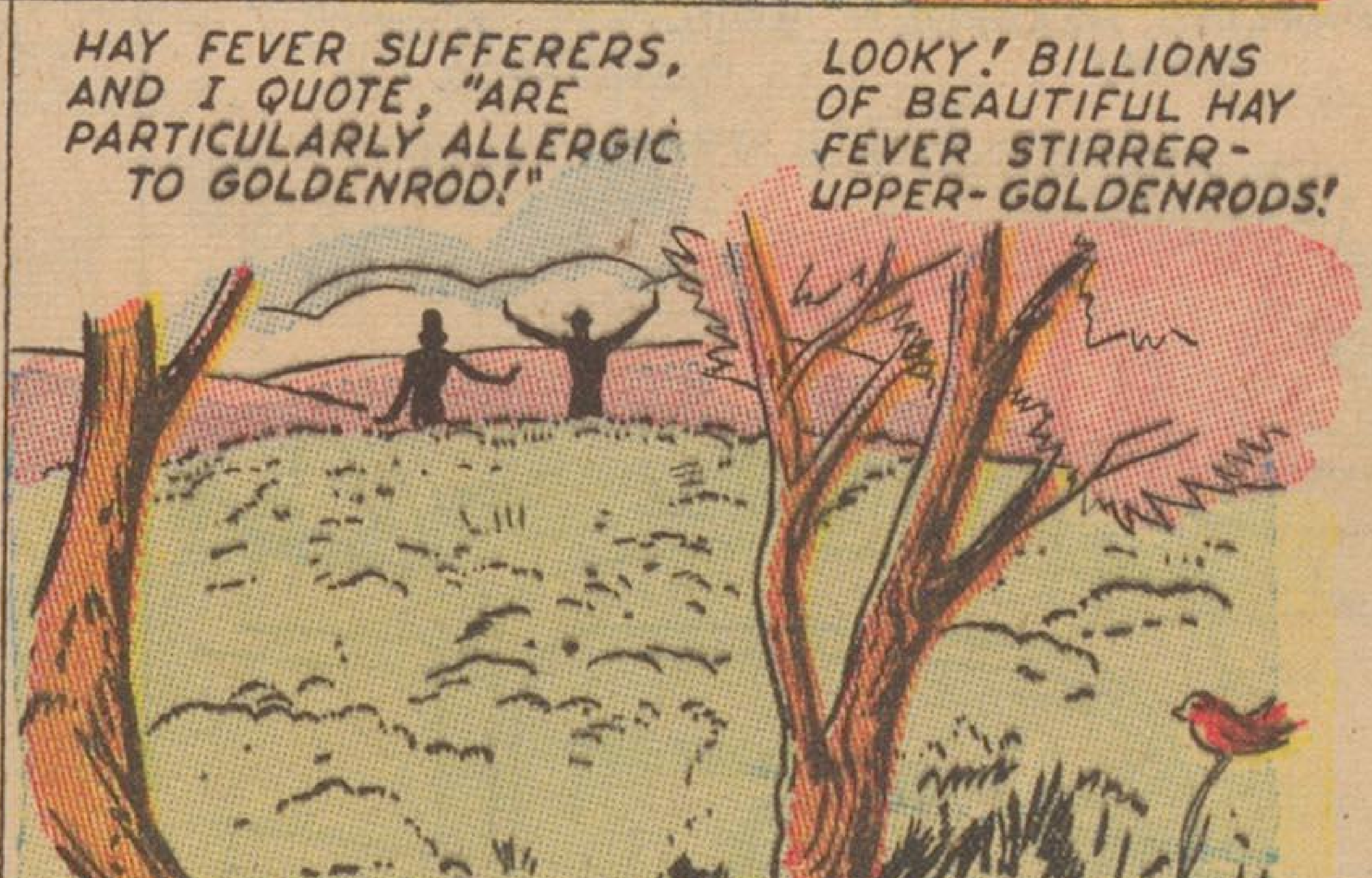

LATER THAT DAY----
JUST CHARGE THE SIX COPIES TO MY FATHER, MR. DERVAN!
WELL, THAT'S DEFINITELY ALL THE FAN MAGS IN TOWN SO LET'S GO HOME!

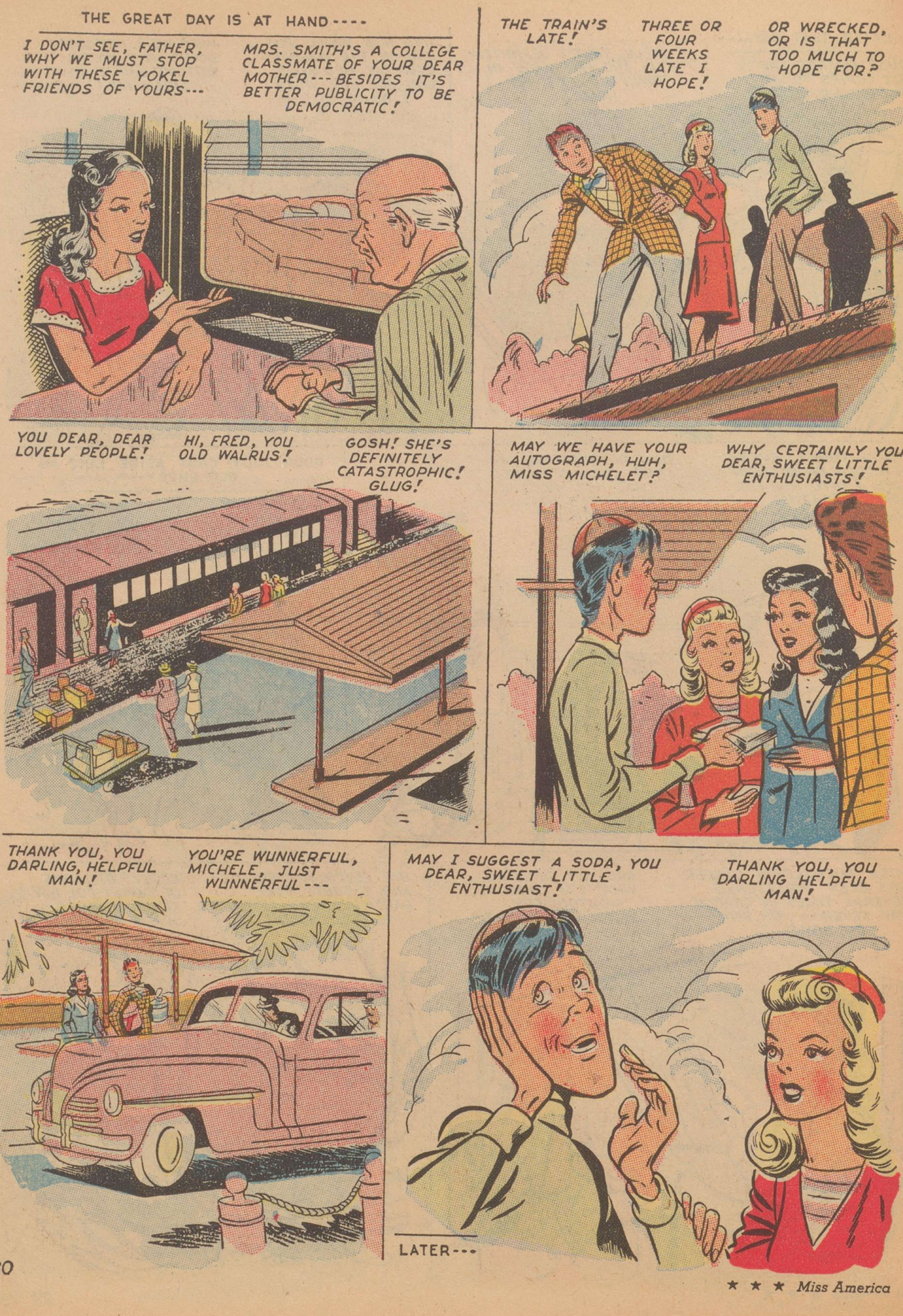

AND NOW WE'LL PUT ONE ON THE CEILING OVER MY BED SO I CAN SEE HER WHEN I WAKE UP!
WE? WE? NOBODY'S DOING ANY WORK BUT ME AND I DO MEAN ME!

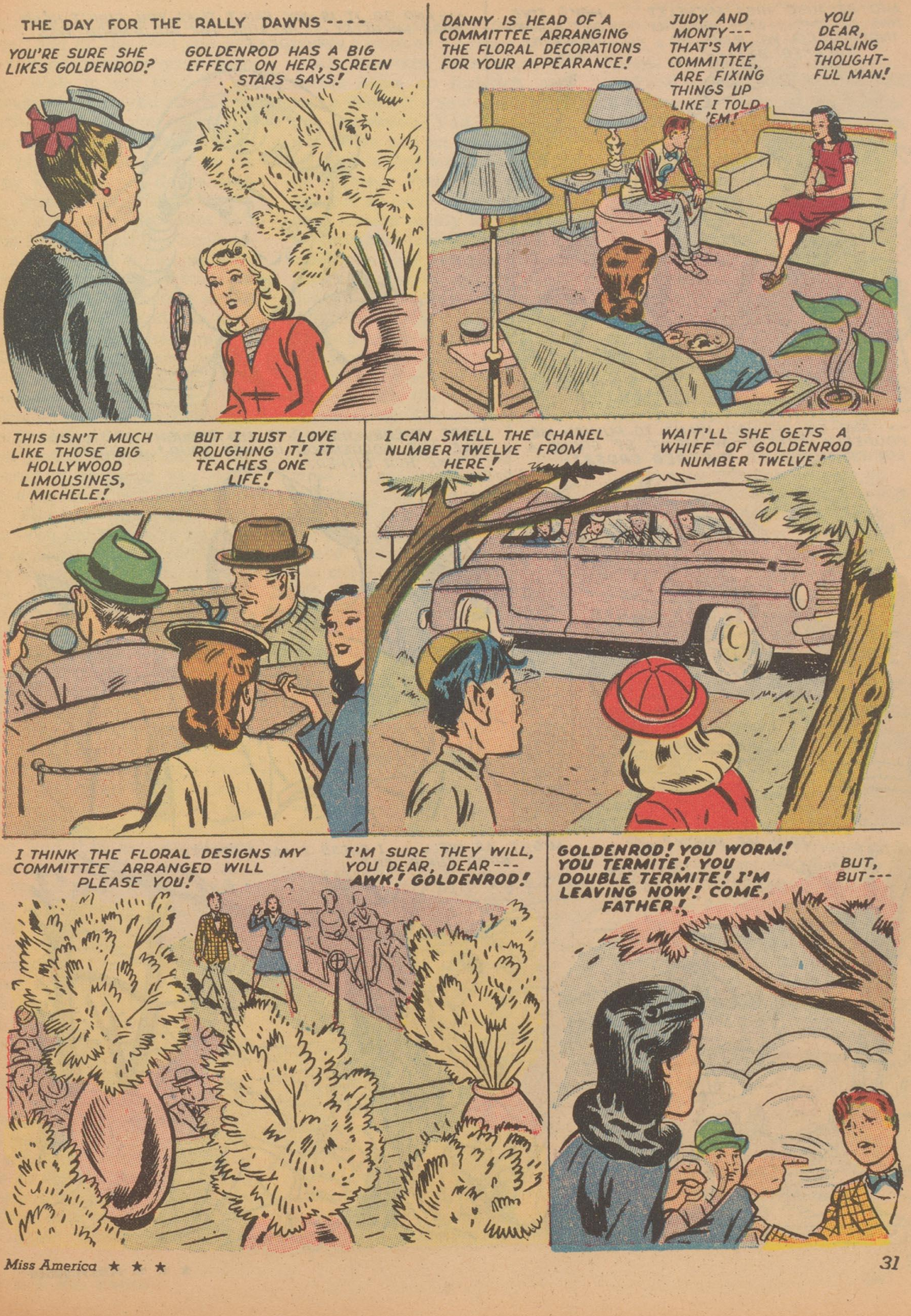

THAT'S FUNNY! EVERY NEWSDEALER IN TOWN SAYS I OWE HIM FOR SOME MAGAZINE CALLED SCREEN STARS!
THAT REMINDS ME---- FRED LOOMIS PHONED THAT HE'D BE DELIGHTED TO STAY WITH US!
SHE AND I WILL BE UNDER THE SAME ROOF!

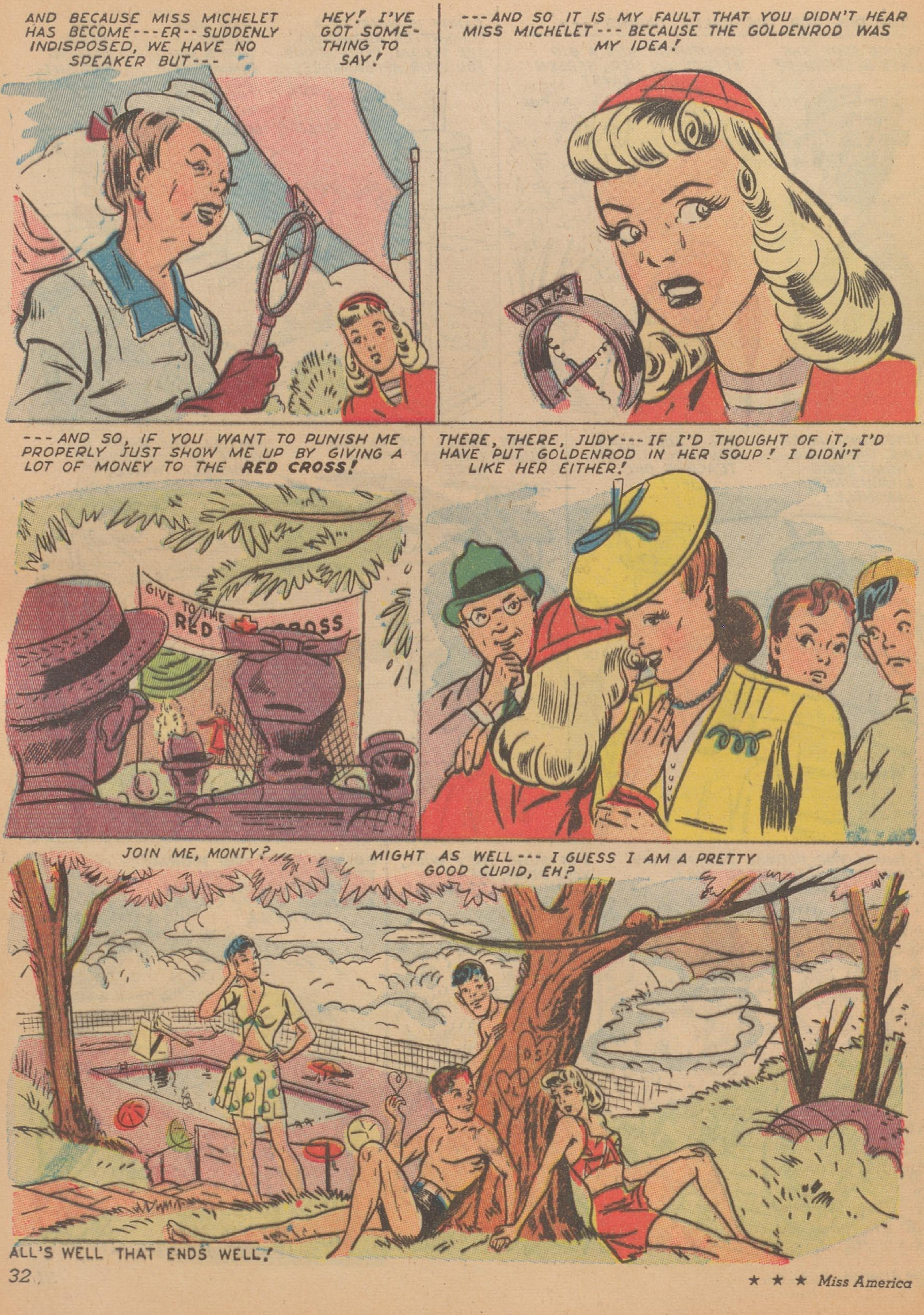

POOR JUDY CAST ASIDE LIKE AN OLD SHOE----
AND I'D SAY THE MAN IS HALLUCINATED! BUT I'LL FIX IT, JUDY, I'LL FIX IT!
GET ME ANOTHER SODA, MONTY! THIS'LL TAKE PLANNING!


MISS MICHELET'S CAREER HAS BEEN THREATENED SEVERAL TIMES BY CHRONIC HAY FEVER--- OH, BOY--- OH, BOY!
ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, MONTGOMERY LAMBERTUS LAWTON?


HAY FEVER SUFFERERS, AND I QUOTE, "ARE PARTICULARLY ALLERGIC TO GOLDENROD!"
LOOKY! BILLIONS OF BEAUTIFUL HAY FEVER STIRRER-UPPER-GOLDENRODS!


THE GREAT DAY IS AT HAND----
I DON'T SEE, FATHER, WHY WE MUST STOP WITH THESE YOKEL FRIENDS OF YOURS---
MRS. SMITH'S A COLLEGE CLASSMATE OF YOUR DEAR MOTHER---BESIDES IT'S BETTER PUBLICITY TO BE DEMOCRATIC!
THE TRAIN'S LATE!
THREE OR FOUR WEEKS LATE I HOPE!
OR WRECKED, OR IS THAT TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR?
YOU DEAR, DEAR LOVELY PEOPLE!
HI, FRED, YOU OLD WALRUS!
GOSH! SHE'S DEFINITELY CATASTROPHIC! GLUG!
MAY WE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, HUH, MISS MICHELET?
WHY CERTAINLY YOU DEAR, SWEET LITTLE ENTHUSIASTS!
THANK YOU, YOU DARLING, HELPFUL MAN!
YOU'RE WUNNERFUL, MICHELE, JUST WUNNERFUL---
LATER---
MAY I SUGGEST A SODA, YOU DEAR, SWEET LITTLE ENTHUSIAST!
THANK YOU, YOU DARLING HELPFUL MAN!


THE DAY FOR THE RALLY DAWNS----
YOU'RE SURE SHE LIKES GOLDENROD?
GOLDENROD HAS A BIG EFFECT ON HER, SCREEN STARS SAYS!
DANNY IS HEAD OF A COMMITTEE ARRANGING THE FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR YOUR APPEARANCE!
JUDY AND MONTY--- THAT'S MY COMMITTEE, ARE FIXING THINGS UP LIKE I TOLD 'EM!
YOU DEAR, DARLING THOUGHTFUL MAN!
THIS ISN'T MUCH LIKE THOSE BIG HOLLYWOOD LIMOUSINES, MICHELE!
BUT I JUST LOVE ROUGHING IT! IT TEACHES ONE LIFE!
I CAN SMELL THE CHANEL NUMBER TWELVE FROM HERE!
WAIT'LL SHE GETS A WHIFF OF GOLDENROD NUMBER TWELVE!
I THINK THE FLORAL DESIGNS MY COMMITTEE ARRANGED WILL PLEASE YOU!
I'M SURE THEY WILL, YOU DEAR, DEAR--- AWK! GOLDENROD!
GOLDENROD! YOU WORM! YOU TERMITE! YOU DOUBLE TERMITE! I'M LEAVING NOW! COME, FATHER!
BUT, BUT---


AND BECAUSE MISS MICHELET HAS BECOME---ER--SUDDENLY INDISPOSED, WE HAVE NO SPEAKER BUT---
HEY! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY!
---AND SO IT IS MY FAULT THAT YOU DIDN'T HEAR MISS MICHELET---BECAUSE THE GOLDENROD WAS MY IDEA!
ALM
---AND SO, IF YOU WANT TO PUNISH ME PROPERLY JUST SHOW ME UP BY GIVING A LOT OF MONEY TO THE **RED CROSS!**
GIVE TO THE RED CROSS
THERE, THERE, JUDY---IF I'D THOUGHT OF IT, I'D HAVE PUT GOLDENROD IN HER SOUP! I DIDN'T LIKE HER EITHER!
JOIN ME, MONTY?
MIGHT AS WELL--- I GUESS I AM A PRETTY GOOD CUPID, EH?
DS
JL
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

EVE WAS WARNED

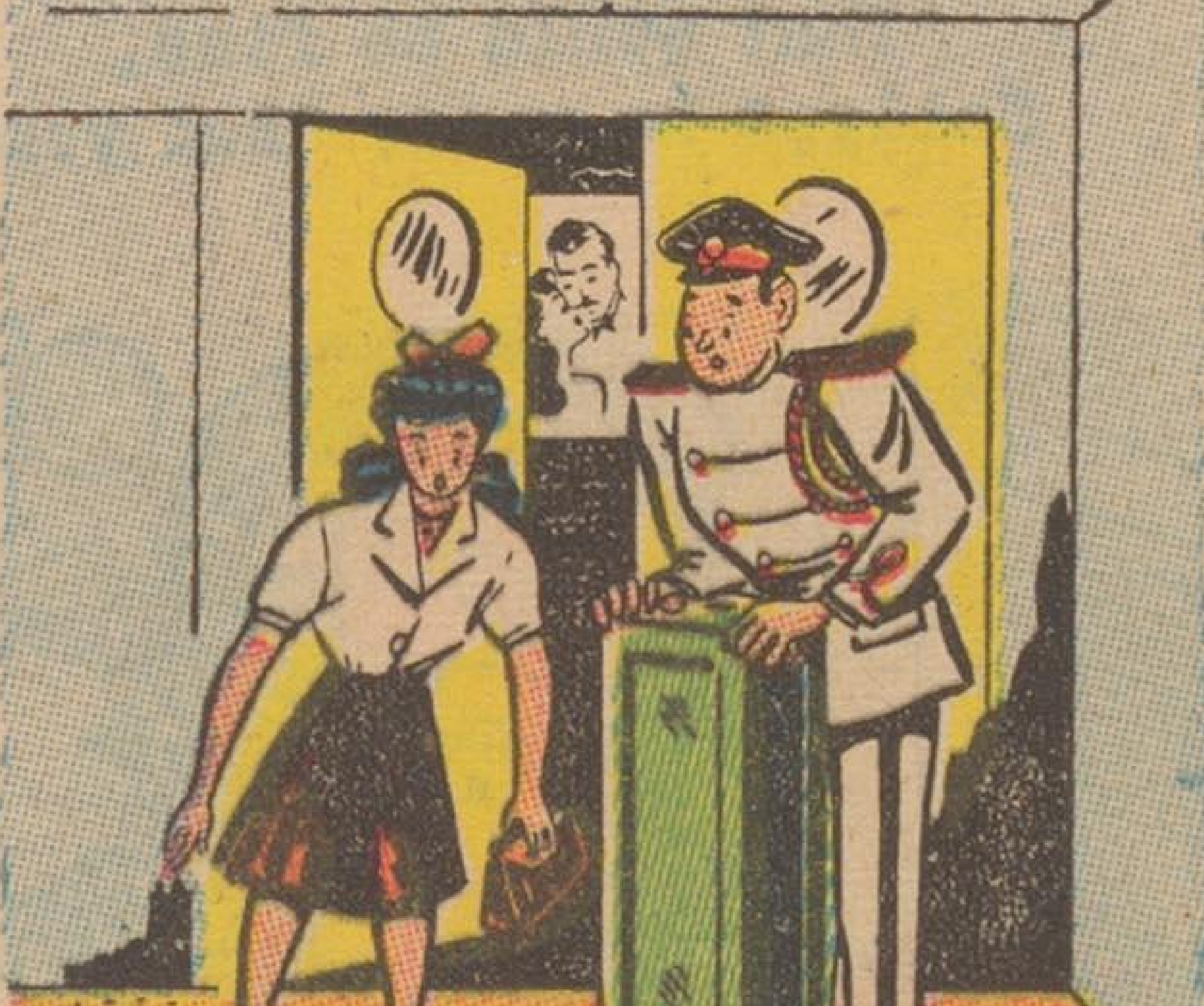
From Page 10

you think are super-terrific, never call and all the ones you just can't stand camp on your doorstep. Well, it isn't kind to encourage the boy you don't like. Furthermore, if you carry on long conversations with him via the 'phone, if you laugh at his corny jokes, if you dance with him when you're "stuck" at a party, you can expect that he's going to think you like him. After all, he isn't a mental telepathist. If you don't want to have him for a persistent swain, or even a close friend, the time to tell him is the first time he calls. Not in so many words. That's rude. But you can get it across that you're busy and uninterested if you'll act that way. The feminine desire to add another feather to your cap at the expense of someone you don't give a fig for, is unfair. Be honest! Honesty won't ever hurt you. You don't have to be tactless or blunt, but you can be utterly sincere. Don't play a game with other people's feelings. They might get hurt. You wouldn't want the same thing to happen to you, would you?

And don't get involved. I know, it's hard not to. But don't be a moral coward and you'll be all right. Now take the matter of that committee who asked you to donate one night a week to the Scribblers' Club. Don't hang on the 'phone and act enthusiastic, interested and flattered, and then as soon as you hang up say, "Now how can I get out of *that?*" If you don't want to give an evening a week to the Scribblers' Club, the time to refuse is when you are first approached. Don't let people go ahead and plan on your help and then just not turn up at the last minute, or invent some excuse for not going. It's only fair to be truthful; then they can plan a lot better. If you get stuck and have to go, just remember that all you had to do was to say, "no." There couldn't be a simpler formula. *Learning how to say "no" graciously can save you a lot of trouble in life.*

Don't bite off more than you can chew. Don't agree to get "B's" in your studies, spend two nights a week as a hostess at the USO, entertain Jack when he comes home on furlough, and make yourself a new dress all in one fell swoop. You know very well when you set yourself such a schedule that something has to be slighted. You know it when you fill up your calendar. You dash around madly and confide to your best friend, "Gosh! I'm stuck on my history thesis, Jack's coming in, and the USO dance is tomorrow! What'll I *do?*" You knew from the start it was going to wind up like this, but you went happily along to the edge of the cliff. The point is: you knew the cliff was there all the time. You can't fool me. Eve was warned.

Furthermore, getting into jams can get to be a habit. It's like this, supposing you do "get by" with a number of things? Suppose you just "peek" when you're taking an exam? When you cheat, you only cheat yourself. It's like being ill and going to a doctor. He tells you to stay in bed and take your medicine. If you dump your medicine into the flower pot, you aren't fooling the doctor; you're fooling yourself. *You* are the one who is ill. By the same token, if you let someone else write your themes for you, use someone else's brains for your school work, it will get to be a habit. If you constantly accept credit through life for things you haven't done and knowledge you don't possess, one day you may be faced with a serious situation that requires brains and intelligence, and find you can't deliver. Many a person has—through bluff and a certain measure of charm—arrived at the top of the ladder. Then one day, his company begins to totter. A keen mind, foresight, judgment and courage are needed by the man on top. But if he got there because he only knew how to use the minds and intelligence of the people around him, he won't be able to pull his organization through. If, on the other hand, he got on top because he earned it, every step of the way, when an emergency comes along, he'll be able to dig into his past experience and come through the crisis.



Pardon me, Miss, haven't you forgotten something?

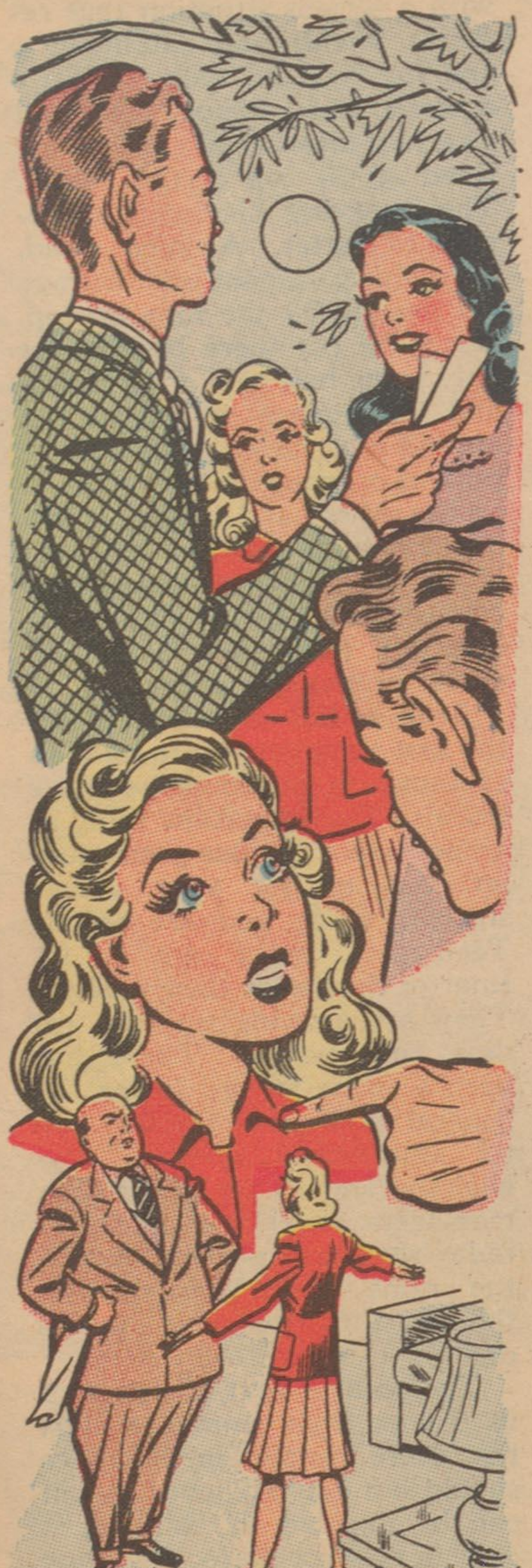
This initial training begins the first time you try to pass an examination on someone else's laurels. The important thing in school is not to pass your studies, but to get your values straight while you are young. Teen-agers today are a lot smarter than were their parents. They are growing up with radios and movies. There has been a swing toward lifting the general intelligence through better educational systems, psychology, and so on. Therefore, teen-agers are better informed today than their parents were at the same age. However, although times change, values don't.

The point is that everyone of us knows right from the start that there are certain things we should not do. Whatever it is, it can be avoided by thinking it over in the first place, by saying "no" when "no" is the thing to say. Because we all have a sixth sense that makes us know instinctively whether or not we are up to any good.

Eve didn't listen, although she was warned, and she lost the Garden of Eden.

The Garden of Eden means many things to many people—happiness, serenity, peace of mind, beauty. This, she lost. Long ago, Eve was warned. Today, you are, too.

But suppose *you* listen!



Dear Betty Ann—

My! My! Things are really happening to Victoria Allen Dunford, our adorable sub-deb, which practically stamp her as a worldly-wise woman, sort of... Vickie tells all to her chum and confidante, Betty Ann...

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Betty Ann:

You'd never dream it! But I am "the other woman" in a love affair. Doesn't it sound just too weirdly wonderful?

And Betts, I've had an orchid -- a real orchid tied up with purple satin ribbon -- and 'HE' send it to me. If it was only as wonderful as it sounds.

As you and I have often discussed, if you don't take a chance you might never get a chance. So when I overheard Tom Welch telling Sally that he just had to find a new girl, someone plenty terrific, to take to the aircraft workers annual dance, I said to myself -- "Why not me?"

Sally had the same thought for she said, "I'd be pleased to go with you, Tom."

"That would be fine, Sally," he said, "But you're my cousin and that wouldn't make the kind of an impression I am out to make.

"In fact," he said, "If I can't get a really beautiful unknown girl to take to that dance, I just won't go -- that's all."

Well, Betts, we all have to help in wartime, and Tom is a defense worker, and the patriotic thing seemed to be for me to speak up.

"I couldn't help overhearing your conversation, as I was coming in," I said sweetly. "Golly, there must be loads of girls who'd love to go to that dance with you."

"Yeah, I know," said Tom conceited-like. He's terribly aware of how handsome he is. He looks just like Ross Hunter in the movies - only he's cuter, I think. Of course, if I ever met and talked to Ross Hunter I might change my mind.

Tom is twenty, and I have never been out with a boy that old. The prospects seemed wonderful.

"Any girl would love to go with you to that dance," I said again, thinking he'd take the hint.

But you know how dense some men are, Betts. There I was -- and he was wondering where and how to meet a beautiful girl!

"I want a new girl who none of the crowd knows," he said. "And the dance is tomorrow night. I guess it's too late to get anyone. I guess I'll just not go."

Before I could get in another word he turned to Sally and said, "Here, Sally, you can have my ticket. It cost two bucks. Maybe one of your friends would like to take you."

But before Sally could accept it, "No, no, there must be some way," I said. "Don't give a ticket away that means so much to you. Let me think."

"Yeah?" Tom said, his face brightening considerably. "Got any ideas?"

"Well," I hesitated. After all it does seem terribly forward to have to suggest to a boy that he invite you. "Well, to help you out," I said, "I might go with you."

"You????" Tom exclaimed. I guess he'd just never, never, never have thought of asking me. He stood there looking at me - like he had never seen me before. Then, "You're a little young," he said. "I don't want to rob the cradle."

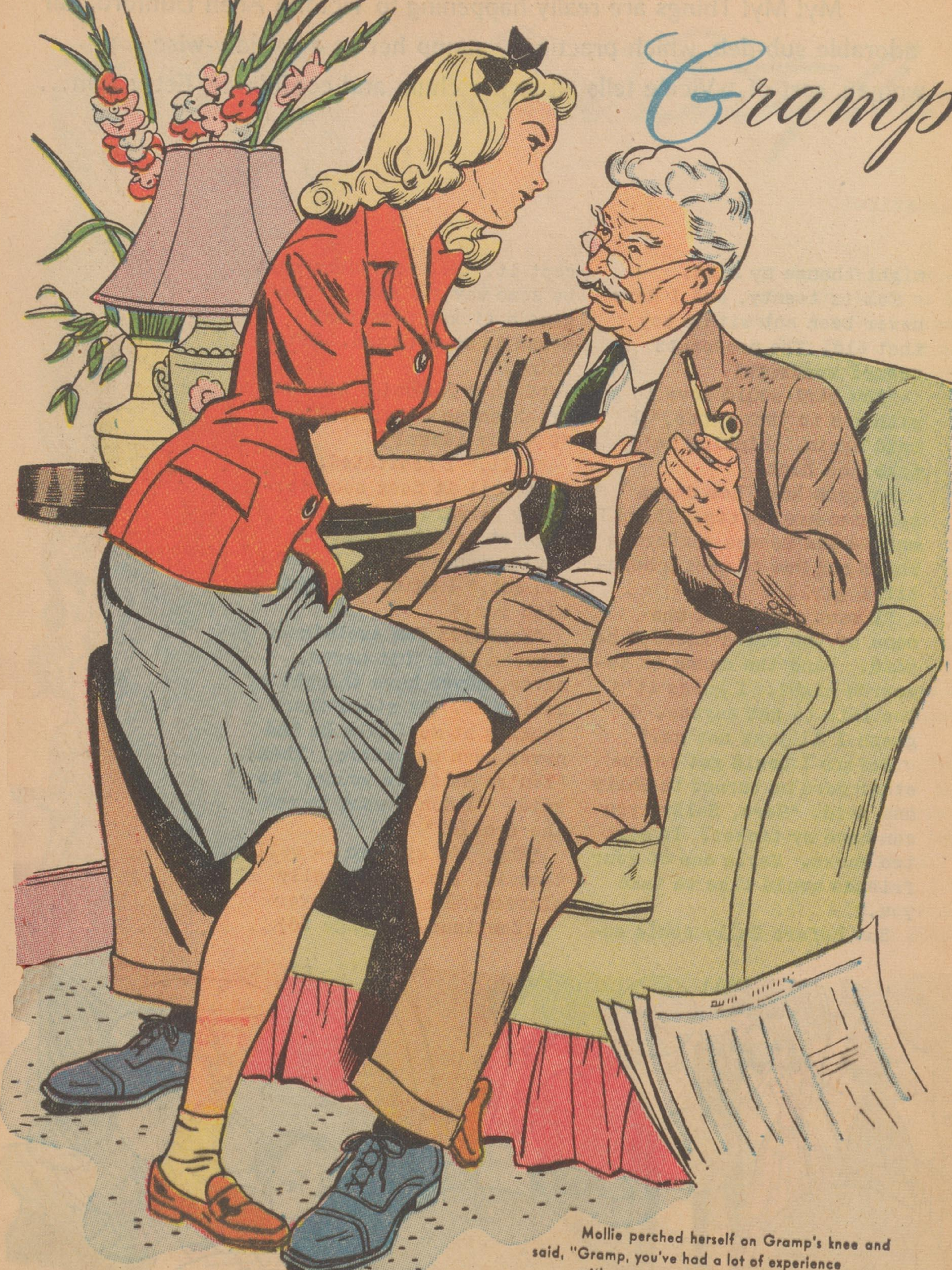
"Why, I'm sixteen -- well, that is, I am practically sixteen. I am almost over

(Continued on page 38)

Gramp plays Cupid...

By Michele Small

Mollie's "love-stuff" was strictly off the beam, until Gramp took over—and again proved himself a real hero...



Mollie perched herself on Gramp's knee and said, "Gramp, you've had a lot of experience with men and love and things like that—"

GRAMP was saying grace.

Mollie, peeking a little, was thinking, "Gramp is beautiful, the old dear, and does he know it! He looks like a church window saint with the light shining on his lovely white hair. Matter-of-fact, if I didn't know better, I'd say he was a saint."

Gramp must have peeked a little too because he speeded up the blessing as he always did when he saw there was something special for dinner.

"—manifold blessings, Amen, oh boy! Chicken!" he concluded, shaking out his napkin briskly and tucking it into his collar.

Bumpsy, who was only 12, giggled.

"Nice going, Gramp," she said. "You clipped three seconds off the record that time. You're the fastest grace-sayer in the whole world, I guess."

Grandpa Griffith regarded his granddaughter fondly.

"I bet you say that to all the boys," he said, sighing.

"Father!" said Mrs. Jarman.

"I know, daughter, I know," Gramp asserted. "You think your children's grandfather should be a mite more dignified—at least in front of his granddaughters. So all *reet*, I'll be an old sourpuss." Gramp looked hurt.

"Now, Father," Mrs. Jarman pleaded, "Don't sulk. It's just that the girls are in their formative years—"

"Speaking of forms," interrupted Gramp, leering, "You're a pretty slick chick yourself. Son-in-law sure got himself something when he got you. Eh, Son-in-law?"

"You've got something there, Father-in-law," Mr. Jarman said enthusiastically. "Have a drumstick. Have two drumsticks. You're a discerning old rascal."

Mrs. Jarman's color heightened as her family admired her.

"Please," she asked, "shouldn't we go on with dinner?"

"Opportunity to eat only has to knock once for me," Gramp agreed.

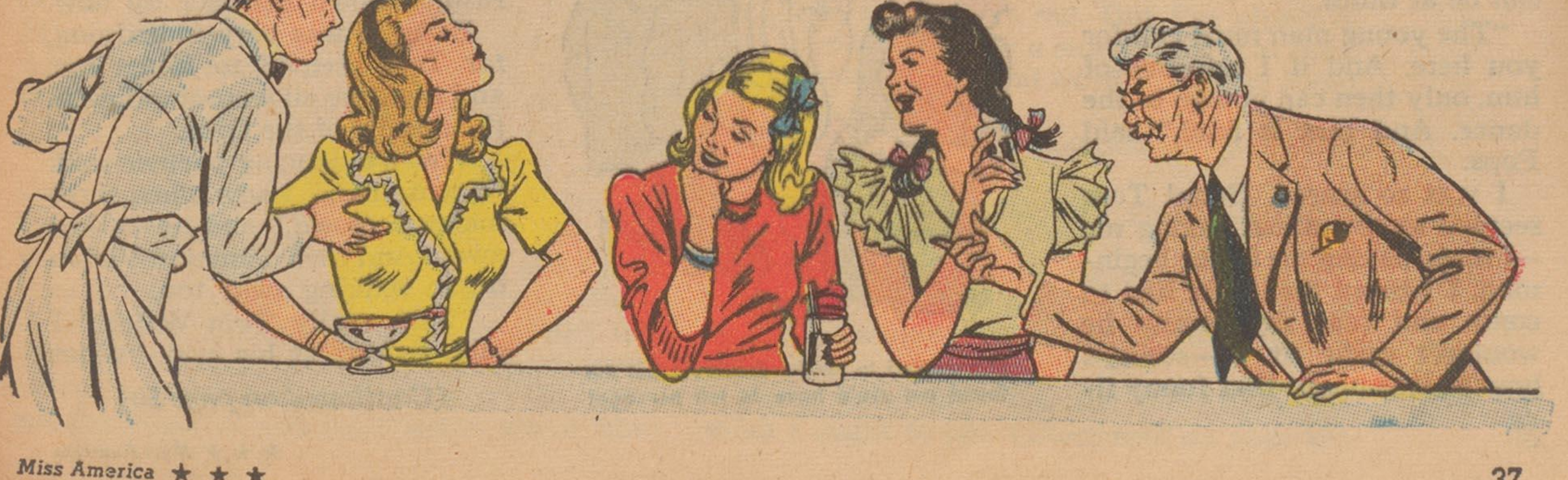
Mollie sighed loudly and everyone looked at her.

"I'm not hungry," she explained.

Gramp's bright old eyes studied her.

"When a girl of (*Continued on page* 56)

"I like my women natural," Gramp told the other customers, in very firm tones. "Mascara and rouge and all that stuff are used to cover a lot of nature's mistakes."



DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 35

being fifteen," I said. "And some people think that I am sixteen." I was even mistaken for Lana Turner when I had my hair bleached—wasn't I, Sally!"

"Well, maybe you're right," Tom said in sort of a daze.

"Okay, then I'll go with you," I replied, snapping him up fast.

"Okay," he said rather helplessly. So it was set.

"You be over here at Sally's tomorrow night and I'll pick you up. Wear a long formal," he said, "and I'll bring you a corsage. A gardenia corsage." Then—"Nope, by gosh, I'll bring you an orchid. A real five-dollar orchid!"

Well, Betts, I danced all the way home, I was so thrilled. Then Pops almost ruined it all.

"So this fellow will pick you up at Sally's tomorrow night, will he?" Pops said. "No fellow will pick up a daughter of mine at a neighbor's. If he can't come here like a gentleman and be presented to your parents for their approval, you are not going. And that is final."

"Oh Pops," I said. "It was difficult getting the date in the first place that—"

"What's this?" Pops demanded. "How was it difficult getting the date?"

"I mean that I had so many other offers, it being Friday night—like Rusty inviting me to see Betty Grable's new picture 'The Dolly Sisters,' and Walter wanting me to take a walk for an ice cream soda and everything, that I couldn't quite make up my mind." Really, Betts, I had to invent, but I kept my fingers crossed so it wasn't lying. You have no idea how difficult Pops can be at times.

"The young man must call for you here. And if I approve of him, only then can you go to the dance. And that is final," said Pops.

I was so scared, Betts! Tom seemed so shy about taking me—I mean asking me in the beginning. I figured that if he had to come and face my family he wouldn't come at all—seeing's how he was under that funny illusion about my being too young, or something.

Anyway, I got Sally on the telephone. I told her she just had to call up her cousin Tom and tell him he would just have to call for me at home. I promised Sally my second best autographed picture of Van Johnson and my new pink hair scarf—if she'd fix it. "Do anything, Sally," I said, "but just fix it so Tom will call for me at home."

I don't know how, but anyway Tom called for me the next night. As fate would have it—Mom and Pops were having three couples in for bridge.

Tom stood there at the door as self-conscious as could be. He looked so adorable, blushing that way.

Pops said, "Come in, young man. Let's look you over. Come right in." Betts, I almost died. I didn't know whether Tom would come in or not—with all of those faces staring at him!

"Don't be nervous, young man, I can remember when I was your age and was courting a girl." Pop's friend Mr. Terry piped up. Which made everything worse than ever.

Tom stepped in—and he had a big white corsage box.

"Oh, my orchid!" I said taking the box since Tom didn't have the presence of mind to hand it to me. But you could hardly blame him with everyone making him feel so bewildered.

VOTE for KNOX
Bradley

She wanted to run for President, but she found out she'd have to tell her age!

"Did you bring Victoria an orchid?" Pop said incredulously. Then seeing it, he said, "Young man, you are too extravagant. In my day I used to bring Victoria's mother a twenty-five cent bunch of violets. A young man has to save his money and prepare for the future."

Betts, I finally managed to get the orchid pinned on—and Tom out of the house. Tom was furious. "You should have told me that I was going to pass inspection," he said.

Anyway, we got to the dance. Betts, I was the only girl in the place who had an orchid. Everyone looked and looked. And everyone knew Tom. Some of them would have liked to trade a dance, but Tom said that he was keeping me exclusively for himself.

But Betts, he didn't act like he was having a good time. He didn't talk to me—except when a certain red-head waltzed by. Then he'd talk like mad about the weather and did I think it was going to rain? Tom just didn't make sense.

Finally he stopped on the floor—and said to the red-head, "Vivian, I trust you are having a wonderful time." Tom said it very sarcastic like.

"Indeed I am," Vivian said, in tones that meant she didn't care whether Tom was or not. Then suddenly she looked at Tom—and a tear came rushing down her cheek. And Tom grabbed her and said, "Vivian darling, what's the matter?"

"Oh nothing, but I am just so unhappy since our quarrel," she said, and there were lots of tears rushing down her face by now.

Betts, it was very mortifying, for Tom seemed to forget me, and there we all were standing in the middle of the floor.

Vivian's dancing partner said, "Excuse me. I know when three makes a crowd," and he walked away. And then Tom and Vivian began walking away too.

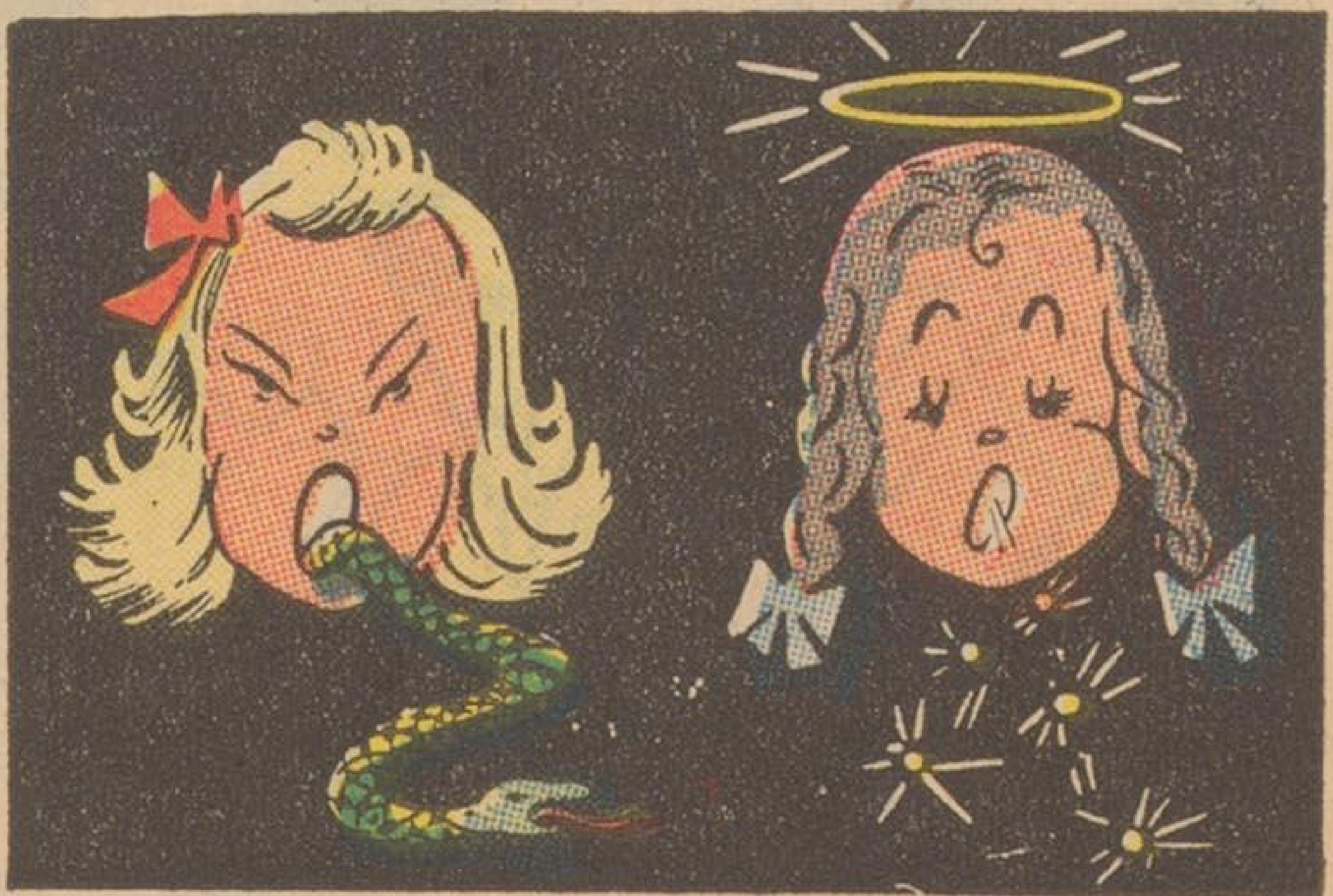
"Well, really Tom Welch," I said, jerking at his arm. "What

(*Continued on page* 50)

Don't Say It!

by Connie Nelson

We'll let Connie take over the discussion without any asides from us...



"BETTER throw a stone at random than a word." (End quote.) And I say, the bruise from a stone will get well, but the wound from a word can last forever.

Do you want to give anyone, even your worst enemy, a wound that will last forever? I'm sure you don't. But—

What about that imp with the forked tail, and a forked prong in its fist, poised to rip a hurt with a word? It lives in all of us. But each of us can stamp it down—and out—if we remember to be kind before we speak.

Don't say, "I missed you at the party last night," to the girl who didn't get an invitation to that party. You don't want to make her feel conspicuous by her absence,—or do you? If you do, dig that instinct up by the roots. It's a nasty weed growing in your heart. It will crowd out kindness if you give it a chance. A kind girl is a popular girl because she makes others feel good when she talks to them.

Don't say, "You've always looked nice in that suit." Boy or girl, he or she, will feel deflated under a barbed compliment like that. And here's another, "I like that suit better than the other one." Comparisons are odious. Besides you're implying that you didn't like the other one any too well. Maybe your friend hated the other suit, and is now trying to forget the thing. If you must speak about what your friend has on his or her back, speak well of it.

May I tell you a little story about myself. One Christmas, here in New York, someone gave me a hat. It was bright red. I knew it had been chosen to cheer me up. But red is not my color, and I know it. I wore the hat to have dinner with a friend. It was Christmas, and I was poor, and red is gay, and I was trying my best to hold back tears of homesickness. When I met the friend with whom I was to dine on Christmas Eve, she said, "I don't like that hat." I took it off and put it on the floor under the table. Oh, I laughed and joked about not wanting to give her indigestion with the sight of a hat she didn't like. Now I can buy my own hats, and they aren't red. But I'm afraid of that friend. She threw a stone at me that hurt.

Don't say the unkind word to anyone about anything.

"My dear, you've put on pounds since I saw you last."

"I haven't seen you with your boy-friend lately."

"Have you been sick? You look worn out."

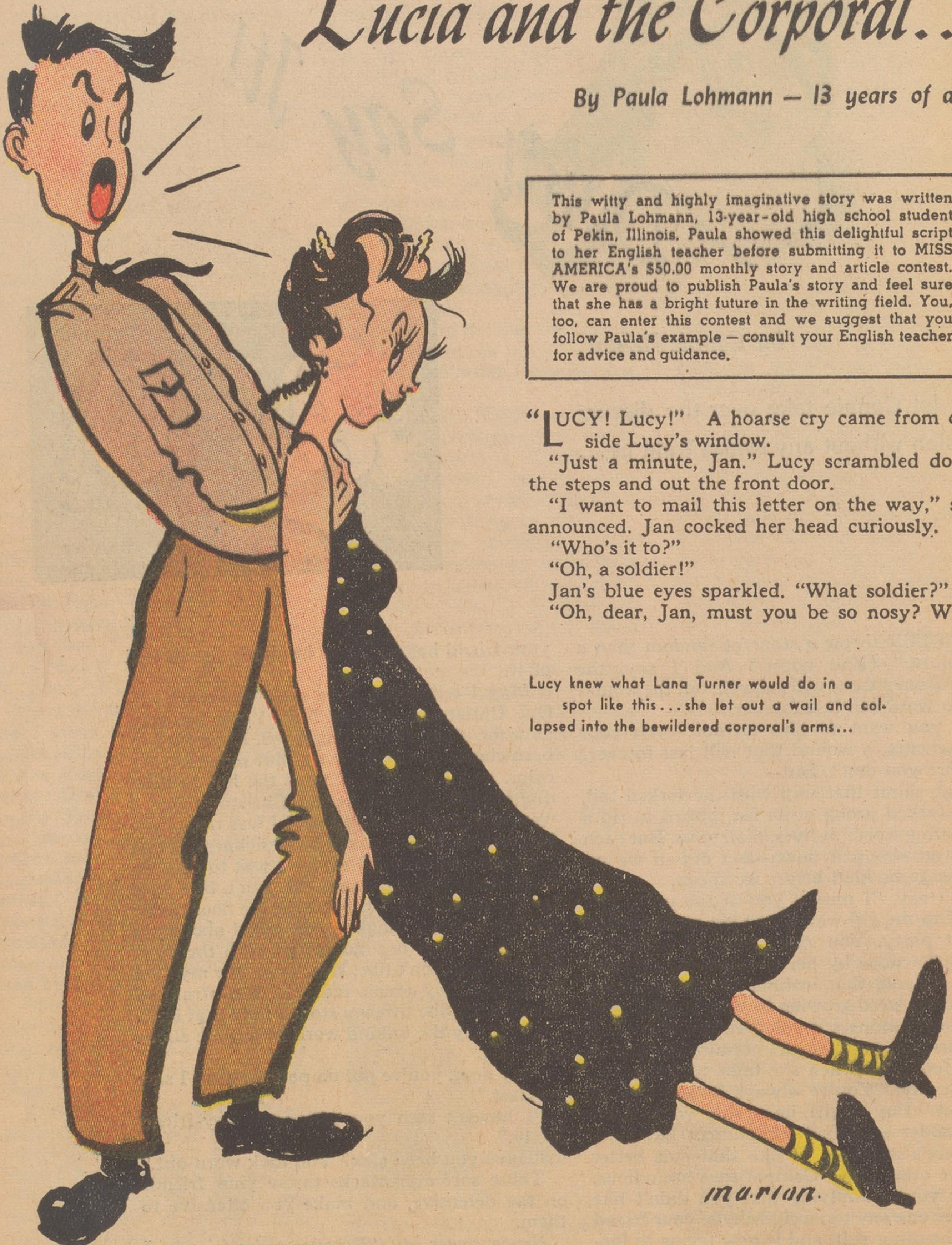
Those sort of remarks throw your friends on the defensive, and make you offensive to them.

Never, never say, "Because we're friends, I think I ought to tell

(*Continued on page* 50)

Lucia and the Corporal...

By Paula Lohmann — 13 years of age



This witty and highly imaginative story was written by Paula Lohmann, 13-year-old high school student of Pekin, Illinois. Paula showed this delightful script to her English teacher before submitting it to MISS AMERICA's $50.00 monthly story and article contest. We are proud to publish Paula's story and feel sure that she has a bright future in the writing field. You, too, can enter this contest and we suggest that you follow Paula's example — consult your English teacher for advice and guidance.

"LUCY! Lucy!" A hoarse cry came from outside Lucy's window.

"Just a minute, Jan." Lucy scrambled down the steps and out the front door.

"I want to mail this letter on the way," she announced. Jan cocked her head curiously.

"Who's it to?"

"Oh, a soldier!"

Jan's blue eyes sparkled. "What soldier?"

"Oh, dear, Jan, must you be so nosy? Well,

Lucy knew what Lana Turner would do in a spot like this... she let out a wail and collapsed into the bewildered corporal's arms...

Lucia, whose intentions were noble, selfless and—well, she simply had to do her bit to lift the morale of the Armed Forces (one certain Corporal in particular), finds out, in a rib-tickling comedy of errors, about MEN and what makes them tick...

I got a soldier's address at the USO and I've been writing to him." Lucy fumbled through her purse, "Here," she sighed, "is his picture".

Jan gave a low whistle. "What's his name?"

"Corporal Roger Bailey."

"But when he comes home don't you think it'll be somewhat of a shock to find that his 'dream girl' is only 14 years old?"

"Oh, don't be silly, Jan. Why, by the time this soldier comes home and the war is won, I'll be a mature woman of 17 or 18. Oh, there's Mr. Jangles, the postman."

Lucy ran to meet him, and Jan followed in a dreamy sort of mood.

"Oh, Jan, it's a letter from Rog'." Immediately Jan snapped to life, the stardust gone from her eyes.

"Oh — — — oh — — — OH!" Lucy was shaking as she read the letter.

"What is it, Lucy?"

She choked and faced Jan. "Roger's coming home the 28th, and — and he says he has a very important question to ask me!"

"The 28th! Why, that's *tomorrow!*" Jan gasped. "Jeepers, what's he gonna say, and what're you gonna do when he finds out that you're you?"

"Oh, golly, that's not what I'm worried about — it's that — well, he asked me for a picture, and I sent him one of Mary Eleanore — my brother's girl!"

"Oh, Bill will love that!" Jan predicted.

Lucy sat down on the curb, her head propped up on one elbow. "That's just what I'm afraid of."

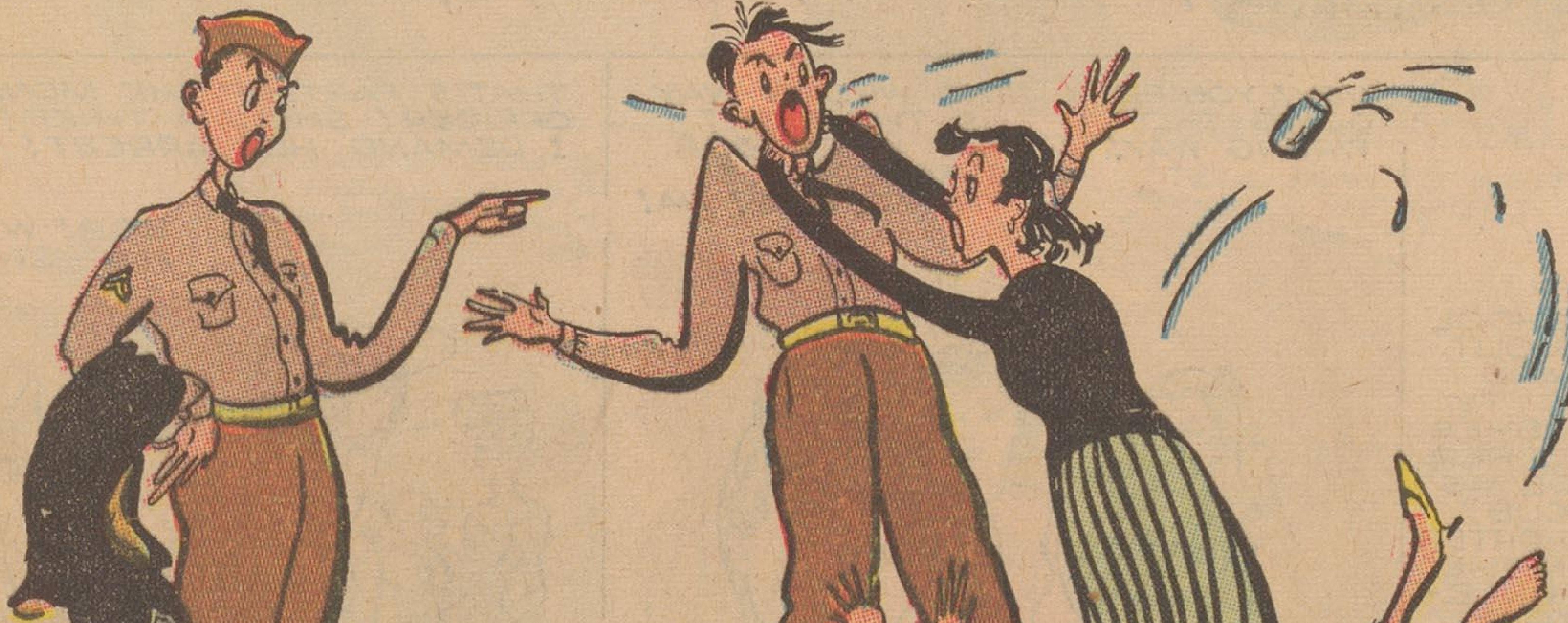
* * *

"— so you see, Mary, you just gotta pretend you're me. It'll only be for a few days."

Lucy was in her room nervously drawing glasses on a picture of Van Johnson while she hastily explained her problem to her brother's fiancè.

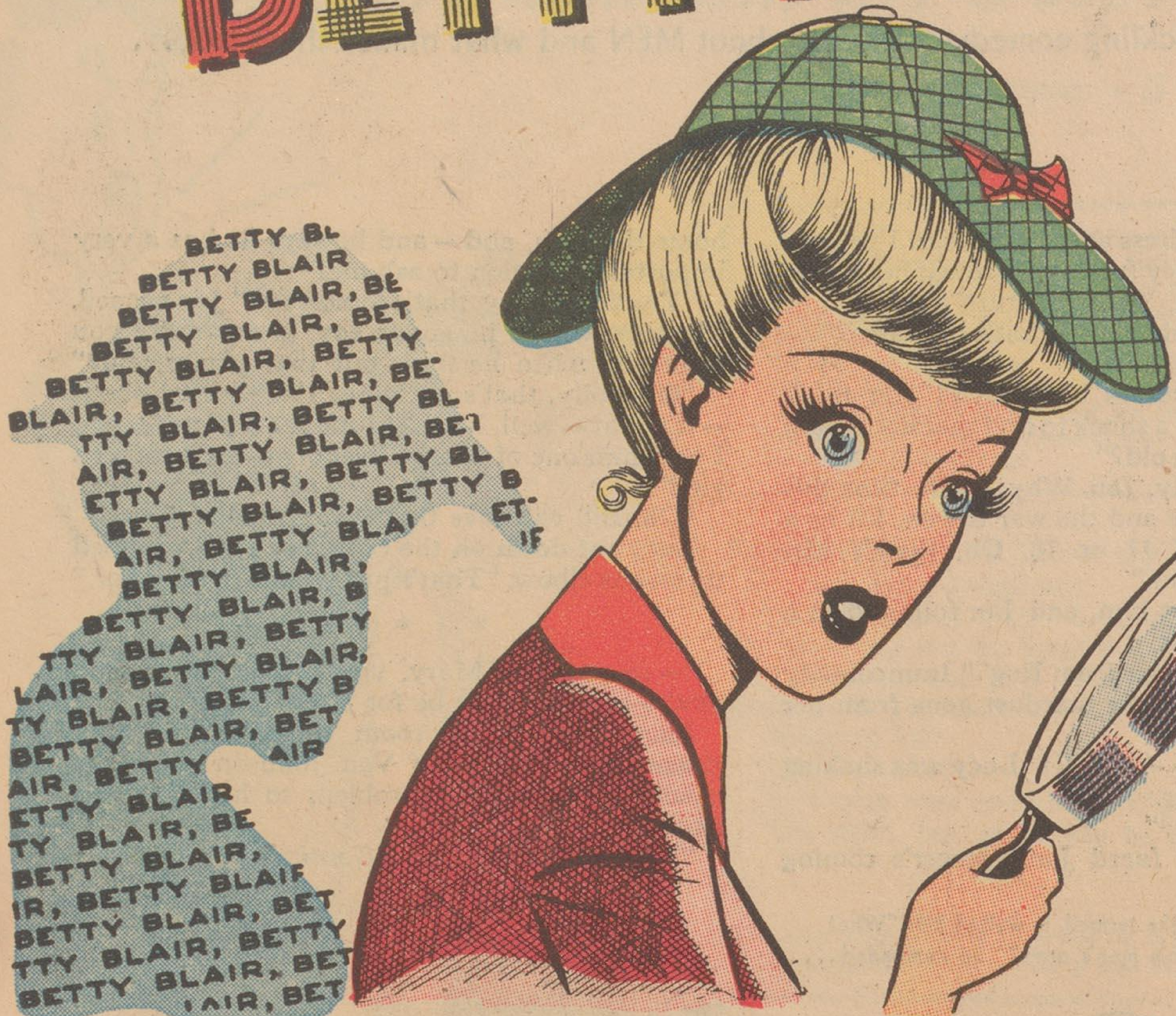
"Well, I'd love to help

(Continued on page 54)



Just at the height of the turmoil, in walked Bill! "What are you doing in this man's arms?" he demanded...

BETTY BLAIR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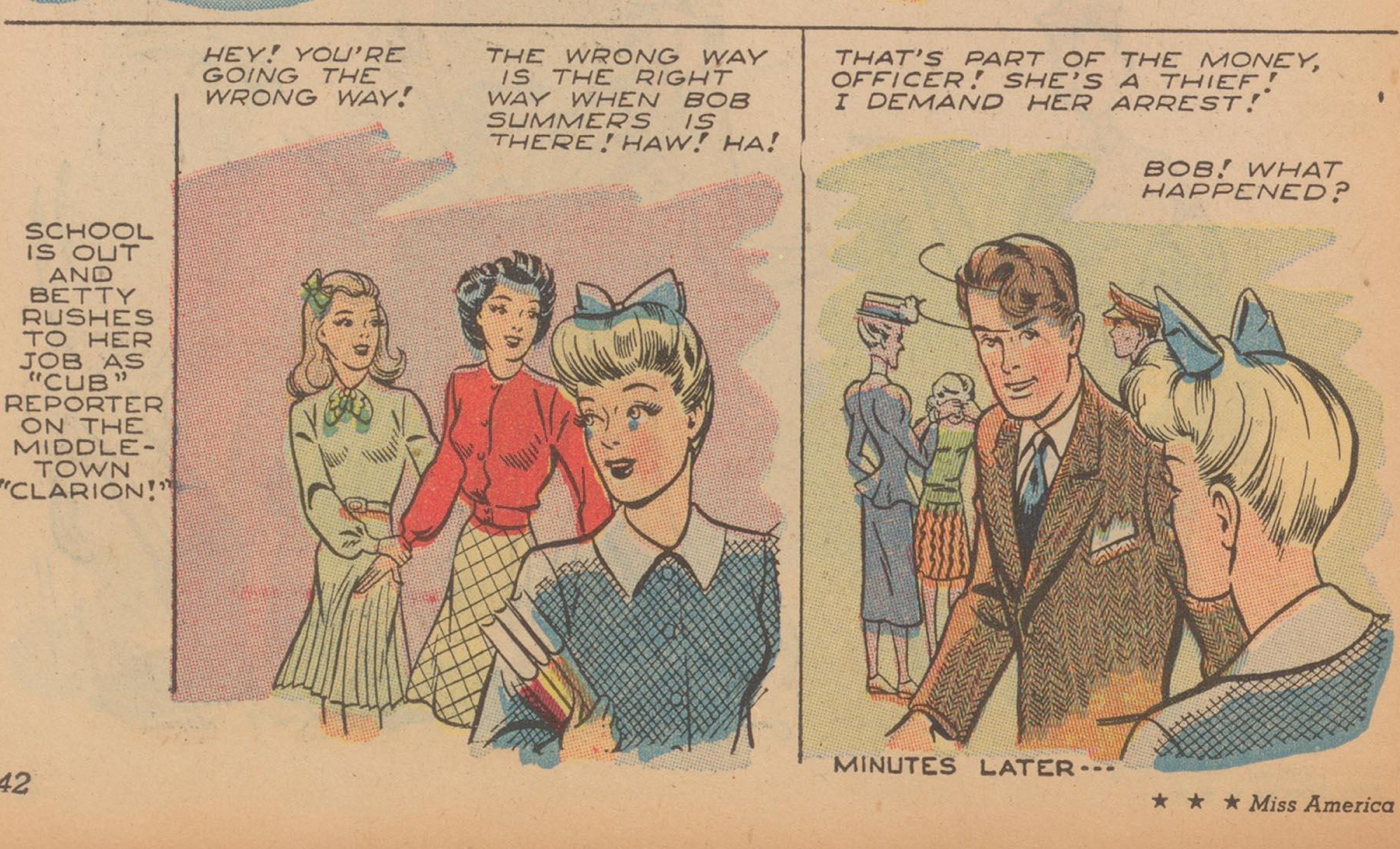
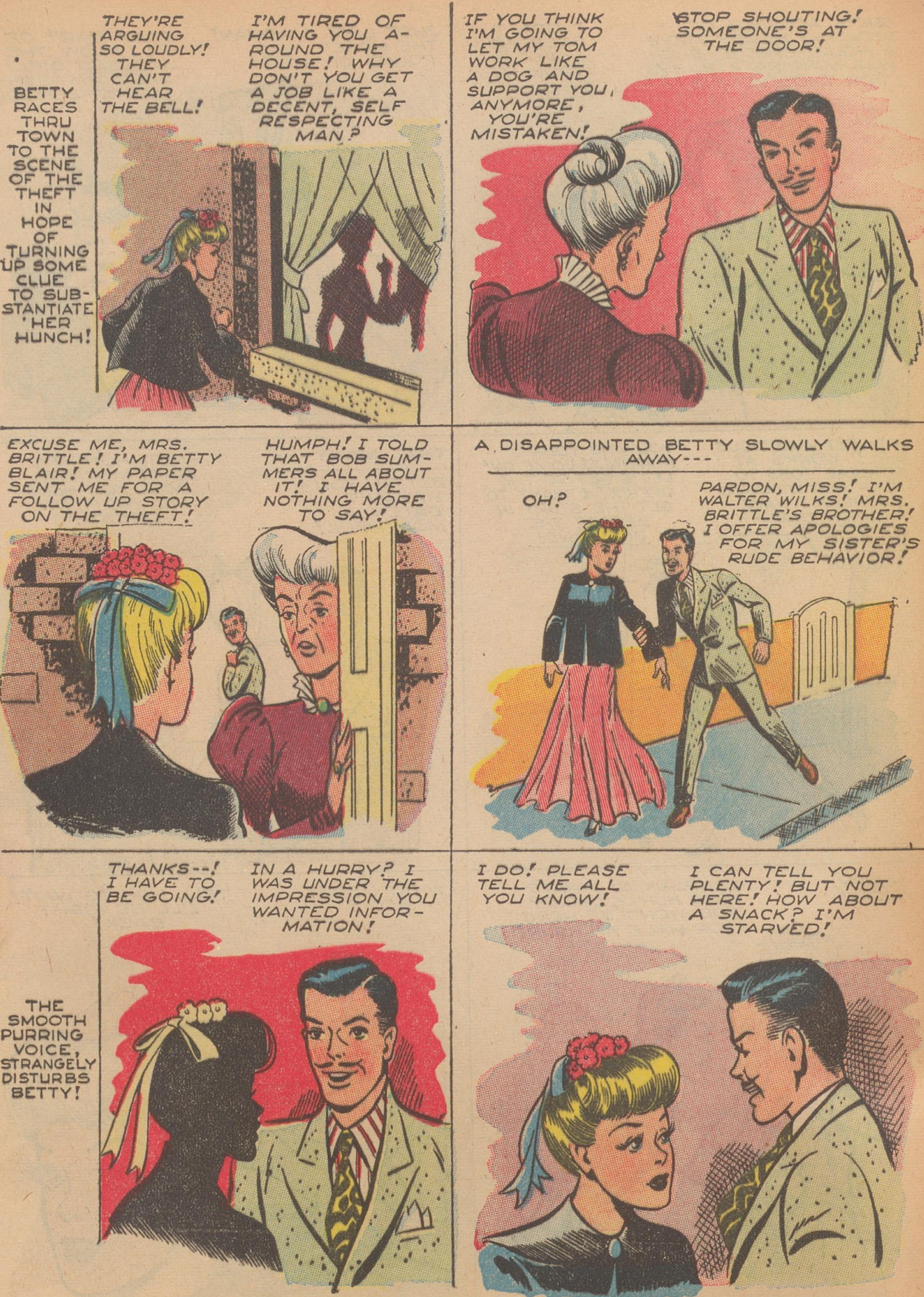
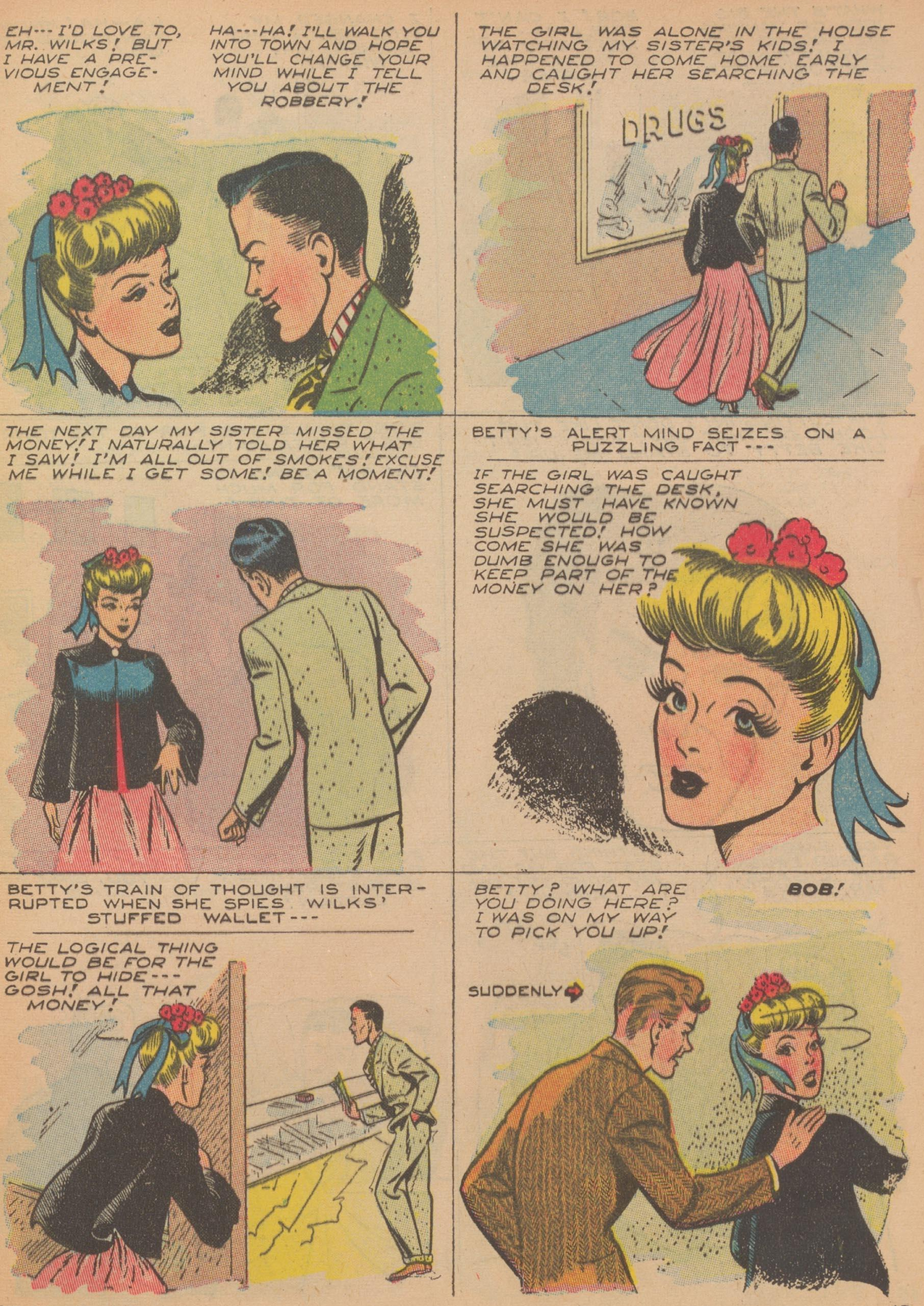
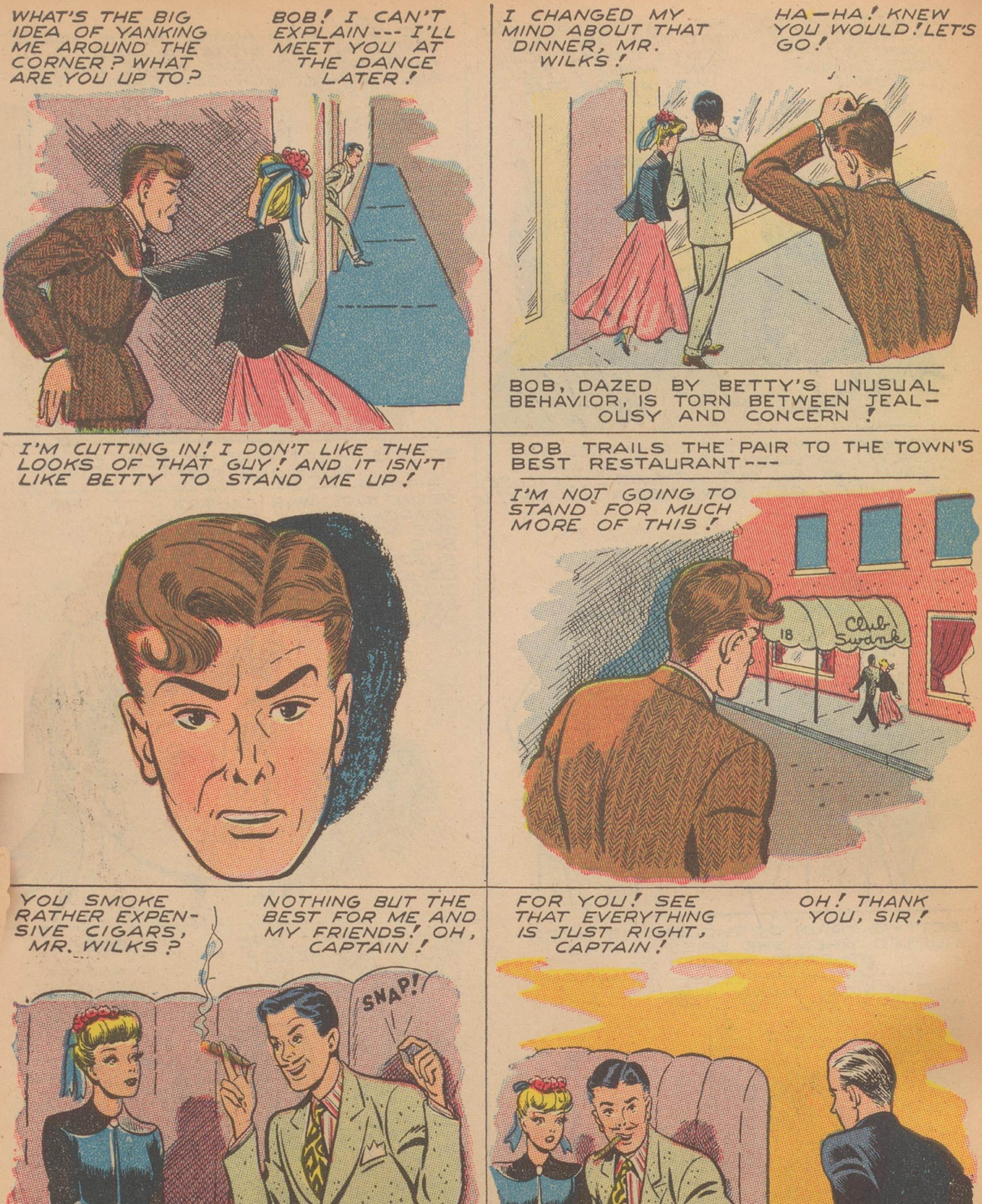
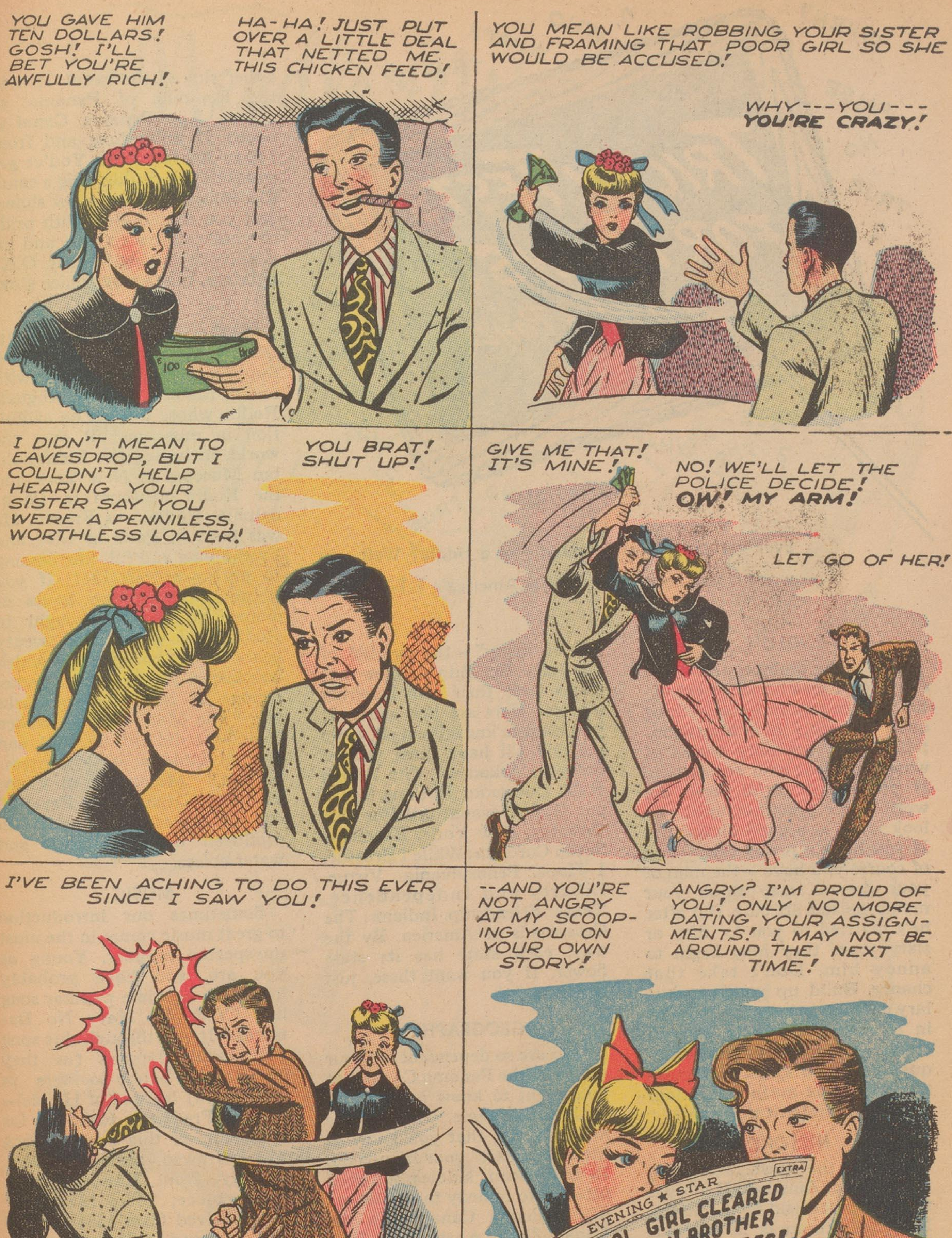

SCHOOL IS OUT AND BETTY RUSHES TO HER JOB AS "CUB" REPORTER ON THE MIDDLE-TOWN "CLARION!"
HEY! YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!
THE WRONG WAY IS THE RIGHT WAY WHEN BOB SUMMERS IS THERE! HAW! HA!
THAT'S PART OF THE MONEY, OFFICER! SHE'S A THIEF! I DEMAND HER ARREST!
BOB! WHAT HAPPENED?
MINUTES LATER---

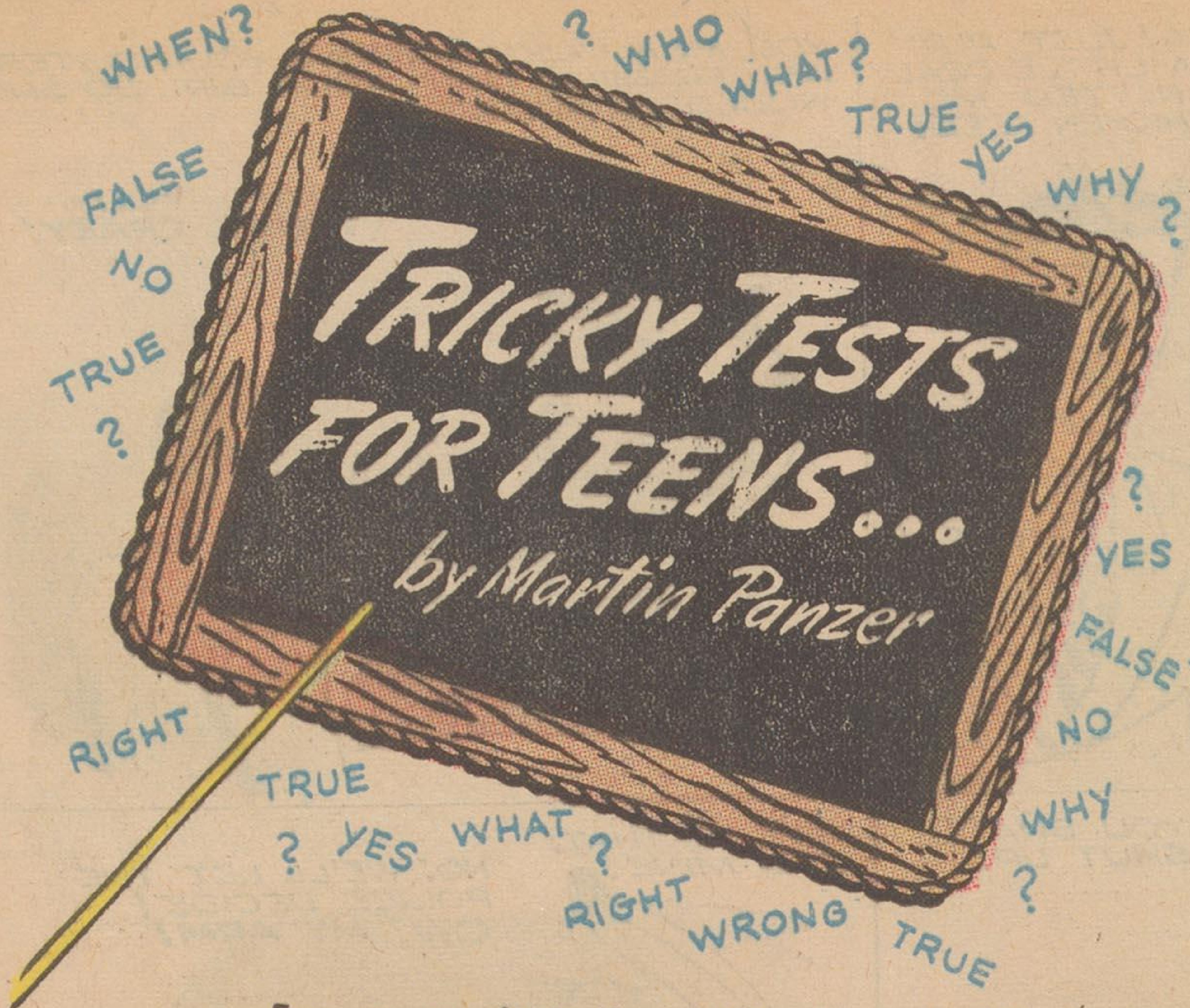
SHE'S ACCUSED OF STEALING MONEY FROM A HOUSE WHERE SHE WAS MINDING A BABY FOR THE EVENING!
I DON'T BELIEVE SHE TOOK IT!
JUST LIKE A WOMAN! THE MONEY WAS FOUND ON HER!
ONLY PART OF IT! I KNOW THE ACCUSED GIRL! SHE'S A FRESHMAN AT SCHOOL!
A SWEET AMBITIOUS GIRL! WORKS AT SEVERAL JOBS TO HELP HER WIDOWED MOTHER! I HAVE A HUNCH THAT---
YOU AND YOUR HUNCHES! COME ON! LET'S GET TO THE OFFICE! I WANT TO GET THE STORY IN BEFORE THE DEADLINE!
THAT NIGHT---
BETTY! YOU HAVEN'T EATEN A MOUTHFUL!
NOT HUNGRY, DAD! MOTHER, WILL YOU HELP ME WITH MY DRESS?
HURRY, MOM!
LANDSAKES! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, CHILD? BOB WON'T BE HERE FOR HALF AN HOUR!
WHAT ABOUT BOB?
TELL HIM TO WAIT! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!


BETTY RACES THRU TOWN TO THE SCENE OF THE THEFT IN HOPE OF TURNING UP SOME CLUE TO SUBSTANTIATE HER HUNCH!
THEY'RE ARGUING SO LOUDLY! THEY CAN'T HEAR THE BELL!
I'M TIRED OF HAVING YOU AROUND THE HOUSE! WHY DON'T YOU GET A JOB LIKE A DECENT, SELF RESPECTING MAN?
IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET MY TOM WORK LIKE A DOG AND SUPPORT YOU ANYMORE, YOU'RE MISTAKEN!
STOP SHOUTING! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!
EXCUSE ME, MRS. BRITTLE! I'M BETTY BLAIR! MY PAPER SENT ME FOR A FOLLOW UP STORY ON THE THEFT!
HUMPH! I TOLD THAT BOB SUMMERS ALL ABOUT IT! I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO SAY!
A DISAPPOINTED BETTY SLOWLY WALKS AWAY---
OH?
PARDON, MISS! I'M WALTER WILKS! MRS. BRITTLE'S BROTHER! I OFFER APOLOGIES FOR MY SISTER'S RUDE BEHAVIOR!
THE SMOOTH PURRING VOICE, STRANGELY DISTURBS BETTY!
THANKS--! I HAVE TO BE GOING!
IN A HURRY? I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION YOU WANTED INFORMATION!
I DO! PLEASE TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW!
I CAN TELL YOU PLENTY! BUT NOT HERE! HOW ABOUT A SNACK? I'M STARVED!


EH--- I'D LOVE TO, MR. WILKS! BUT I HAVE A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT!
HA---HA! I'LL WALK YOU INTO TOWN AND HOPE YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND WHILE I TELL YOU ABOUT THE ROBBERY!
THE GIRL WAS ALONE IN THE HOUSE WATCHING MY SISTER'S KIDS! I HAPPENED TO COME HOME EARLY AND CAUGHT HER SEARCHING THE DESK!
DRUGS
THE NEXT DAY MY SISTER MISSED THE MONEY! I NATURALLY TOLD HER WHAT I SAW! I'M ALL OUT OF SMOKES! EXCUSE ME WHILE I GET SOME! BE A MOMENT!
BETTY'S ALERT MIND SEIZES ON A PUZZLING FACT---
IF THE GIRL WAS CAUGHT SEARCHING THE DESK, SHE MUST HAVE KNOWN SHE WOULD BE SUSPECTED! HOW COME SHE WAS DUMB ENOUGH TO KEEP PART OF THE MONEY ON HER?
BETTY'S TRAIN OF THOUGHT IS INTERRUPTED WHEN SHE SPIES WILKS' STUFFED WALLET---
THE LOGICAL THING WOULD BE FOR THE GIRL TO HIDE--- GOSH! ALL THAT MONEY!
BETTY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I WAS ON MY WAY TO PICK YOU UP!
BOB!
SUDDENLY


WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF YANKING ME AROUND THE CORNER? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
BOB! I CAN'T EXPLAIN --- I'LL MEET YOU AT THE DANCE LATER!
I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT THAT DINNER, MR. WILKS!
HA—HA! KNEW YOU WOULD! LET'S GO!
BOB, DAZED BY BETTY'S UNUSUAL BEHAVIOR, IS TORN BETWEEN JEALOUSY AND CONCERN!
I'M CUTTING IN! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT GUY! AND IT ISN'T LIKE BETTY TO STAND ME UP!
BOB TRAILS THE PAIR TO THE TOWN'S BEST RESTAURANT---
I'M NOT GOING TO STAND FOR MUCH MORE OF THIS!
18
Club Swank
YOU SMOKE RATHER EXPENSIVE CIGARS, MR. WILKS?
NOTHING BUT THE BEST FOR ME AND MY FRIENDS! OH, CAPTAIN!
SNAP!
FOR YOU! SEE THAT EVERYTHING IS JUST RIGHT, CAPTAIN!
OH! THANK YOU, SIR!


YOU GAVE HIM TEN DOLLARS! GOSH! I'LL BET YOU'RE AWFULLY RICH!
HA-HA! JUST PUT OVER A LITTLE DEAL THAT NETTED ME THIS CHICKEN FEED!
$100
YOU MEAN LIKE ROBBING YOUR SISTER AND FRAMING THAT POOR GIRL SO SHE WOULD BE ACCUSED!
WHY---YOU--- **YOU'RE CRAZY!**
I DIDN'T MEAN TO EAVESDROP, BUT I COULDN'T HELP HEARING YOUR SISTER SAY YOU WERE A PENNILESS, WORTHLESS LOAFER!
YOU BRAT! SHUT UP!
GIVE ME THAT! IT'S MINE!
NO! WE'LL LET THE POLICE DECIDE! **OW! MY ARM!**
LET GO OF HER!
I'VE BEEN ACHING TO DO THIS EVER SINCE I SAW YOU!
--AND YOU'RE NOT ANGRY AT MY SCOOPING YOU ON YOUR OWN STORY!
ANGRY? I'M PROUD OF YOU! ONLY NO MORE DATING YOUR ASSIGNMENTS! I MAY NOT BE AROUND THE NEXT TIME!
EXTRA
EVENING ★ STAR
EXTRA
SCHOOL GIRL CLEARED IN ROBBERY! BROTHER OF VICTIM CONFESSES!



TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS...

by Martin Panzer

Ever get caught in the middle of a riddle? Well, you won't if you keep up with Miss America's T-T-T's...

ENGLISH

ARE you a malaprop? Do you say "I was bored to extraction" when you mean something quite different? It is always intelligent to use only words of whose meaning you are certain. If you are doubtful, keep the word under your hat until you look it up in a good dictionary. If you have a pretty face — and of course you have — the man of your dreams may think your malapropisms are cute. But after he's married to you for fifty or sixty years they may begin to annoy him. Don't take that chance. Build up your vocabulary not only in quantity but also in a manner that will do you credit. Just think of the consequences if you speak of osculation when you mean oscillation! Or do you prefer it that way?

HISTORY

One of the most fascinating things about American History is the high place held by the motto. Nationally, there is "E Pluribus Unum" with which we are all familiar and which means "One out of many" — the symbol of our unity. But did you know that states have their own inspiring mottos? Here are just a few. If you want to know them all, write me and I'll have them printed for you. Arkansas: The People Rule. Colorado: Nothing Without God. Nevada: All For Our Country. New York: Excelsior. South Carolina: While I Breathe, I Hope. Pennsylvania: Virtue, Liberty and Independence. Texas: Friendship. Indiana: The Crossroads of America. By the way, each state has its state flower. If you want these, just say the word.

GEOGRAPHY

You are so dependent for your safety on the Panama Canal that you ought to know more about it than the name. The chances are, however, that you know as little as most of your friends do. In this lesson, kiddies, we shall attempt to remedy the situation. The Panama Canal is in the Canal Zone, a strip of land stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and five miles on either side of the canal. It is in the Republic of Panama, of course. The Panama Canal is about 51 miles long and from 110 to 300 feet wide. You've got to admit you couldn't dig a canal like that with your snow shovel and you should glow with pride at your country's vision and ingenuity in having built it. O.K., children, that's a very nice glow.

ART

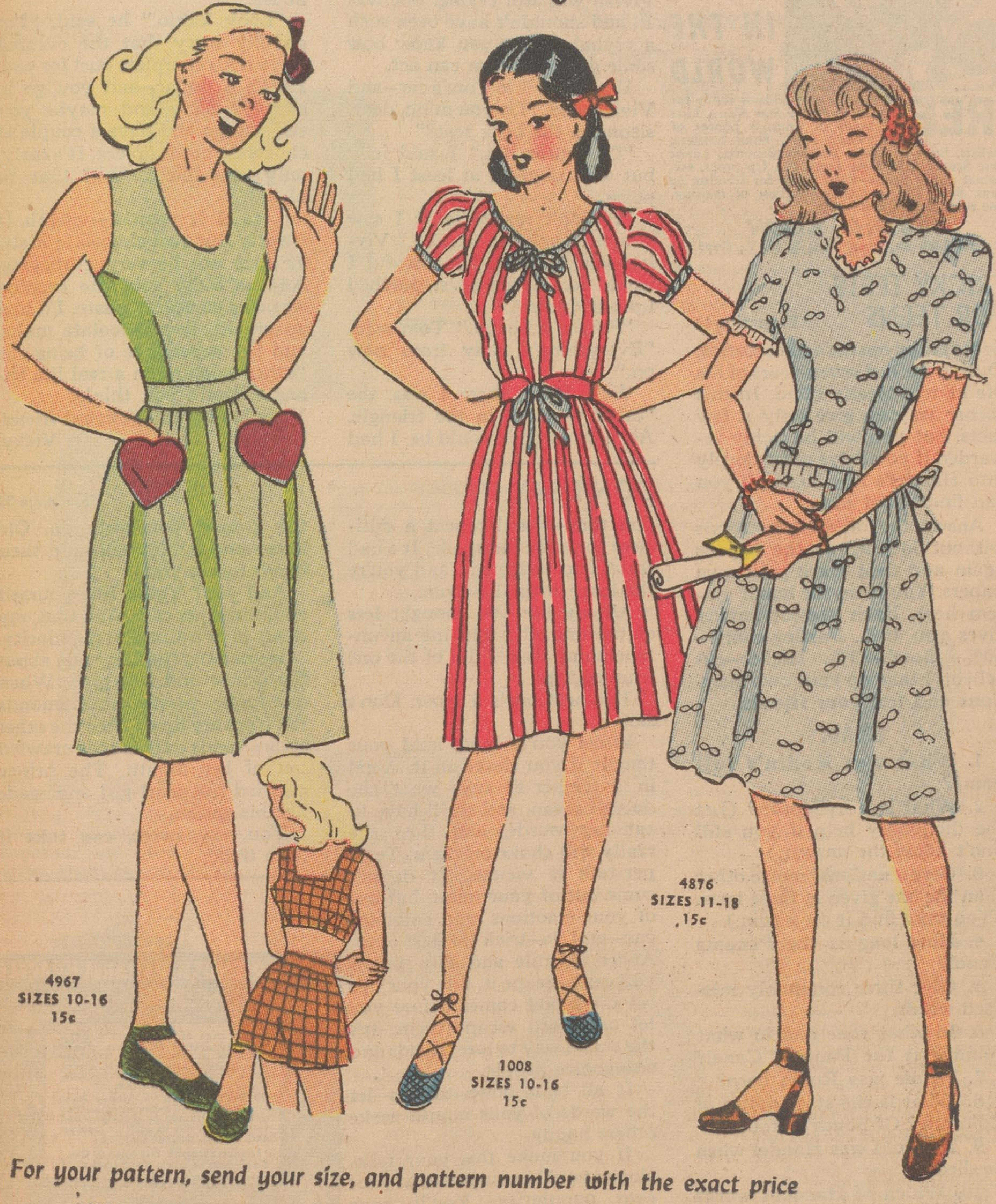
We haven't given enough attention to sculptors in this space. Suppose we begin, therefore, with one of the best known: Auguste Rodin, whose work is on exhibition in museums all over the world, including the Metropolitan Museum in New York and the Rodin Museum in Philadelphia. Rodin was French. He was born in Paris in 1840 and lived a long and full life, passing to his reward in 1917. If you complain about two hours of homework, give a thought to Rodin, who worked for twenty years on one composition which was inspired by Dante's *Inferno*. Among his better known works are, "The Man With A Broken Nose"—he did this in 1864 and created quite a stir—"Contemplation," "Monument to Victor Hugo," "Cupid and Psyche," etc. Rodin was versatile and also produced many etchings and water colors.

MUSIC

Sometimes our introduction to great music comes in the most unexpected manner. Young as you are, you have probably heard the old-time popular song hit: "Yes, We Have No Bananas." It was through this song that many flappers (as they called the bobby-socksers in those days) learned of Handel—George Frederick Handel — for the theme of this comedy song was borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, from Handel's great masterpiece, "The Messiah." Handel lived from 1685 to 1759 and achieved a truly enviable reputation even as a child. He

(*Continued on page 50*)

Needle Nifties



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TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS

From page 48

wrote many operas and oratorios. During the last seven years of his life he was totally blind. In this corner we can give only a few facts, but you will be richly rewarded if you delve more deeply into Handel's life. Read all you can find about him.

Answer the following questions without looking at the lessons again and then mark your own papers. You're on the honor system here. Each correct answer gives you 10%. Passing mark—60%. Good—80%. Higher—excellent. Make up your own questions and test your friends.

EXAM

1. What was Rodin's full name?
2. What is a malaprop? (Let the dictionary help if you still don't know the answer.)
3. Give a national motto other than the one given in these tests. (You may find it on a coin.)
4. How long is the Panama Canal?
5. Give three commonly misused words.
6. In what zone and in what country is the Panama Canal?
7. Where was Rodin born?
8. What is the state motto of Colorado? Of South Carolina?
9. How old was Handel when he died?
10. Which of Handel's works sounds in part like "Yes, We Have No Bananas?"

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 38

am I supposed to do—stand here?"

Tom apologized and took me along too. And the next thing we were all putting on our coats and Vivian was still crying. She was 18 and shouldn't have been such a crybaby. But you know how some grown women can act.

We all got into Tom's car—and Vivian said, "Do you mind, dear, sitting in the back seat?"

"Of course not," I said icily but with dignity; at least I had poise.

"I didn't realize until I saw you with another woman," Vivian said to Tom, "how awful I would feel—if we never patched up our quarrel."

"Forget it, baby," Tom said. "Everything's okay from now on."

Well, Betts, there I was, the "other woman" in the triangle. As plain as plain could be. I had been the "other woman" that had made Vivian so jealous—that she had to get Tom back.

Instead of taking me home, Tom stopped in front of Sally's house.

"Look kiddo," he said. "I'm awfully sorry that the evening was such a complete bust for you. Here's a dollar—and you go in and get Sally and maybe you two can go and have a couple of chocolate malts apiece. It's early, only nine-thirty. Will that be okay?"

I said it would—which it wasn't. But two chocolate malts at once can be very gratifying. And as Sally said the evening wasn't a complete waste. I'd had an orchid, two chocolate malts, and the experience of being the "other woman" in a real life triangle. Don't you think?

Your loving and devoted friend,
Vicky.

DON'T SAY IT!

From page 39

you that—" and repeat a criticism someone has made. It's bad taste, bad judgment, and you're the loser in the long run.

All my life I've thought less of the one who told me an unkind thing than I did of the one who said it.

The next one's a *must*. Don't skip it.

When you're mad, hold your tongue if you choke on it. A gal in a temper-fit says what she doesn't mean, and she'll have to eat her words, and then she really will choke on them. Temper-talk is vicious. It doesn't come out of your mind, but out of your emotions, and emotions can—and do—trick the best of us. Anger is futile and silly, but if you can't escape it, bite your lips till the blood comes before you let one word escape them. It's the surest way to lose friends and antagonize people.

It all boils down to this—let the words of your mouth make others happy.

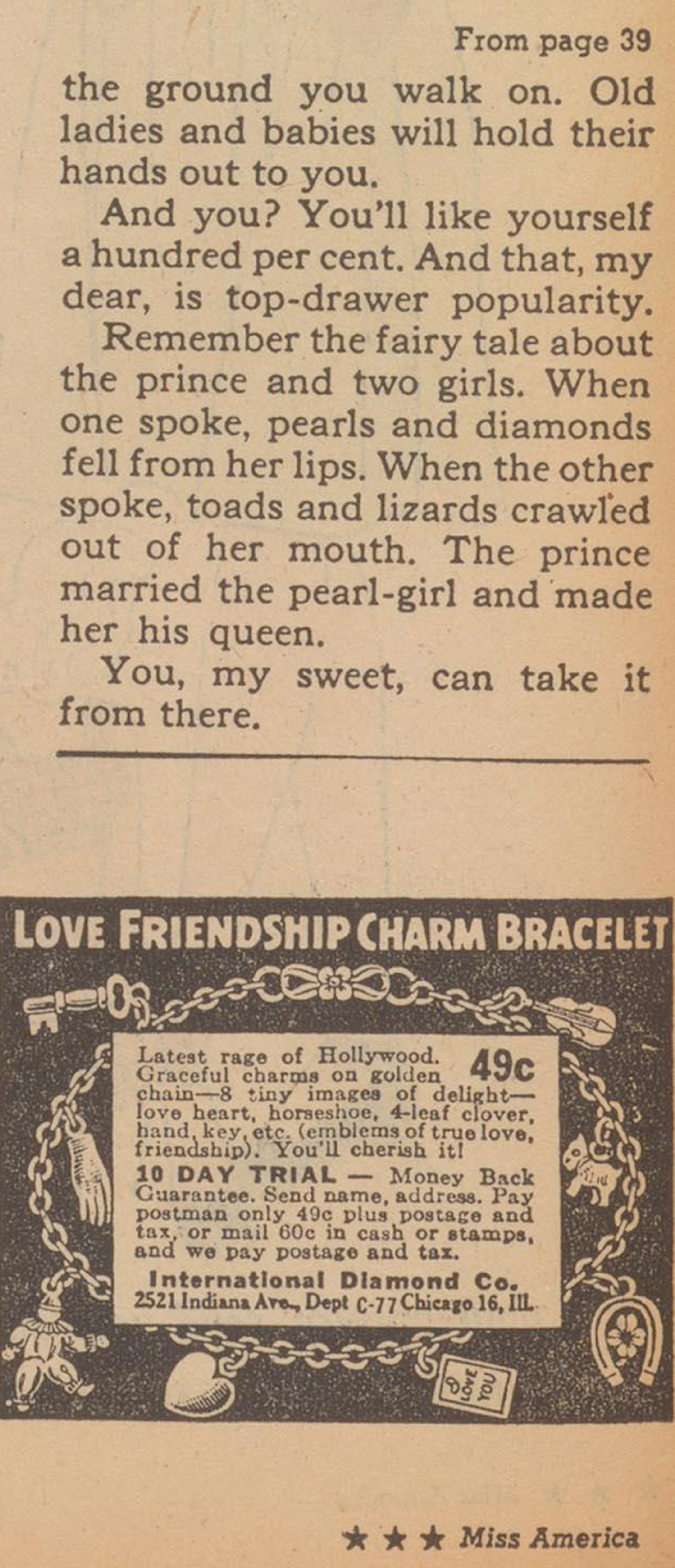
If you make this your talk-slogan you'll be surprised at your own popularity. You'll have more dates than time to fill them. Your girl friends will worship the ground you walk on. Old ladies and babies will hold their hands out to you.

And you? You'll like yourself a hundred per cent. And that, my dear, is top-drawer popularity.

Remember the fairy tale about the prince and two girls. When one spoke, pearls and diamonds fell from her lips. When the other spoke, toads and lizards crawled out of her mouth. The prince married the pearl-girl and made her his queen.

You, my sweet, can take it from there.

LOVE FRIENDSHIP CHARM BRACELET



Latest rage of Hollywood. Graceful charms on golden chain—8 tiny images of delight—love heart, horseshoe, 4-leaf clover, hand, key, etc. (emblems of true love, friendship). You'll cherish it! **49c**

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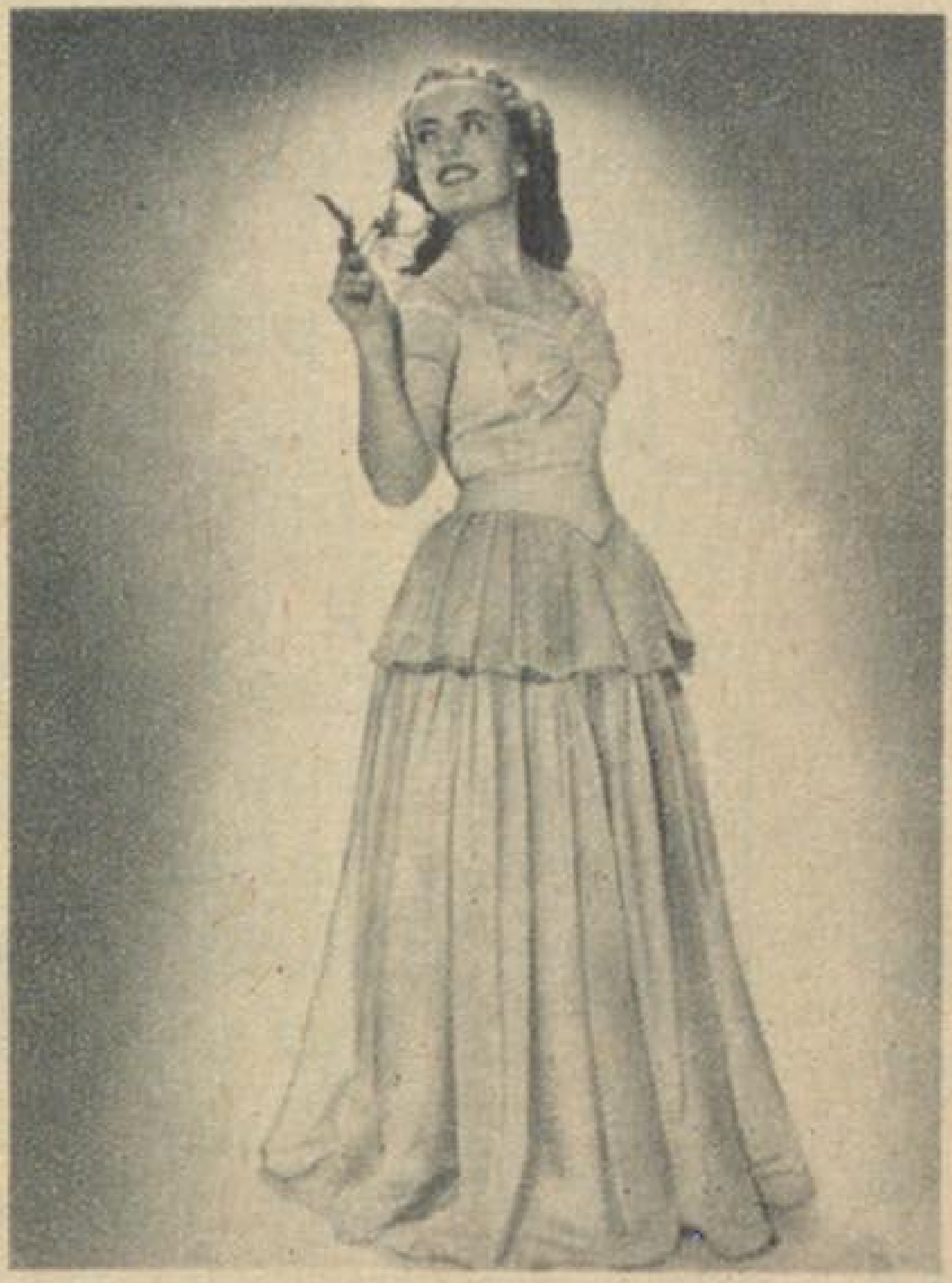
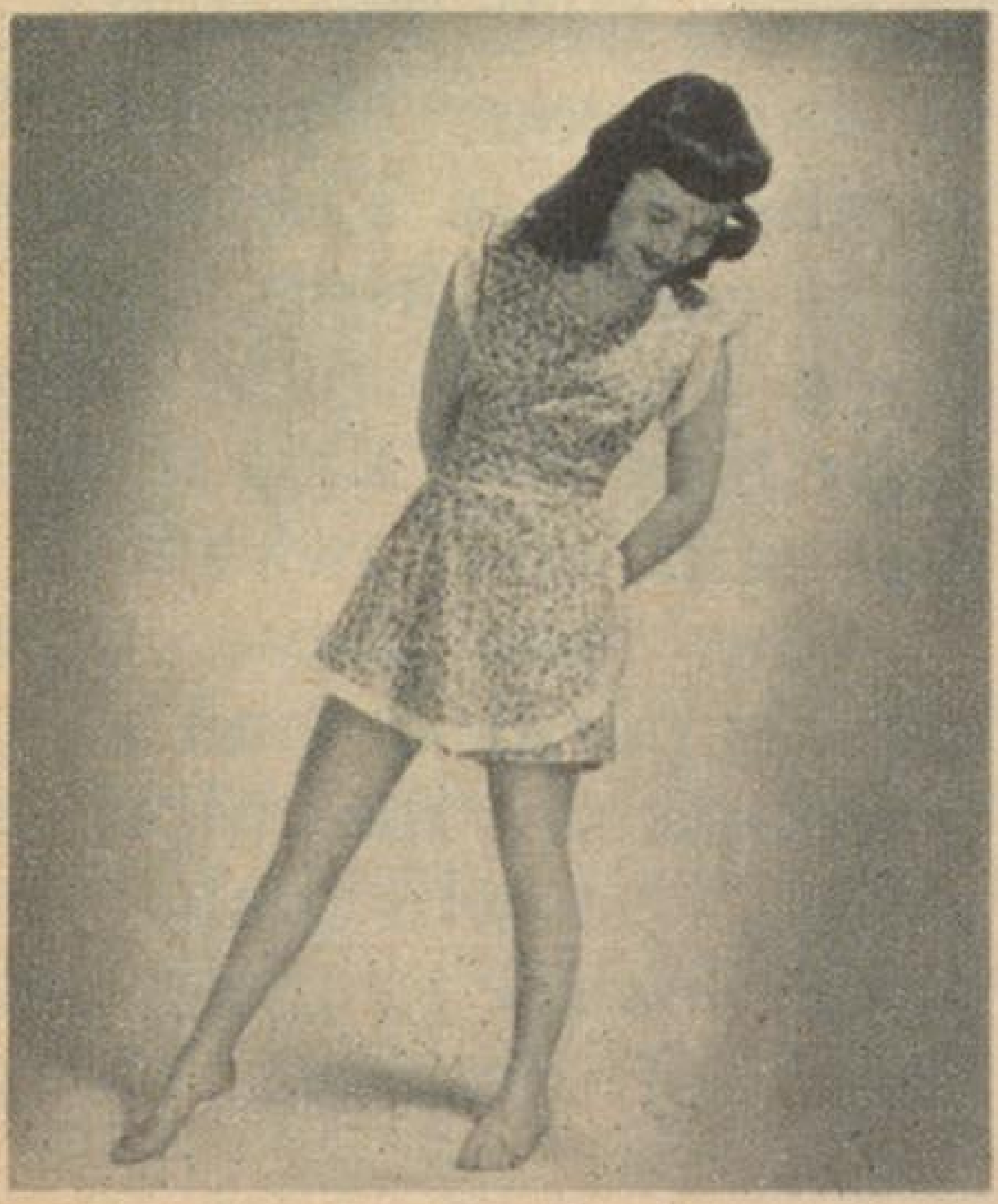
Approved by Miss America

by Bernice

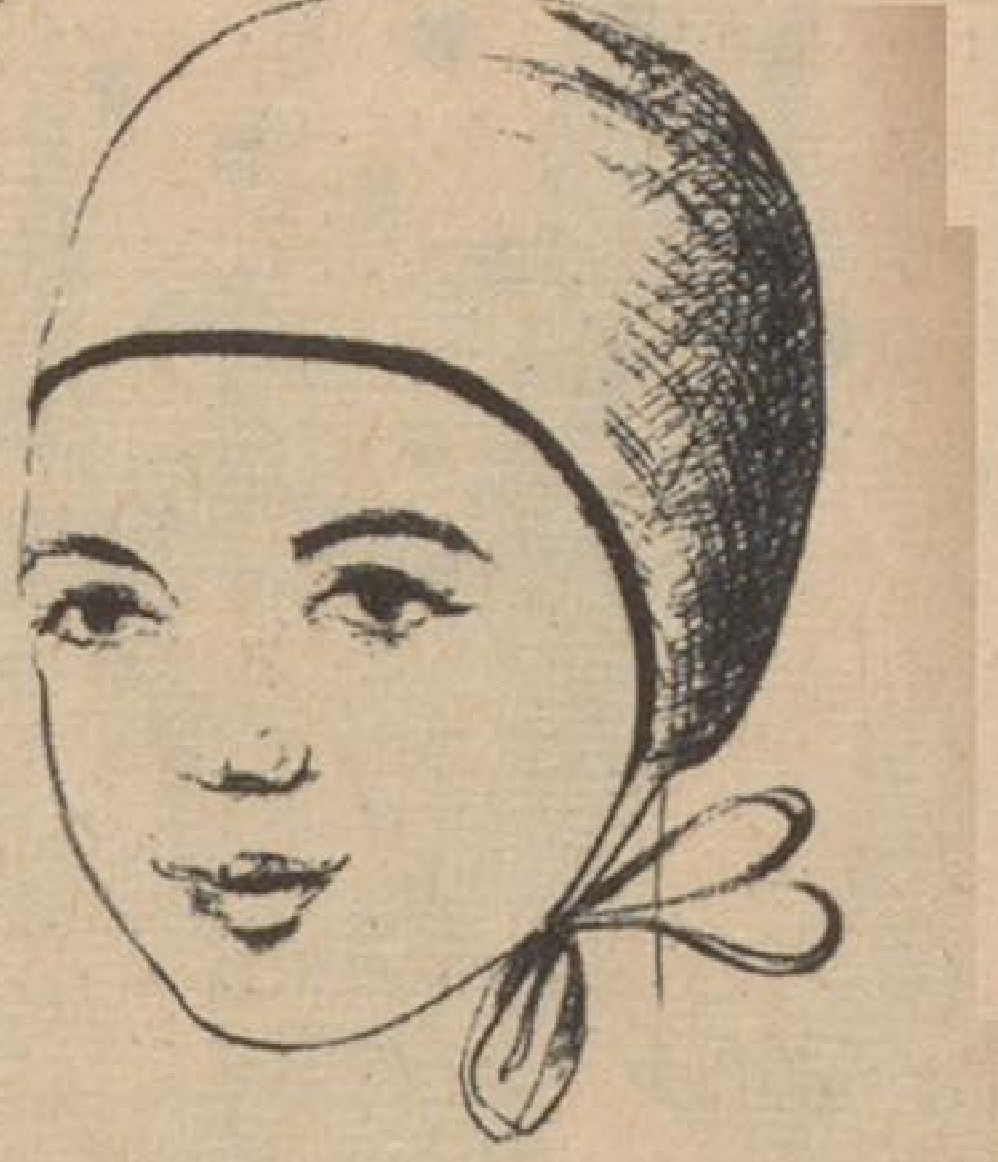
Need a new formal? Looking for a swim suit? For GOOD BUYS Bernice is your best bet . . .



You'll come through with flying colors in this dream of a dress, that rates TOPS. It's made by Topper Formals and will whirl you through the big EVENTS that call for feminine formals. This lovely MOONGLOWABLE is sheer marquisette with a full BOUFFANTE skirt and rustling taffeta under skirt. The grosgrain ribbon trails clear down to the hem. Try some WISPY veil perched prettily in your hair for these OHccasions. . . . About $16.95.

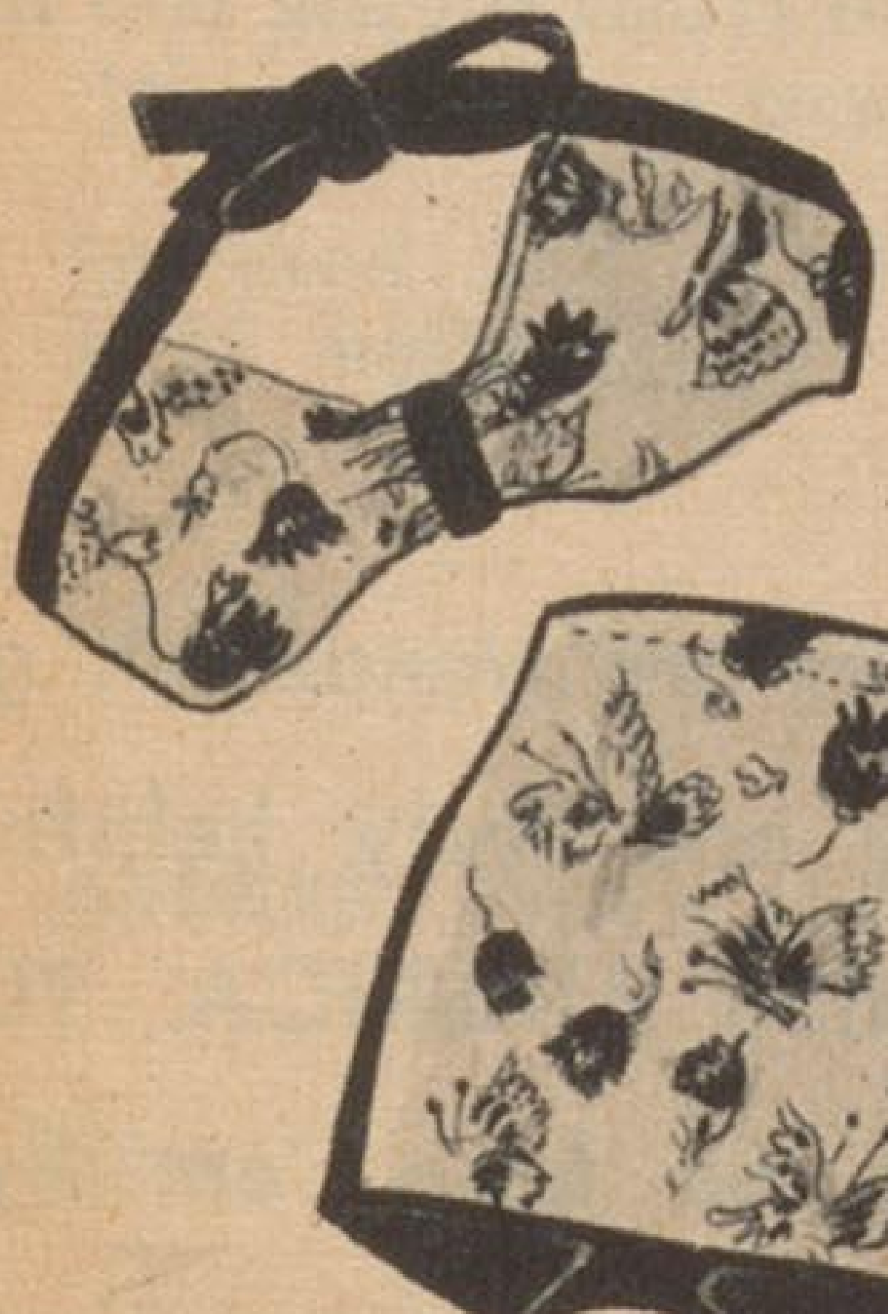


From the MAGIC enchantment of the PROMS, let's see what gives for these SUNNY, active days on the BEACH and PICNIC grounds. DERBY WINNERS has a slew of KNOCKOUTS in playclothes. This one is a two piece job, and that SARONG type bottom is NEW! Made of tubable percale, the small floral design is a reproduction of the LIBERTY prints of Ye Olde England. The pinafore top tapers down in back giving you PLENTY of SUN-exposure and the waistband is adjustable. About $4.00 in dusty pastels.

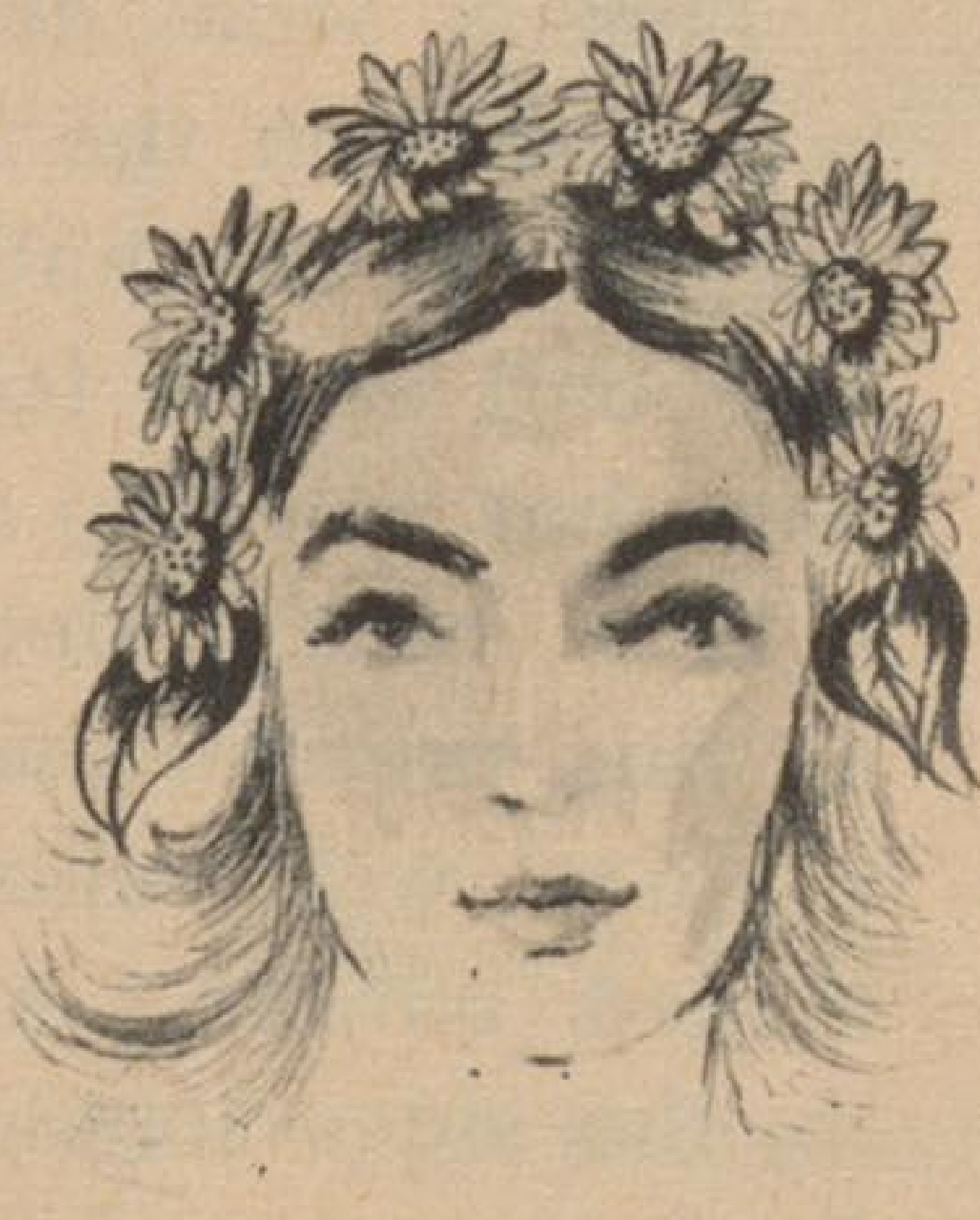


Looking for something that *will* keep the water out? This "Bevi" Beauty bathing cap is the answer. The elasticity of the binding assures perfect fit, and comes in small, medium and large. The price? $1.00.

Cast your eyes on these SUAVE non-rationables. Called "China-boy" by Sandler of Boston, these playshoes are slick with slacks, playsuits, etc. $3.00.



Brush up on your CRAWL in a swim suit by REGAL. They're silk jersey and have a LIVELY, bright print of poppies and butterflies. The same print comes in a SHARP one piece style, too. Soooo—take your choice. Under $4.50.



I'm still MAD about flowers for the hair. These Honey Bars by Flower Modes Ltd. are clusters of flowers on a barrette. There's a daisy spray with a black velvet bow, and the SWEETEST rosebuds and—well, NAME your favorite. The assortment is TERRIF—and the TRICKS you can do with 'em! Clip 'em to the neckline of a dress, or on lapels of suits, OR—tie 'em to some ribbon for the wrist, or dogcollars. And HALOS, too. Guess what? These precious pretties can be had from $.50 to $1.00.

P.S. All items mentioned by Bernice can be purchased in leading department stores and specialty shoppes. If you have any trouble locating them, drop us a line.

WATCH THAT TUMMY!

By KAREN VAN LISSEL

Let's try these easy tricks for good posture . . . It's simple—and, oh! makes you *look* and *feel* so *good* . . .

ARE you one of those girls who is always being told by her mother and teacher to "stand up straight"?

You try. You pull in your tummy and throw back your shoulders until you feel like a poker. The teacher says, "That's good!"

But, in a few minutes, you cannot stand it. You feel stiff in every muscle. You drop your shoulders and you let your tummy pop right out where it was before. Teacher notices you, tells you to stand up straight and the whole thing begins again.

Do you know why you are having so much trouble? It is because you do not know *how* to stand straight. If you stand straight the right way, you will never want to stand any other way, for you will be more comfortable than when you were slouching!

THE WAY TO DO IT

This is what to do: Keeping your heels on the floor, put your weight on the balls of the feet. The ball of the foot is the front part that you step on.

Now, take a deep breath. To do this, pretend that your chest is a barrel with rubber sides and a hinged bottom. As you breathe in, the sides should go out while the bottom goes down. Place your hands over the lower ribs in each side of your body to see whether this happens. Remember, the movement should be *out*, not up.

Keep breathing in and out this way, but never let all of the breath out of the lungs. This is the big secret. If you keep some air in the lungs, the ribs will always be out a little. Press the breath against the ribs. Then you can stand straight without getting tired. You feel that you want to lean on something. All right, lean sideways against the ribs.

Now, put one finger on your lowest rib, put another finger on the bone at the side, where your hip begins. Stretch up between these two points. This will make you from one to two inches taller. It will also pull your tummy in where it belongs.

As you stretch, stand against a wall. Push the part of your back just below the waistline out until it is almost straight with the wall. This will help you to keep your hips in. That is another secret. The reason many girls cannot keep their abdomens in is because they push their hips out. This makes them feel stiff and awkward.

After you have taken the correct position, lean a little forward—from the hips, not the waist. This will make you seem alive—ready to meet people instead of drawing away from them.

Now, put your head up in a natural position, chin in, eyes straight ahead.

That is all there is to it. Do not do anything except what I have told you. Do not raise the shoulders. Do not raise the chest. Remember most people's mistakes come from trying too hard. Take it easy and enjoy it!

Your letters are wonderful, girls! So sweet, and truly helpful in making MISS AMERICA, YOUR magazine! So keep 'em flying. Tell us what you want and it's yours for the asking.

VAN JOHNSON'S DATE TIPS

From Page 9

WHAT KIND OF A GIRL WOULD YOU LIKE TO MARRY?

The womanly type. I don't like flighty girls.

WHAT QUALITIES DO YOU REGARD AS "WOMANLY"?

Unselfishness, generosity, tenderness, depth, warmth — an inner loveliness.

DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD TRY TO RECAPTURE ROMANCE, ONCE IT HAS GONE?

No. You never can recapture the past. If you tried to, you'd be disappointed, for things in retrospect are idealized. Maybe you have always believed that a school romance was the most terrific thing that ever happened to you. If you met again, you both would have changed, and then even the DREAM of what you had would be gone.

DO YOU THINK A GIRL SHOULD LAUGH A LOT ON A DATE?

If she is honestly amused. But "giggles" get me! I'd rather do without them!

DO YOU LIKE A GIRL TO WEAR PERFUME?

Yes. But I think she should use discretion in choosing it. An outdoor girl, for instance, shouldn't wear heavy perfume with a musk base. I like the SUBTLE use of perfume.

IN THE MOVIES, WHO IS YOUR IDEAL TYPE BEAUTY?

Don't limit me to one! I think Irene Dunne is wonderful. Esther Williams is a knockout. June Allyson, Ann Sheridan, Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Judy Garland —you'd better stop me. I could go on for hours.

WHO IS YOUR IDEA OF A SWELL DATE?

Judy Garland. She has such a wonderfully sympathetic nature. You can unburden the worries of the world on her shoulders, and she listens and understands. Besides, she gives all her attention to you, which is very flattering to any man. Also, she is a wonderful dancer.

DO YOU THINK A GIRL SHOULD INTRODUCE YOU TO HER PARENTS?

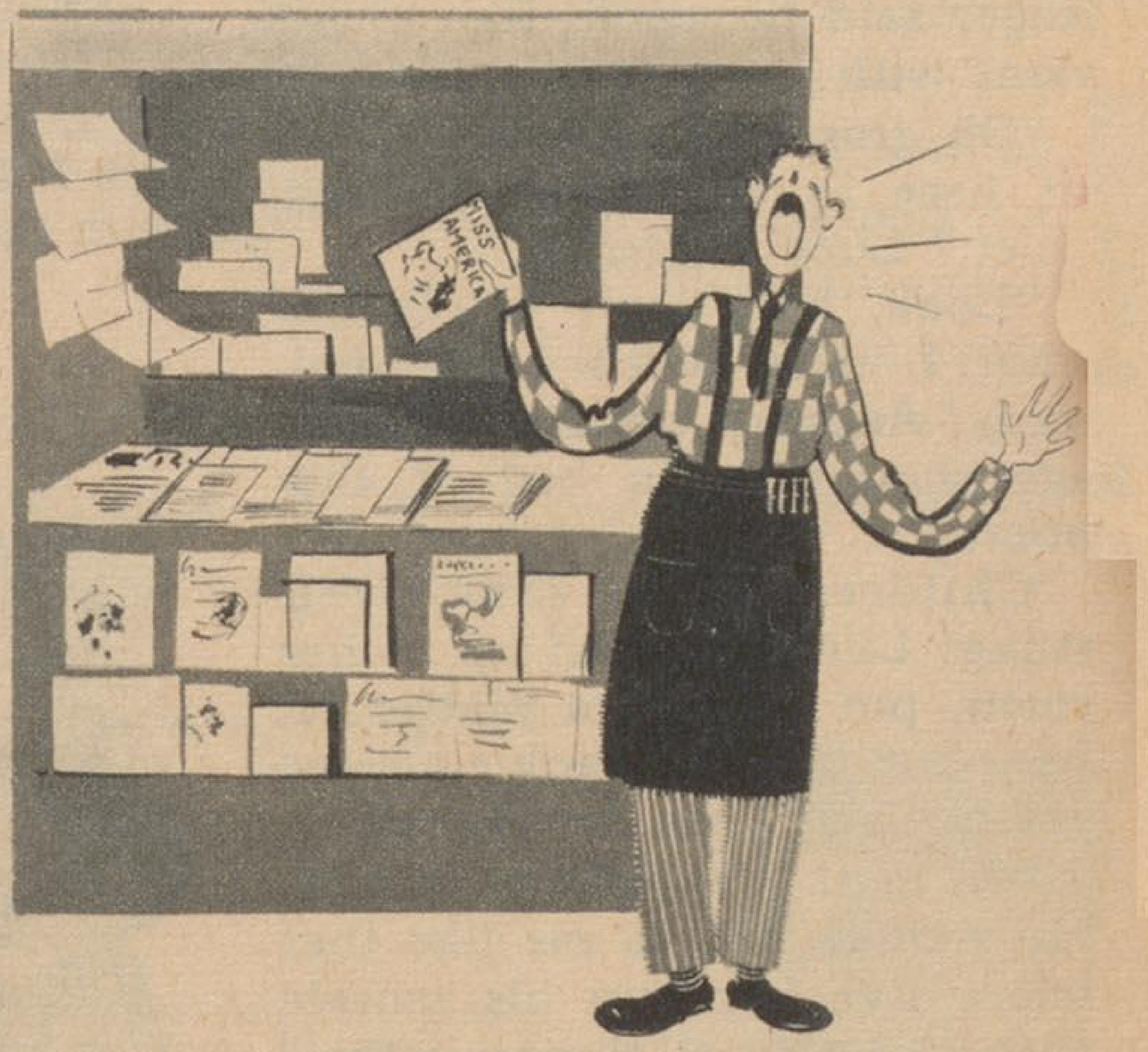
Yes. It may be old-fashioned, but I think it's nice. Makes you feel more welcome. However, I don't think you should spend the evening with the "old folks." Probably be too hard on THEM!

DID YOU EVER PASS BY A GIRL YOU WOULD LIKE TO DATE AND WISH YOU KNEW HER?

Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, "Whoo-EE!"?

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

HERE IT IS! Step right up, and read all about it! News of your very own favorite swoonderful movie stars; stories you'll read and re-read, and fashions you'll copy and cherish, in each month's issue of MISS AMERICA! Jam-packed with everything teeners are thinking, wearing, talking about; brimming over with tricky ideas for slick new do-dads; chock-ful of charm tips, recipes, contests! All this, and a "Jam Session," too, in MISS AMERICA, the LIVELY, POPULAR magazine for teen-age girls. TWELVE BIG ISSUES for only $1.00, or two years' subscription for $1.50 (you save 50c) . . . But we've only got a limited supply, so HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!



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MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE

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More than 550,000 copies sold on February issue. (Includes newsdealers sales and subscriptions.)

LUCY AND THE CORPORAL

From page 41

you, Lucy, but why did you send *my* picture?"

"I dunno. It's just because you were so pretty, I guess, and it was so easy to get a picture of you."

Mary Eleanore laughed. "OK, I'll do it, but promise me you'll explain to Bill."

"I will. Oh, I will! Thanks, millions! C'mon, we got just a few minutes to meet his train."

Some time later, the huge train slid into the depot. A tall, dark, handsome soldier alighted.

"Oh, that's him! I'd recognize him, anywhere. He's spotted you, too. Now, remember, you're Lucy Gates."

The soldier strode up to them. "Oh Lucy — Miss Gates. You're even prettier than your picture. I'm — "

"I know. You're Roger Bailey. So glad to know you . . . in person, I mean." Mary was a swell actress. "And this is my kid sister, Mary!"

"Hi, Beautiful!" Roger grinned.

"Oh, hellooo," Lucy's heart skipped a beat. Imagine calling her *beautiful*. He was wonderful, and oh — his smile!

After supper, that evening, Roger said he would like to be alone with Lucy (really Mary).

"Oh, grasshoppers, can't I even sit here in the corner, if I'm quiet," Lucy begged.

"Look, kid, don't you know what I mean when I say *amscray!* Anyway, *children* of your age should be in bed at this hour."

Children! How that word stung! Lucy tramped up to her room, put a Sinatra platter on her phonograph. Frankie always soothed her, when she felt ruffled.

"In bed! Why, it's only 8:00. He should talk to me like that when I've kept up his morale with my letters all these months!" That good-for-nothing corporal would be sorry if Bill was back from New York. But Bill wouldn't be in for another week. By then, maybe, Mary Eleanore would forget all about Bill, and fall for Rog! Oh, what had she done!"

At 12:00 Mary came upstairs. Lucy, who had been waiting sat bolt upright as she came into the room.

"What'd he say? Did he propose? Do you like him? Did he kiss you?"

"Lots of things. No. Very much. Yes."

"What's that supposed to be?" Lucy asked.

Mary laughed. "I was just trying to answer all your questions. He said lots of things. No, he didn't propose. Yes, I like him *very much*. Yes, he kissed me on the cheek. Very *brotherly* like."

Lucy groaned and slid under the covers. "Don't speak to me about brothers."

Next afternoon, walking home from school. Lucy told Jan her plans.

"You see, Jan" she rattled on, "from the way Mary Eleanore talked last night, I think he might propose when he comes back tonight and I'm more afraid she'll accept, and well," she gestured dramatically, "I shall have to do my sisterly duty."

"What's that?" Jan asked.

"Oh, stupe! You ask more silly questions! I've got to make love to him, that's what!"

Jan laughed.

"Go ahead, and laugh! Mom'll be gone tonight so I'll borrow her frilly, black chiffon formal with the silver sequins on it. And I'll fix my face up 'til I look like a siren. You'll see!"

happy birthday
PEPPERMINT TOOTH PASTE
Herb Trman A.J.

And it has peppermint flavor, too!

Just then, Bucky, Lucy's One-and-Only dashed up to them.

"Hi, slick chick! What's cookin'?"

"Me!" Lucy retorted.

"Okay, don't go flying off the handle. I just wanted to tell you, I'll pick you up at 8:30."

"Why?"

"Why! Are you kidding? Aren't you going to the hop with me tonight?"

"My dear boy, I'm too old to attend those childish dances." And with that she walked off leaving a bewildered Bucky scratching his head.

That evening before supper Jan came over to find Lucy busily piling her hair on top of her head.

"Oh, Jan, how do you like it this way?"

"Well, it does look a little sophisticated."

"And older?" Lucy added hopefully. Jan nodded. "I want to look like Hedy Lamarr, a little. You know, the *chalky*, mysterious type."

"Now, I'll make a dramatic and beautiful entrance."

"Well, be careful of that long skirt or you'll trip," Jan warned.

Lucy came down the steps trying to be graceful, but wobbling frightfully on Mary's high-heeled shoes and holding up her head so that she could see under the heavy eyelashes. She held out her hand.

"No. Yes. It can't be. But it is! Corporal Bailey, how delightful of you to come," she said shrilly.

The corporal stood stock still, his eyes bulging.

"Lucy!" Mary exclaimed. What have you done to yourself."

"LUCY!" yelled Corporal Bailey. "I thought her name was Mary!"

Lucy knew what Lana Turner would do in a spot like this . . . and so Lucy let out a wail and collapsed into the bewildered corporal's arms.

"Hey!' he yelled. "I'm allergic (atchoo) to (atchoo) powder! (atchoo)."

Sneezing and wheezing Roger dropped Lucy on the floor and

Mary running into the room with a glass of water, tripped unceremoniously over her and fell into Roger's waving arms. The door opened and in walked Bill!

"Mary, What are you doing in this man's arms?" he cried.

"Bill, I wasn't expecting you back until next week! "Mary ran towards him.

"That's apparent." Bill was furious.

The corporal yelled hoarsely. "Mary! I thought you were Lucy and she was Mary. But you called Mary, Lucy, and Lucy, Mary——" He staggered towards a chair. "I've got to sit down and think this thing out."

At the same time Mary and Bill were arguing and Lucy was crying. Suddenly, Bill turned towards her.

"Ye gads! What have you done to my sister?"

Mary sounded almost hysterical by now. "What have *I* done to *her!* What has *she* done to *me* would be more appropriate!"

"Oh, so now, you're trying to blame it on this poor innocent child. Look at her! She is pale, and——yipes, her mouth is spreading!"

In the midst of all this, Roger stood up and started to the door. Everyone stopped and said in unison, "Where are *you* going?"

The corporal turned around. "I can't stay here all night. It's almost 8:30 and I promised to take my wife to the movies."

"Your *what?*" Mary and Lucy called together.

"You're married?" cried Bill.

"Well, of course. What did you think? One of these girls, Mary or Lucy or what's her name, wrote to me and I came over to ask them to continue it 'cause it . . . well, it was fun. You know how much a soldier appreciates letters when he's out fighting a war, but I didn't expect this." He gestured towards Lucy, "this junior blitzkrieg to hit me. GOODBYE!"

The door shut with a bang. The corporal was gone! Bill and Mary were in each others arms. Bucky was probably at the hop and Jan had sneaked out, long ago. Lucy was all alone, and she was crying.

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All of a sudden, the door opened and standing there looking very surprised and very angry was Bucky! And what a sight she was! Mascara mixed with tears running down her streaked powdered cheeks. Her hair falling down in all places. She expected him to turn around and go home or—to the hop!

The hop! How she wished that she were there! She had helped decorate the gym with twisted strips of colored crepe paper. All her friends would be there — Jan and Ziggy, Babs and Skeez', Peg and Smitty. The Daviston Downbeats would be there dishin' out some of that sweet and some of that solid rhythm.

But instead of leaving, Bucky just looked straight at her and said, "What kind of a drip are you? Stop this gab about bein' too old to go to that hop, we've been talkin' about for weeks and go upstairs and wash your face."

Lucy replied meekly, "Uh-huh."

"And put on your new red dress. I like red."

"Uh-huh."

"And hurry up about it."

"Uh-huh" Oh, Bucky was so wonderful — so masterful!

That same night at the hop when she and Bucky were swinging around to a hot platter of Harry James (that they were spinning on the juke, in between orchestra numbers) Lucy told Bucky the whole story.

"What happened to the corporal?" he asked.

"Oh, he went home. I guess I shouldn't have tried to act like Hedy Lamarr but —"

"If Hedy ever looked like you did when I walked in, her fan mail would drop 100%."

The next day, Lucy received a letter from Roger. It read:

"Dear Lucy or Mary,

Your letters were very interesting and it was very nice for you to take time out to write them. They made me want to be home and meet someone quiet and sensible like you. But after meeting you and your family, I would like to be back in a nice quiet foxhole in Germany!"

GRAMP PLAYS CUPID

From page 37

sixteen isn't hungry only one of two things can be wrong with her —love or love. Looks like you and me are due for another conference, granddaughter — right after the *Purple Wasp* on the radio, though. I can't miss that. They sure left the *Wasp* in a mess last night!"

Bumpsy wailed, "But you said you'd tell me how you and Teddy Roosevelt captured San Juan Hill from the Spaniards and how you told General Pershing right to his face that there was one private in the U. S. Army he couldn't order around, the old blankety blank!"

"Bumpsy! Father!" Mrs. Jarman was horrified. "Such language! And such whoppers! Oh!"

Mr. Jarman chuckled and picked up the evening paper.

"Here we go again," he said, walking quickly from the room.

"Deserter!" Gramp flung after his son-in-law. "Hmph! Well, I guess I can handle this alone."

He straightened his shoulders. and put on his taking-San-Juan-Hill-look.

"Daughter," he said coldly to Mrs. Jarman, "old age is entitled to certain respect. One more 'whopper' out of you and I will revive certain disciplinary measures which are painful but curative. Do you *dig* me?"

"Yes, Father," said Mrs. Jarman apprehensively.

"Good," said Gramp. "Now this is the way it'll be. One, Bumpsy and I will listen to the *Purple Wasp*. Two, Mollie and me will have our little conference to get her straightened out. Three, I'll tell Bumpsy the story of San Juan Hill and General Pershing (here, Gramp gave Mrs. Jarman a defiant glare) and after that, if it isn't too late, I'm going to do a little stepping out with some of the other kids. Come on, Bumpsy, leave us go hear if the *Wasp* gets out of the blast furnace into which he was unceremoniously shoved by the *Green Gloater* in yesterday's episode.

"He's a goner," said Gramp.

"It's all too utterly, utterly," Bumpsy agreed.

"Well," Gramp decided hopefully, "He's gotten out of worse fixes before. Now run along and tell Mollie to bring her troubles in here to this aged Cupid."

Bumpsy studied Gramp carefully.

"I'd like to see you dressed like Cupid," she said and ran away as her grandfather aimed a mighty whack at her.

* * *

"I am here, Grandfather."

Mollie, wan and listless, posed in the door like Gloria Gordan-Gordan in "Goodbye, My Heart, Goodbye."

"It's Gramp to you, toots," the old man said testily. "And cut the dramatics."

Mollie perched herself on his knee and began.

"Gramp, you've had a lot of experience with men and love and things like that."

Gramp smirked a little self-consciously and sniffed an imaginary boutonniere.

"Oh, I've been around," he confessed. "But leave us not resuscitate the memories of those fargone days when I was known as the Sycamore Street Sheik. Leave us let down our hair and get this thing settled, whatever it is."

Mollie had not inherited the flair for picturesque speech which enlivened her grandfather's conversation, but she had a talent for reaching her point without detours. Furthermore, once started, she laid all her cards unashamedly face up on the table.

A man understood, Gramp always maintained, just where he stood with Mollie.

"The same danged triangle," he snorted when Mollie had completed baring her young, hurt heart. "Never knew it to fail. Boy meets girl. Girl meets boy. Boy likes girl. Girl ditto. Then bing! Lady wolf eyes boy. Lady wolf steals boy. Girl unhappy. Boy unhappy. Lady wolf happy—just like the *Green Gloater*. Everything a mess unless hero — that's me — gives Lady Wolf the business."

"Oh, Gramp," wailed Mollie, sniffling on his shoulder.

"Cut it out," the old man ordered, not unkindly. "Is this the way for the granddaughter of the man who captured San Juan Hill to act? The granddaughter of the private who told General Pershing what was what? Run along, I'll see what I can do."

"Don't let him know I even noticed, will you, Gramp?" Mollie begged.

"Sure won't," said Gramp. "He'll never suspect."

Gramp slammed his old army hat on the soda fountain, jingled his medals and announced loudly, "I wanna double chocolate nut sundae with eight cherries and a lot of whipped cream."

A white-coated young man, tall and good looking, reluctantly broke off a conversation with a brunette at the end of the counter.

"Coming right up," he promised Gramp.

Gramp looked at the brunette pointedly.

"I like my women natural," he told the other customers. "Mascara and rouge and lipstick and all that stuff usually covers a lot of nature's mistakes."

The brunette and Gramp exchanged dotted lines culminating in daggers, dripping blood.

"If I wasn't a perfect lady," she announced, "I would tell a certain old billy goat puhlenty."

Then she turned to the white-coated youth and said with cloying sweetness, "Goodby-ee, now, Cookie," and flounced out of the store.

Gramp snorted.

Cookie protested, "But, but you insulted her, Mr. Griffith!"

"Your girl?" asked Gramp innocently. "If I'd known that I wouldn't have said a thing. My, my! But I suppose if a man likes 'em that way he likes 'em that way. Of course my Mollie doesn't paint herself up like that but I suppose she could."

Gramp dug into his sundae and smacked his lips appreciatively.

"For a man who has such funny tastes in women, you sure mix a mean sundae," he said.

Cookie, blushing brightly, busied himself behind the counter. Gramp polished off his sundae and pushed the empty dish away.

"Gimme a refill," he ordered.

(*Continued on page* 58)

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- ☆ Burgundy (very dk.)

Leading 10¢ stores also carry Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . and the new, beautiful Stadium Girl Compact.

Five sundaes later he pushed the last dish away.

"I just can't take it any more," he confessed. "I'm not the man I used to be. When I was courting Mollie's grandmother, she worked right here in this store and night after night I ate sundaes right up to closing time.

"But today's sacrifice was worth it. I learned what I came here to find out: You took up with this Maybelle because Mollie went to the movies with Vance Reynolds to see if you'd be jealous. You got mad. She got mad. Don't you like Mollie any more?"

"Sure I do, Mr. Griffith," Cookie admitted, unhappily, "but a man can't just give in, can he?"

"Nope," Gramp agreed," a man can't give in. But a man can capture 'em like me and Teddy Roosevelt took San Juan Hill and still keep his pride."

"Oh, boy!" Cookie breathed. "You got something there, Mr. Griffith!"

* * *

It was just before dinner and Gramp and Bumpsy were in the living room listening to the *Adventures of Tom Mix.*

Mollie, eyes shining, burst into the room.

"Gramp! Gramp!" she shouted, "You don't have to do anything about you-know-who. It's all fixed." She waltzed happily around the room.

"My, my!" Gramp said. "How'd that happen?"

Mollie laughed.

"He just walked up to me, grabbed me by the arm and said 'Hereafter I'm taking you to the movies and I'm walking home from school with you.' It was wonderful. He said something about Teddy Roosevelt and San Juan Hill but I didn't understand it."

Gramp smiled.

"Well, I'm glad it's going to be all right because I just couldn't figure a way to get you two straightened out."

* * *

Gramp was saying grace.

Mollie, peeking a little, was thinking, "Beautiful Gramp—always trying to help somebody but never able—like for Cookie and me."

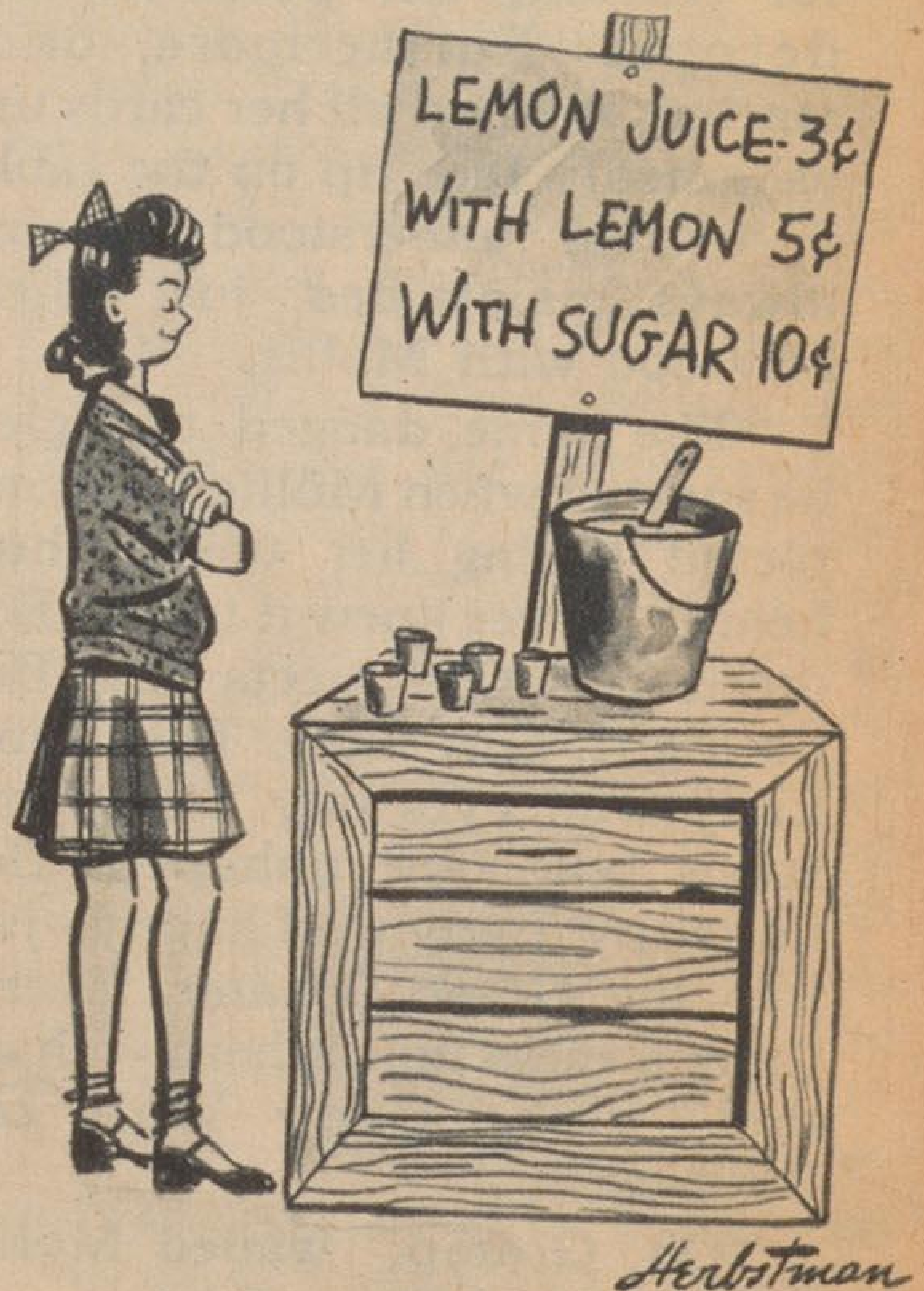
Gramp must have peeked a little too because he speeded up the blessing like he always did when he saw something special for dinner.

"—manifold blessings, Amen. Oh, boy! Corned beef!" he concluded, tucking his napkin under his chin.

Bumpsy began to giggle.

"Oh, Gramp," she whispered, "I'll bet I know where Cookie got that San Juan Hill idea!"

"Shaddap, brat," Gramp said.



For Girls Only...

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

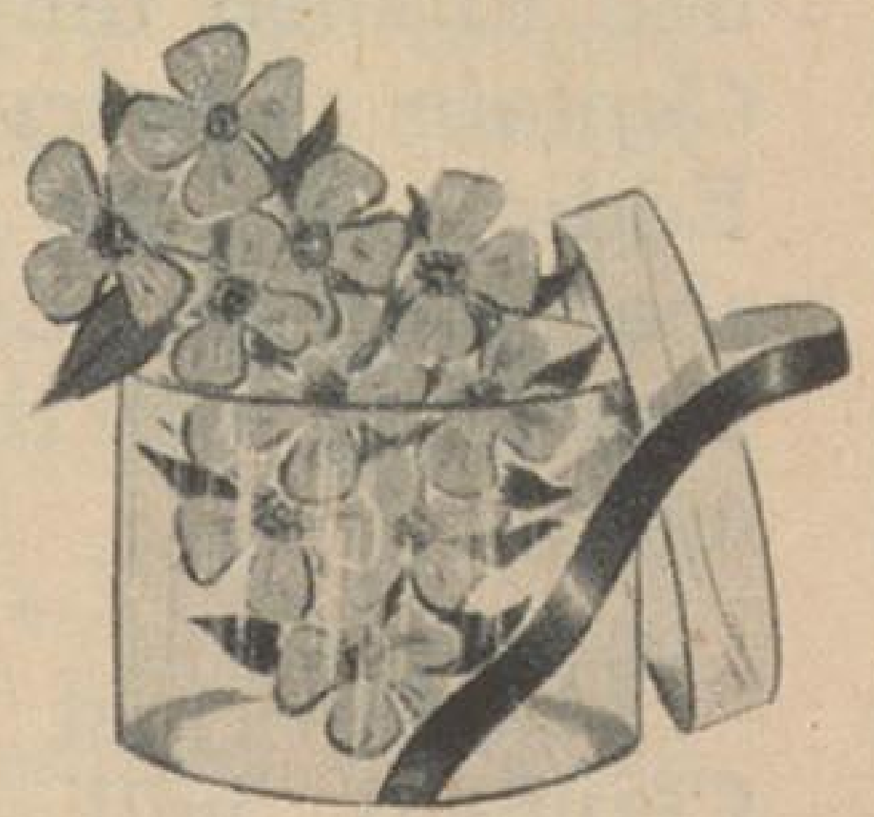
All problems, large and small, have a solution . . . In this column Aunt Nina answers yours . . .

HELLO, girls! It's so nice hearing from you, and when you tell me that my advice has helped you with your problems, it makes me feel great. Nothing which troubles you will ever seem silly or unimportant to me.

Don't be bashful about writing on any subject. Bashfulness can keep a girl in the dark about many things she has a right to know. When I was a girl I missed finding out a lot of the answers through being bashful and afraid to ask questions of the very people who could have helped me most. I was an eager student, but when I did not understand a subject I was too self-conscious to stand up and ask my teacher to explain the problem. Also, I wanted to know about love, and living, a career and all sorts of other things. But I was too timid to ask, so I had to learn the hard way—through experience.

Aunt Nina.

* * *



TRANSPARENT BEAUTY AID. The cutest trick in accessories this Spring is fresh flowers in the hair, but that's not all there is to it. Misti Knight, the up and coming cover girl, has been carrying a transparent evening bag shaped like a small hatbox, with a supply of fresh flowers in it. When the one in her hair fades, she pulls out a fresh flower and replaces it. Lots of the other famous models have copied her. Of course all the contents of the transparent handbag, show. Say girls, how many of you are ashamed to open your handbags because of the dirty powder puffs, soiled handkerchiefs and other unattractive articles inside? People, including boys, notice that sort of mess, never think they don't!

* * *

ON AND OFF DEPARTMENT. Eloise E. So you have little quarrels with your boy friend, and if he is in the wrong, he apologizes and then you two make up. But when *you* have been in the wrong, you do no such thing! Of course when you are to blame you must tell him so. That is only fair. He will think all the more of you for your apology. Don't be too humble—just natural and brief—don't overdo it. You are both too young for serious love, but a schoolboy-and-girl friendship can be a beautiful thing, the memory of which you will never forget. Since your parents approve, let him telephone you, and ask him to your parties. But don't hog the telephone to the point where it annoys your elders. Thoughtfulness on your part about small things like that, can make home life so much pleasanter.

* * *

STRAIGHT ANSWER. Listen, Barbara C., your straight hair can be as glamorous as any bunch of curls. Stop fussing with unsatisfactory permanents and curl papers and find a severe hairdo which becomes you. But remember the secret of attractive straight hair is that it must *shine*. Brush it hard to bring out natural oils, and use a little brilliantine to help it gleam.

* * *

TELLTALE DEPARTMENT. So many girls seem to think that a coat of nail-polish is enough to make their hands attractive and *forget to clean their nails thoroughly before applying it*. Nothing is more revolting, and grubby hands never yet caught a (*Continued on page 63*)

CAREER?
GOOD LOOKS?
INFERIORITY COMPLEX?
BEHAVIOR?
TROUBLED?
SCHOOL?
BOYS?
PARENTS?
PARTIES?
DATES?
SHY?

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From page 11

bracelet."

Evelyn Coker, of Beaumont, Texas, sends in a suggestion for a dandy necklace:

"Just take your old "jacks", paint them with nail polish or paint, tie them onto a ribbon or cord and you have an adorable necklace." Or bracelet, Evelyn.

Marjorie McDonald, Quincy, Mass., writes us a very nice letter:

"Just a note to express my thanks for the wonderful magazine Miss America. Here's an idea I've tried. How about cutting your school's first letter ("C" for "Central") from material of your school's colors. Sew the initials on your socks." They can also be sewn on your sweaters or on your beanies!

And Gloria Gardner, of Nashua, N. H., has an idea to make your hands beautiful:

"If you have thin, bony hands, girls, olive oil is the answer to all your prayers! Every night smooth a little onto your hands as you would a lotion. Let the oil stand a while, then wash your hands in warm, soapy water. Now dry them and apply cream or a hand lotion. In no time at all your hands will be lovely to look at."

And, now, let us introduce you to Betty Sanders, whose smile, you will agree, is truly contagious. She writes:

"Thanks a lot for publishing a whole magazine for me! As soon as I got a glimpse of Miss America with its very attractive cover, I snatched it right up and read every crammed-filled page of solid entertainment. I can really brag when I say this is truly my magazine. That is, it belongs to me and a million other girls! I simply had to write and tell you how very much I like Miss America!"

Thank you, Betty, for all those nice compliments. Anne Marsh, of Schenectady, N. Y., gives us a helpful, little tip:

"Does your manicuring cotton get dirty from being in a drawer? Then take a small square box, cut a round hole in the top, place the cotton in the box and a few decorations on the outside and, bingo! —you've got yourself a 'Cotton Picker'."

Here is Susie Black, of Garden City, N. Y., who sends in a truly super suggestion which I am going to try myself:

"For snappy writing paper with your initials on, all you need is a white crayon, some plain paper and a water color paint the same color as the ink you use. Put your initials on the top of the paper, at any angle, with the white crayon, then paint over it all with the paint. The wax crayon resists water so the initials show up in white!"

Irma Wasserman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has an adorable idea for party invitations:

"Take some English walnuts, separate the shells without breaking, then paint them in loud colors. Write your invitations on a small piece of paper, which can be glued onto the inside of one half of the shell. Glue together carefully the two halves and they are ready for delivery."

And after the invitations comes the party itself! Frances Gunther, of Irvington, Va., sends in two recipes which she recommends distinctly as "easy on the sugar":

"Super Puffs": 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup sweet milk, pinch of salt. Mix thoroughly and add enough flour to make a smooth batter. Beat together then add one half teaspoon of soda, dissolved in water. Mix all together and pour into muffin tins or cake pans. Bake in moderate oven until brown.

"'Lasses Balls": ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup molasses, ¼ cup water. Mix well and cook until it begins to harden. Remove from stove, add one teaspoon of vanilla and mix well. Drop on wax paper in the shape of balls. Allow to harden and; oh boy!"

And now, I repeat, please don't forget the pictures when you send in your suggestions. You will agree, they look mighty attractive and isn't it grand to have your picture in Miss America!

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 15

to take home. Wouldn't you?

* * *

You know how Jeanne Crain gets into the mood for some beautiful weeps for "State Fair"? At 20th-Century-Fox there was Jeanne alone in a corner crying. "Why, Jeanne, what's the matter?" And Jeanne dolefully explained, she's just finished a crying scene and Director Lang told her to stay in the mood to do another. So Jeanne sat there thinking about her dog Terry, a wire-haired terrier. Terry saved Jeanne's life when she was attacked by another dog. And Terry does tricks, and well—now he's thirteen years old and Jeanne's heartbreak was just thinking that someday Terry will be journeying to St. Peter's gate—or wherever dogs go to dog heaven.

In the last six months Jeanne's fan mail has risen from fourteenth place to fourth at Fox. Which is some going at Betty Grable's studio. One of Jeanne's fans report: "We're going to raise it to third." Nice going Jeanne.

Dick Crane isn't embarrassed at all when he helps his Kay wash the dishes. Not at all. I was up to Dick's house and as he explained—he thinks it is only fair. Besides Dick bachelored in the little honeymoon manse for a couple of years—and did all of his own cooking and dish-washing. Now with Kay cooking, Dick's taken on weight and has had to shed ten pounds for his *Captain Cherry* in "Captain Eddie". To his amazement, he shed four pounds too many—so Kay gives with the cake and pies again.

WISDOM

I was so young and foolish
When I was twelve years old—
I really didn't know enough
To come in out of the cold.

But time has done a lot for me—
I'm *smart* now, what I mean!
Oh, it really makes a difference
When a girl hits thirteen!

Martin Panzer

* * *

Maybe—just maybe, Joan Caulfield will play Paulette Goddard's role in "Dear Ruth" at Paramount. That is if Paulette's busy. And Diana Lynn (yep, her best date is still Bob Walker) or Mona Freeman will play the younger sister. And Sonny Tufts—well one of the gals will get him in the film. Wonderful breaks all the way around, huh!

* * *

Dick Haymes tells about his little son's advent into nursery school. "They ask so many questions, Papa," he related. "First they asked where you were born and then where Mother was born and I told them. But when they asked where I was born, I had to tell a fib." "Why?" asked Dick. "Oh, I didn't want to say

I was born in the Woman's Hospital and have 'em think I was a sissy, so I told them it was in the Los Angeles Coliseum!"

* * *

Loretta Young and her husband, Colonel Tom Lewis were leaving for a party when Loretta opened the door. There stood two sailor boys—one, who was just reaching for the doorbell. Imagine the lad's embarrassment! But Loretta, who is a real sweetie-pie, invited the boys in. Took them to the ice-box and suggested some chicken sandwiches and coffee and cake. And when the boys had eaten, the Lewis's drove them to the Hollywood Canteen. A date those two lads most enthusiastically reported to your columnist to be sure. They'd learned Loretta's address from a local cop—and just wanted to present her with a token from the South Pacific.

* * *

Whatta you know! Dorothy Lamour's agent has just arranged with a manufacturer for a flock of modern design à la Dotty Lamour sarongs, which will hit the beaches this summer.

* * *

Laddy, puppy son of Lassie, has turned out to be a successful actor in two of his pappy's pictures, "Son of Lassie" and "Hold High the Torch." The proud collie star has sired three more litters and any moment there will be approximately eighteen more offspring of the famous Lassie bidding for puppy roles—in the movies.

* * *

When Donald O'Connor was given a weekend leave home, he found his bride, Gwen testing for a role in "Junior Miss". So Don tested opposite her—on account of she almost had stage fright!

* * *

And that's Hollywood!

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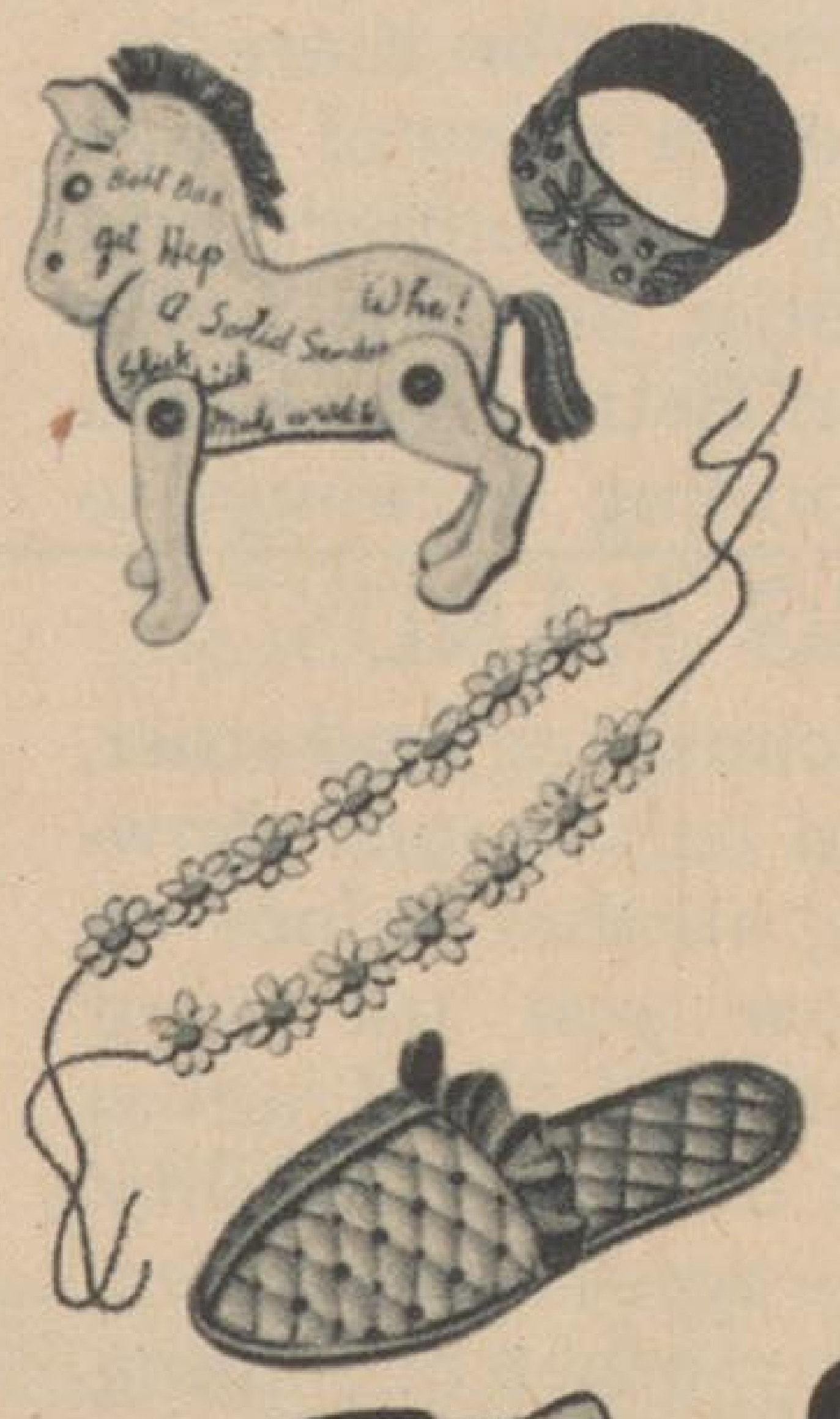

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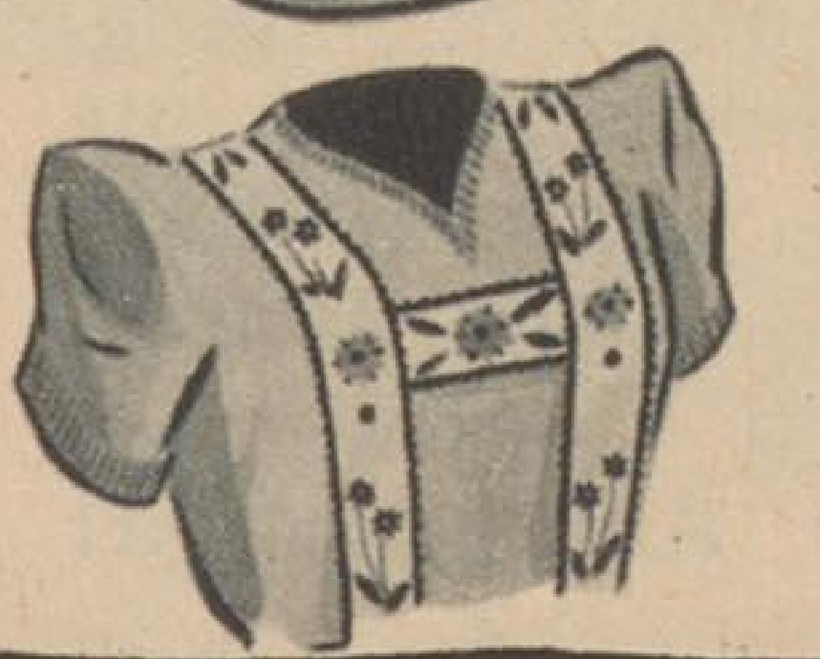

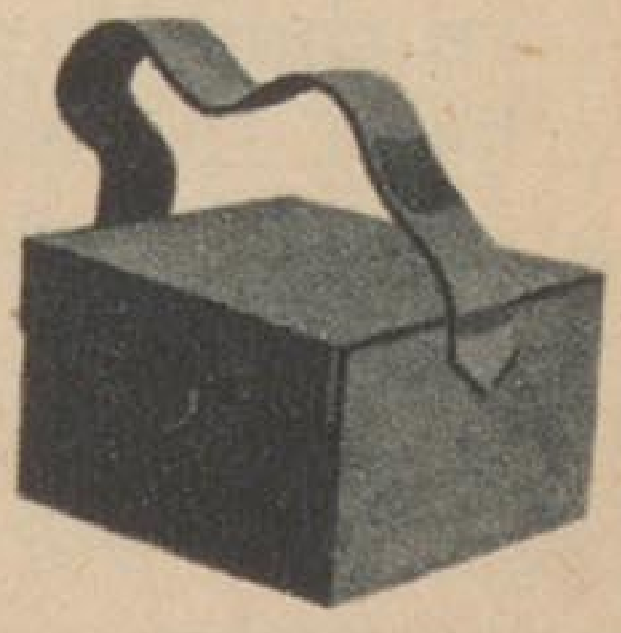

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MISS AMERICA GOES TO A PARTY

From page 5

data, such as dates for the school dances!

Shirley was indeed the belle of the hour for her performance in Selznick's "I'll Be Seeing You", and winsome Jane Powell told Shirley how much she enjoyed the picture. "And all of your pictures, Shirley," she said. "I never missed one when I lived in Portland. That was long before I ever dreamed of being in pictures myself."

"I am the one to congratulate you," Shirley smiled, those famous dimples deepening. "I see all your pictures, too. And you have such a wonderful voice. I always listen to you on the radio!"

Shirley was wearing an adorable little jersey dress and a dream of a hat. So tiny that it was a half dream—and Jean had one exactly like it. Both from John Frederic!

Since Janet Martin's cake recipe was in the current issue of MISS AMERICA, everyone asked her HOW she learned to cook.

Most of the Miss Americas present are confirmed fudge-whipper-uppers and sandwich-spreaders for coke-sesses. Jane, however, confirmed Janet's MISS AMERICA recipe. "I had wonderful luck. It came out exactly like it said it would! It looked like the magazine picture, too!"

Janet's blonde sister, Tanya intrigued everyone with her secret for taking off a few pounds to make her a slicker chick. "I was out to Republic with Janet," she confessed, "when I first met May Mann. She told me, 'Take off a few pounds. You should be in pictures, too!' May started me on the idea to reduce. She's like a big sister. Then a director said, 'If you'll slim down more you can come back and take a screen test.' Which explained WHY Tanya wisely passed up her mayonnaise on the chicken salad and shook her pretty head when the French pastry and ice cream trays were passed."

Peggy Ryan and Ginny Weidler arrived almost breathless. Peggy's studio had kept her rehearsing her new movie role right up to party time.

"I simply had to go home and put on my new Margaret Sullavan suit," she laughed. It was two shades of green and *veddy veddy* smart and "copied from the one Miss Sullavan wore in The 'Voice of the Turtle'." I saw the play in New York, and between acts I had a pencil and paper and was copying her clothes.

"Ginny was late, because she was waiting for me to pick her up," Peggy confessed. "Every time I ask the studio to let me off to go to a party—they try their best—but you can't hold up production," she winked.

"I should say not," Shirley said. "Every time I tell my studio that I would like to get off early to go to a party nothing happens at all. So I never even ask when I am working."

Betty Williams was asked dozens of questions, because Van Johnson, the Super-Dream Boy of the Hour, comes to her house to call on her big sister, Kay. "All of the girls from University High offer to walk home with me from school. Of course, they are hoping that Van might be there."

Then came the story of when Betty was at her dentist's and both the dentist and his nurse walked out on Betty right in the middle of grinding a cavity, to race down the hall to catch a glimpse of Clark Gable. Betty sat there patiently in the chair her mouth all propped open.

"When I left the dentist's and went down the street to catch a bus—Mr. Gable came driving by," she related. "And he said, 'Betty, hop in and I'll drive you home. I'm going that way'."

Everyone bubbled, "Oh! Such an exciting life, Betty! I wish it would happen to me!"

Jean, brown-eyed, young, trim, and pretty was admired so much by the Miss Americas for her smart New York clothes. And she and Shirley, who is one of the best-dressed girls in Hollywood, went into a clothes-sess.

Martin Goodman, the publisher, dropped in to call for his Jean, and met the girls. They discussed MISS AMERICA and the stories and the features they like. "Vicky Dunford, who writes to Betty Ann is really one of us, because she lives right here in Hollywood," they said. "We can hardly wait until the next copy to see what Vicky's got herself into and out of.

"Van Johnson got a bang out of Vicky's story about him and the candy sale and Four-Eyes," said Betty. And Betty should know.

The Miss Americas left the party arm-in-arm making plans for future get-togethers.

It was a gala gathering and one, I'm sure Jean won't forget. Neither will Hollywood's Younger Set, who act, think and talk about the things every MISS AMERICA talks about.

HANDLING HANDS

From page 14

creams in chapping weather, nails neat and half moons showing. Assuming all that before we start, it's how you *use* your hands that makes them either a great asset or a sad liability.

Use them—don't abuse them! More than any other one thing, perhaps, the movements of your hands can make you seem awkward, ill at ease, can destroy that poise which rightfully belongs to every American girl and woman.

Don't be a fiddle-fingers.

You've seen her, alas—the girl who must always be twirling pencils, opening and shutting books aimlessly, playing with paperweights, toying with silverware and water glasses. She just can't seem to forget her new jewelry and lapel gadgets—keeps bracelets, beads and rings in nerve-wracking perpetual motion. Fiddle-fingers always makes much ado about nothing!

That's bad enough, you agree. But there's a worse offender. You know who—the not-too-slick-chick whose hands are everlastingly busy, not only with inanimate objects, but with her own person. Feeling that tricky new hair-do to see if it's still there, rubbing and patting her face, smoothing her eyebrows, absently pulling her ear-lobes. (We won't insult the superior readers of MISS AMERICA by mentioning such horrific things as nail-biting, scratching and knuckle-nibbling, but it does go on in less exclusive circles!)

Such mannerisms are not only a waste of time and energy, but they show shocking disrespect for those two important members, your two uncomplaining, helpful hands—and they look terrible. Ask absolutely anyone!

Another thing, don't talk with your hands—you were given a very nice mouth for that. That doesn't mean you should be poker-stiff. A few gestures are perfectly in order for emphasis and to clarify conversation, for purposes of measurement and description. But don't wave them around all over the place. You're not pinch-hitting for a windmill!

Hands. Actresses, painters, musicians, writers know their high value. And not only the members of these creative professions, - but business men, laborers, doctors, soldiers—well, everyone! You, too, now. Your two hands are busy from morning until night. Think of all the things they do for you. How could you get along at home or at school, at work or at play, without them?

A great deal has been written about the shape and contour of hands. If they're long and thin, with tapering fingers, then you're supposed to be the artistic type. If they're short and square, with blunt fingers, then you're supposed to be the down-to-earth practical type. The lines in your palm are supposed to make your life an open book to those in the know. Maybe.

Some hands are said to possess more beauty than others and, from a purely pictorial standpoint, this may be true—but the real beauty of hands is not in length of fingers, softness and whiteness of skin, nor even in flexibility and strength. It's in what they accomplish! Idle hands are unattractive basically, however delicate and slender. The hands of the truly great may touch and influence a world, reach through centuries.

Your hands aren't independent things, acting without your knowledge or consent. Your thoughts direct them. You're their guide—they express *you*. They represent usefulness, grace and responsibility—as little or as much as you desire. They are your loyal servants, the tools with which, some fine future day, you may carve out the career of your dreams. . . .

The RED CROSS needs you! Girls, enlist NOW for part-time work!

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 59

boy friend. And by the way, Ella and Josie, no girl under fifteen ought to wear polish except of a pale natural shade.

* * *

SQUARE SHOOTER NEEDED. Beatrice H., if your girl friend steals every boy you like by flirting with him just to show she can take him away from you, it is high time you broke off with her and got yourself a new girl friend who will play fair. When you get rid of her see this last boy that you like, *alone*.

* * *

MORE SPOTTY KITTENS. Fay J. and Alice Louise W. and many others who have written me about pimples. This is a tough one, girls, because pimples can be caused by many different things. Not bathing often enough is one. Eating too much candy and rich foods is another. When they occur on the body they can be caused by irritating clothing, plus perspiration. Try a few warm baths in which a pound of epsom salts has been dissolved. Then apply a simple ointment with a mentholated base. If the pimples do not disappear shortly, see your doctor. You may be allergic to some ordinary food or the trouble may have a more serious basis. Your editor tells me she is planning a series of articles on skin care.

* * *

RED SIGNAL. Gladys B., it is awfully wrong and dangerous to pick up a strange boy in a theater. That sort of meeting may work out in motion pictures, but in real life it can easily have a horrible ending. Never, *never* do such a thing again!

* * *

A THREE CENT STAMP. La Donna B. When a boy you have been fond of goes away, there is no reason why you shouldn't write him a nice friendly letter. Then, if he does not answer, forget about him and see more of your other admirers.

* * *

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE CORNER. Anna D. R. So the boy friend won't talk to you because you would not kiss him! Well, darling, if kissing is all he wanted of you, you are better off without him. At thirteen, you are far too young to kiss boys. If he really likes you, I'll bet he comes back of his own accord.

* * *

BOY FRIEND BLUES. From Margot R., Carol P., Makie B. and Margaret W. and other pretty girls who think they can't attract boys and don't know why. You all say you are dainty, have nice clothes, are smart in school, but still—no dates! You want my help but none of you gives me all the facts. Now I want each of you to have a private session with yourself, a *completely honest* session during which you examine your failings courageously and without any cheating. You *must* be doing something which keeps you from being popular. *Only you girls yourselves know the true answer.* When you have figured out the faults you have been afraid to face, write me again and tell me frankly what your trouble is and I will try with all my heart to help you to overcome it. But unless you are truthful with yourself, and with me, I cannot help you.

* * *

GOOD FISH IN THE SEA. Donna-June S. You are too young at thirteen to have lost your only love. But at thirteen I felt exactly the same way when a boy named Ed ignored me. Years later I met him again as a grown man, and I wouldn't have had him as a gift. Cheer up! You'll meet a lot of other good bets in time.

* * *

AUNT NINA'S PARTY RECIPE. Here's a pearl of an oyster idea. To each cup of prepared pancake flour use one cup of canned or fresh oysters, (including liquid), chopped fine; two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful lemon juice. Mix all together and cook like ordinary pancakes. Serve with chili sauce, which has been slightly warmed in a double boiler and pepped up with a dash each of horseradish, black pepper and dry mustard. Hot tea served in tall glasses and spiced with cloves and lemon slices completes this spread.

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JAM SESSION

From page 18

lifetime. At the youthful age of nine he started studying the sax; by the time he was twelve he appeared on the Milwaukee stage in his own song and dance routine, wowing the local clientele; by the time he was in his teens he spent a brief season with Tom Gerun's orchestra, a "name" band of the day, as a leading light of the saxophone section.

Herman has led his own band for almost seven years now, having assembled the band from musicians who remained when Isham Jones, with whom he was working at the time, broke up his outfit and retired in 1937. The crew has climbed steadily upwards since that memorable day, until last year it was several times voted the nation's foremost swing band in nation-wide dance music contests.

Woody is a straightforward, honest, sincere guy. He has a passion for clothes, another for food, and a greater one for his family. He lives the music he loves and is constantly going to some obscure nightery where a good jazz band is featured. As for his band—they don't come any better. A good idol, Woody!

Bandstand banter: Gene Krupa will do three production numbers in RKO's "George White's Scandals", one a jam session with Ethel Smith, swing organist of "Tico Tico" fame...

Besides his many smaller jazz concerts, Duke Ellington has given three major ones: at Carnegie Hall, New York; Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles; and the Civic Opera Building in Chicago; all within the last six months.

The Pied Pipers (they first disced the "Trolley Song" and "Dream") have now been a single group for three years, having left Tommy Dorsey's band that long ago. Their Capitol disc contract calls for eighteen sides in the next few months, a record number!

Woody Herman transferred from the Decca record label to Columbia. He was Decca's most important band, along with Jimmy Dorsey . . . Demand for records these days is fabulous. They are selling eight to ten times as fast as ever in the history of the business, so fast that a hit record will be out of stock in dealers' stores the day after it arrives, never to return again. That's why you've been having trouble and that's also why Columbia, Decca, Capitol, Hit and Victor are expanding their production facilities. As a consequence, you'll get more records soon.

Martha Stewart, the chanteuse, is wowing them with her screen tests in Hollywood. Her first Bluebird record was a boffo hit.

Dis(c) 'n Dat(a): So many copies of "Sleigh Ride in July" and "Like Someone in Love" have been cut that the artists have been busily trading versions. When Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore had a date on an NBC program recently, Dinah brought her Victor version of the pair and Crosby traded her his Decca for it. We have tried to keep reviews active on this coupling as the different artists have made the tunes. We now add the newest by Bing and say that it's excellent.

Pat Flowers is a new boogie woogie artist on Hit. His first release was a set of four discs (eight sides) of which "Eight Mile Boogie" is the best, but not too inspiring. . . . Decca has done a set of the songs from "The Three Caballeros" . . . "Red Bank Boogie" is a sensational record by Count Basie and his band. The Count comes in for a lot of torrid eight-to-the-bar bass beat on the keyboard. Flipover tune is "I Didn't Know About You", the Ellington ditty which has also been done by Duke, Lena, and Woody Herman . . . all better than the Basie version.

Tony Pastor makes with the lyrics on the screwy "Hence, It Don't Make Sense" from "The Seven Lively Arts". If you like silly patter and jive talk you should go for this "Pastor-ized" vocal. "I Got a Song" from "Bloomer Girl" is on the other side . . . The Les Brown band is turning out better platters all the time. "Sentimental Journey" is a honey, backed by "Twilight Tune" on a new Columbia . . . And Hal McIntyre comes along with even a better version, vocal-less, of "Sentimental Journey" and "I'm Gonna See My Baby".

Grace note: Keep that mail coming in so we'll know just what you want to see in the column. You've been great . . . so great that we're ear-deep in your epistles already. And we love it! See you next month. . . .

JOYCE MAKES A DISCOVERY

From page 7

turned too. She could see the admiration in his eyes. Someone told her he was a new boy, his father had something to do with the war plant, that was why his family had moved to this town. She pretended not to hear.

"And who's *this?*" she drawled in her best voice, smiling up at him, giving him her special look from the corner of her eyes.

Then she thought of Donna sitting there in the corner so quietly, like a little old maid, hardly opening her mouth, just looking at Dickie and nodding now and then. Honestly, sometimes Donna gave her a pain! She was so pretty but she didn't *do* anything about it.

There was that time she had said to Donna, "But don't you like boys?"

"Of course I do," Donna answered. "But not all of them, the way you do."

Joyce was exasperated. "My goodness, Donna, don't you want to be popular?"

Donna laughed. "Look how hard you have to work at it!"

Joyce wanted to shake her. "Well, isn't it worth it?"

"Maybe. But I think you make boys too important."

"But they are!" Joyce's voice went up into a squeak. "I can't imagine having any *fun* without boys. Why, they're everything!"

Donna shrugged cheerfully. "I guess I'm just a dope."

She wasn't, really. She was one of the smartest girls in the class. Joyce looked fondly across the room at her friend. They made a good pair, Donna with her dark hair and eyes and creamy skin, Joyce with her golden hair, blue eyes, high color and flashing dimples.

She gave herself up again to thinking of Dickie. She could see them at the dance together, with all the other girls openly envious. She would give him all the dances he asked for, no matter what the rules were.

She even pictured the sort of dress she would wear—something, Joyce thought frankly, to knock their eyes out! It probably would mean a fuss with her step-mother, but she did not care. She knew how to handle Monica.

She would draw herself up proudly and say with cold dignity, "After all, Monica, you're not my *mother*. And I'm not a child. I'm fifteen. I know my own mind and if you think you can treat me *like* a child, you're sadly mistaken!"

Her step-mother! Joyce could still feel her own dismay when her father had told her whom he was going to marry. His secretary! Joyce had tried everything, from coldness to tears, even working herself up into hysterics. Her father had gone ahead and married Monica Taylor anyway.

To Donna, Joyce had poured out all her emotions, all the threats of what she would do if

Monica tried to order her around. "If she thinks she can take my mother's place . . ."

"Don't be a goon," said Donna. "You don't even remember your mother! Besides, you're making Monica sound like something awful and you know she isn't. You *know* you liked her before."

"That's just it—when she was Daddy's secretary!"

"What difference does that make?" Donna wanted to know. "She's still the same person."

"Oh, you don't understand!"

"Well, I like her. I think she's nice," said Donna stubbornly. "She visited Mother, the other day, and she was telling us about some of the people who came to the office, and honestly, she had us in stitches!"

"Go on, laugh," said Joyce bitterly. "She isn't *your* stepmother."

Clang! There went the bell! She scooped up her books, dashed over to Donna and rushed her out before any of the others.

"Where's the fire?" panted Donna. "You're not *that* hungry!"

Joyce would not explain. She only laughed at Donna's bewildered questions as they washed up. She ran a comb through her hair quickly, fluffing the golden mass about her shoulders, worked on her mouth.

"You've got on enough lipstick already," said Donna.

But she always said that so Joyce paid no attention. Grasping Donna's wrist, she towed her pell-mell downstairs to the lunchroom. With loaded trays, they plumped down at a table for two where Joyce could watch the door as the room filled.

"*Will* you tell me what this is all about?" demanded Donna.

Joyce laughed. *"You'll* find out!"

Dickie had come into the room with three boys from his class. She watched as they settled down with their trays at a table for four. Then she excused herself, rose, and sauntered over.

As she stopped beside him, Dickie looked up in surprise, got to his feet. Reluctantly—none of the boys stood up when a girl spoke to them—the other three had to follow suit. Joyce was delighted. Everyone was staring. All around them, voices hushed as curiosity got the better of manners.

In a clear voice she tendered her invitation to the Class Dance. She waited for Dickie's face to light up, for his pleased acceptance. Instead, he looked embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, Joyce," he said. "Last night I asked Donna if *she* would let me take her to the dance."

For an instant, she was stunned. From a nearby table she heard a giggle and a loud whisper, "Is *that* telling her!" She could have sunk through the floor. They had all seen and heard. She, Joyce Martin, turned down, out loud, in public, by a boy—and for another girl!

Desperately, she tried to carry it off. "Oh, good. I thought—you being a stranger—but now—that's fine . . ."

She went back to her table, head high, but she knew she had not fooled anybody. Behind her back all the girls were buzzing and giggling to have seen and heard her pride smashed.

"I've never been so humiliated in all my life!" she whispered furiously to Donna. "How could you—how *could* you?"

"But, Joyce," began Donna, "I didn't know you were going to—"

"Of all the sneaking things to do!" Joyce stabbed blindly at her plate. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't give me a chance! You were late for class this morning and then you rushed me so—"

"I'll never forgive you, never!"

"But, Joyce—"

"Don't speak to me!" Joyce flung at her friend. "Don't speak to me ever again!"

But Donna could be pushed only so far. "Don't worry," she snapped, "I won't!"

All the rest of that afternoon was agony for Joyce. Wherever she looked, she seemed to see sly smiles. She had never been so miserable in her life. Never had time moved so slowly.

But at last the torture was over and she was released. Waiting for no one, she hurried home. She could not get there fast enough. Slamming the door, she made for the stairs. She heard Monica call out to her but she did not stop. She dashed upstairs to the blessed haven of her own room and flung herself on the bed.

Only then did the tears she had been holding back for so

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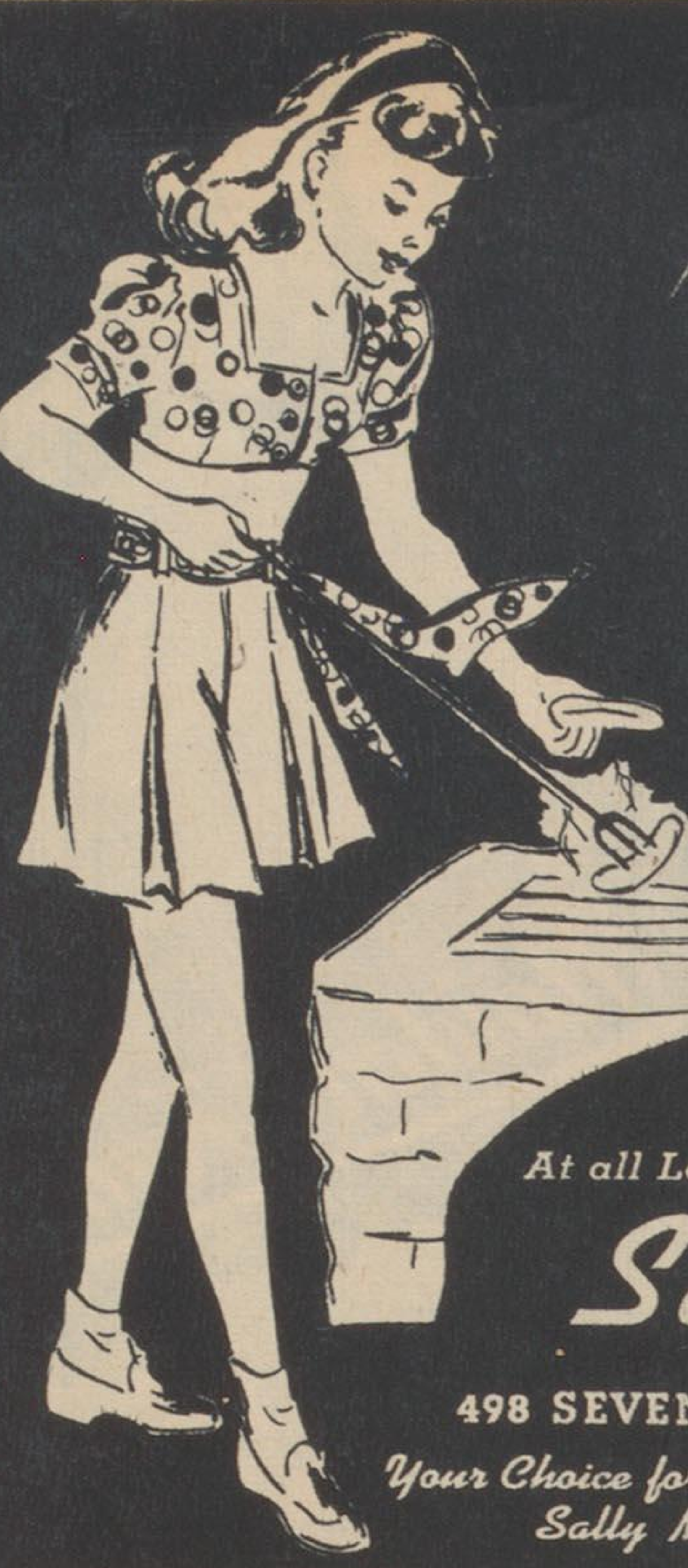

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long, break forth. The sobs shook her painfully. She didn't hear the door open nor know that Monica had entered the room, until she felt a comforting hand smoothing her hair.

She flung away from it. "Let me alone!" she sobbed. *"Let me alone!"*

But Monica kept on stroking her hair, murmuring soothing phrases over and over again just as if Joyce had been a little girl. Presently the tears abated, the sobs became gulps and sighs. When her step-mother left the room, Joyce almost wished she had stayed. In a moment or two, Monica was back carrying a glass filled with a cool liquid.

"Sit up and drink this," she ordered quietly. "It will make you feel better."

Joyce would have liked to push the glass away petulantly, but there was something in Monica's voice that warned her not to. She drank obediently and did feel a bit better.

Monica sat on the bed, facing her. "Now then," she said, "tell me everything. It will help if you can talk it out."

Her voice was so sympathetic, her eyes so kind, that Joyce forgot it was a despised step-mother sitting there and only remembered that Monica was someone who had always been sweet to her.

"You'll make fun of me, too!"

"No, I promise I won't," said Monica gently.

All of it was none of Monica's affair but somehow Joyce did not think of that now. Between gasps and threatening tears, she blurted out the whole story. "I made a fool of myself!" she concluded passionately. "They're all laughing at me! I can't go back to school. I won't!"

Monica did not argue. All she said was, "What nonsense! Don't you know no one can know your pride's been hurt unless you let them? It depends on *your* attitude."

Joyce opened her mouth to protest, closed it again. Because what Monica said made sense. The more she thought about it, the simpler it seemed.

"The most important thing to me," continued Monica seriously, "is that you and Donna quarreled as you did.

Joyce nodded slowly. "It was my fault," she confessed, facing the truth honestly. "I'll call her up and apologize."

Monica chuckled. "You know something? I think our Donna is going to grow up to be quite the 'femme fatale'!"

Joyce was so surprised she sat bolt upright. *"Donna?* How do you mean?"

"She seems to have learned a valuable lesson." Monica leaned forward, eyes twinkling. *"Let the man talk!"*

Joyce stared. Dickie talking to Donna at the party last night . . . "But Donna isn't popular like me!" she said defiantly.

"Perhaps not. But I think she has learned that if you try to give your time to *all* the boys, the boy you really like hasn't a chance. Do you see?"

"Oh, Donna's learned this and Donna's learned that!" blurted Joyce. "*How* did she learn?"

"For one thing," said Monica, "she has a wise mother to help her."

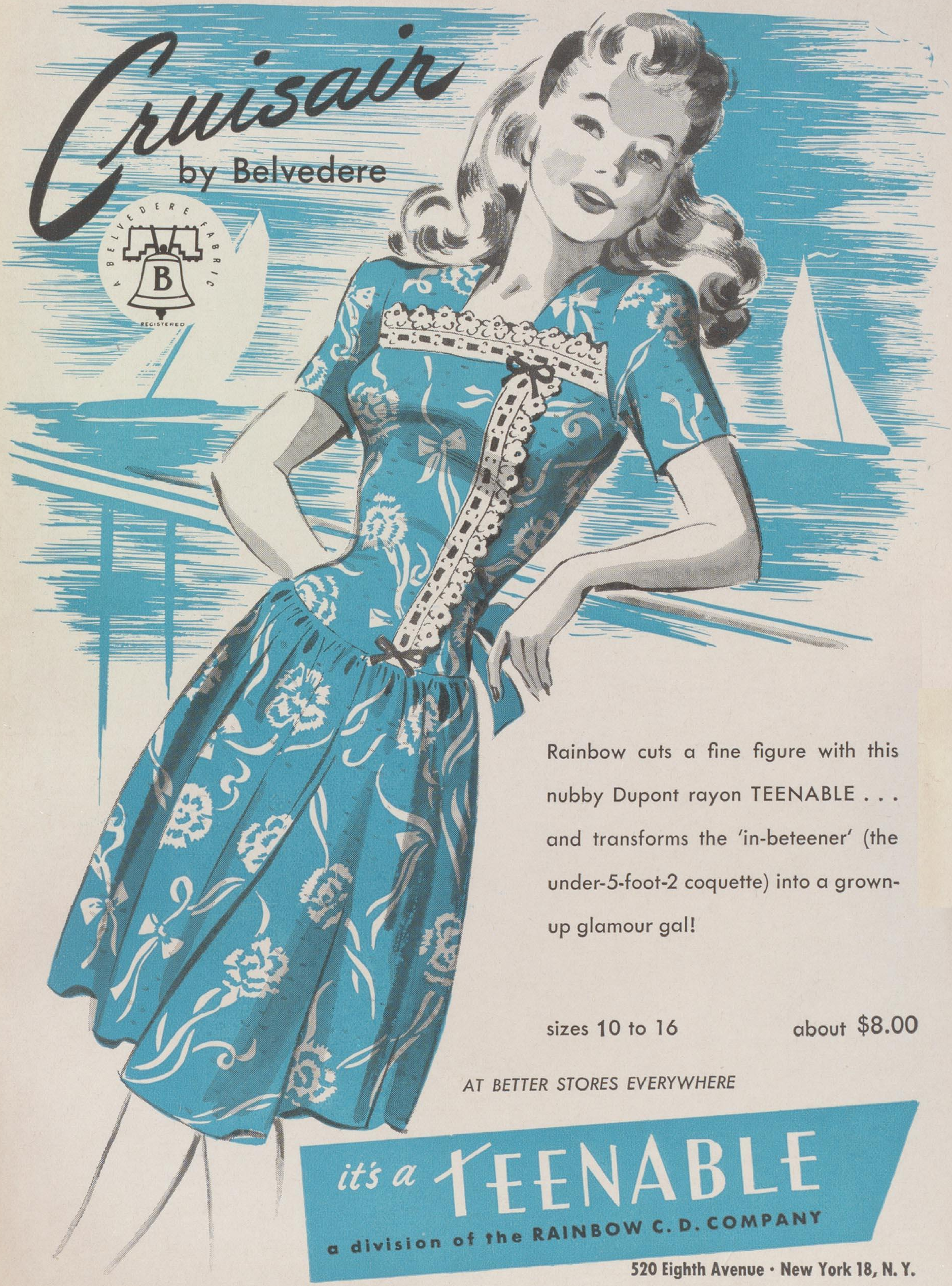
"But I—" Joyce stopped. She had been about to say that she had no mother to help her. But Monica was looking straight at her and Monica's eyes were warm and soft and tender. *I can help you, I want to help you,* her eyes said.

And suddenly Joyce realized that all the animosity she had felt for her step-mother had melted away. They had been talking like two friends. Why, they *were* friends. Oh, how wrong she had been to act toward Monica as she had. From this moment, she promised herself solemnly, things would be different. Monica was a lovely person. She would teach *her,* Joyce, to be a lovely person, too. Donna wasn't the only one who could learn!

"Well, Joyce?"

Joyce hesitated. There were so many things she wanted to say but she couldn't find words. She did the best she could. "You're the boss!" she said.

"And for heaven's sake," she continued, "I'm learning already! Boys *aren't* everything!"



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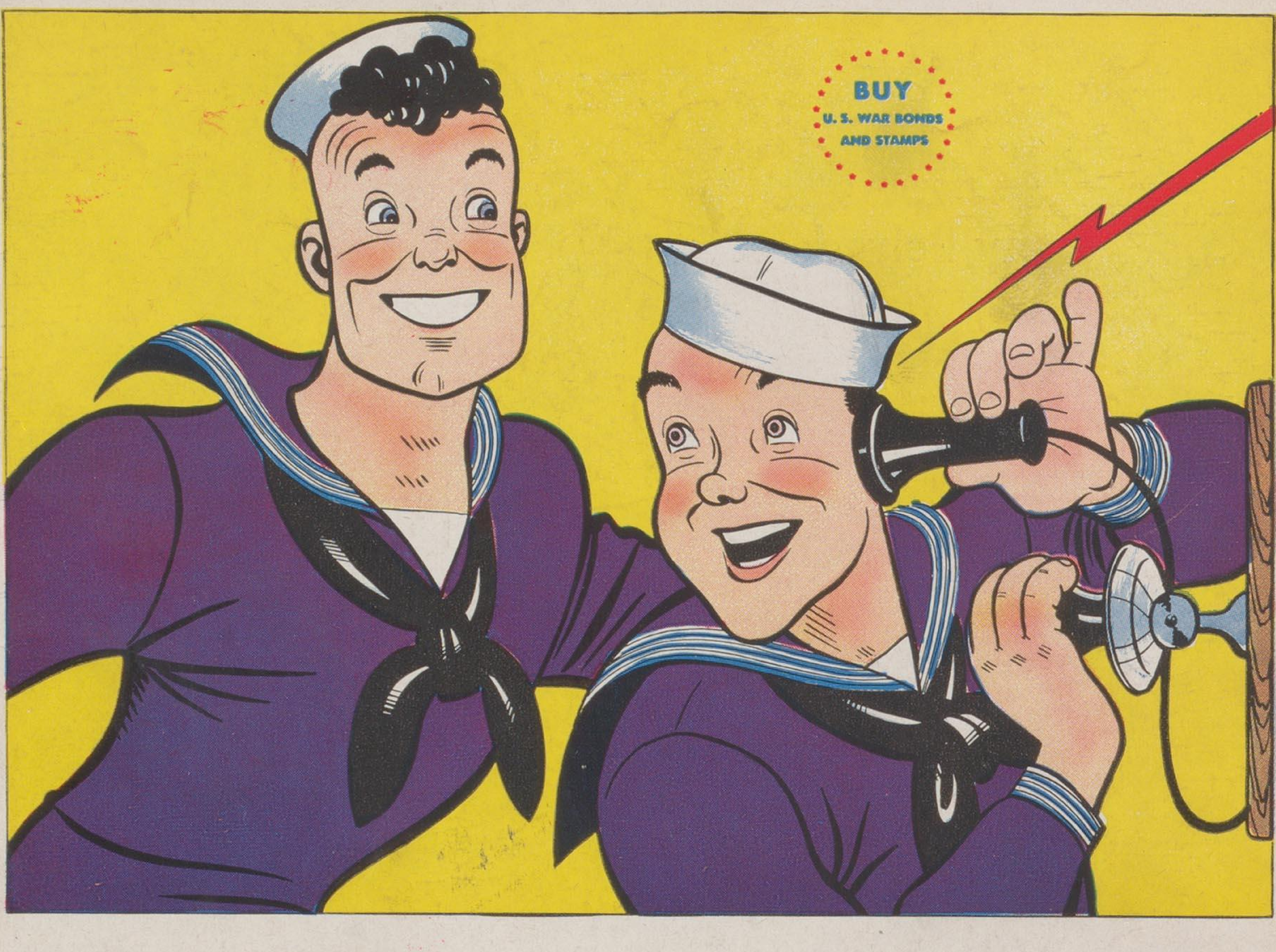
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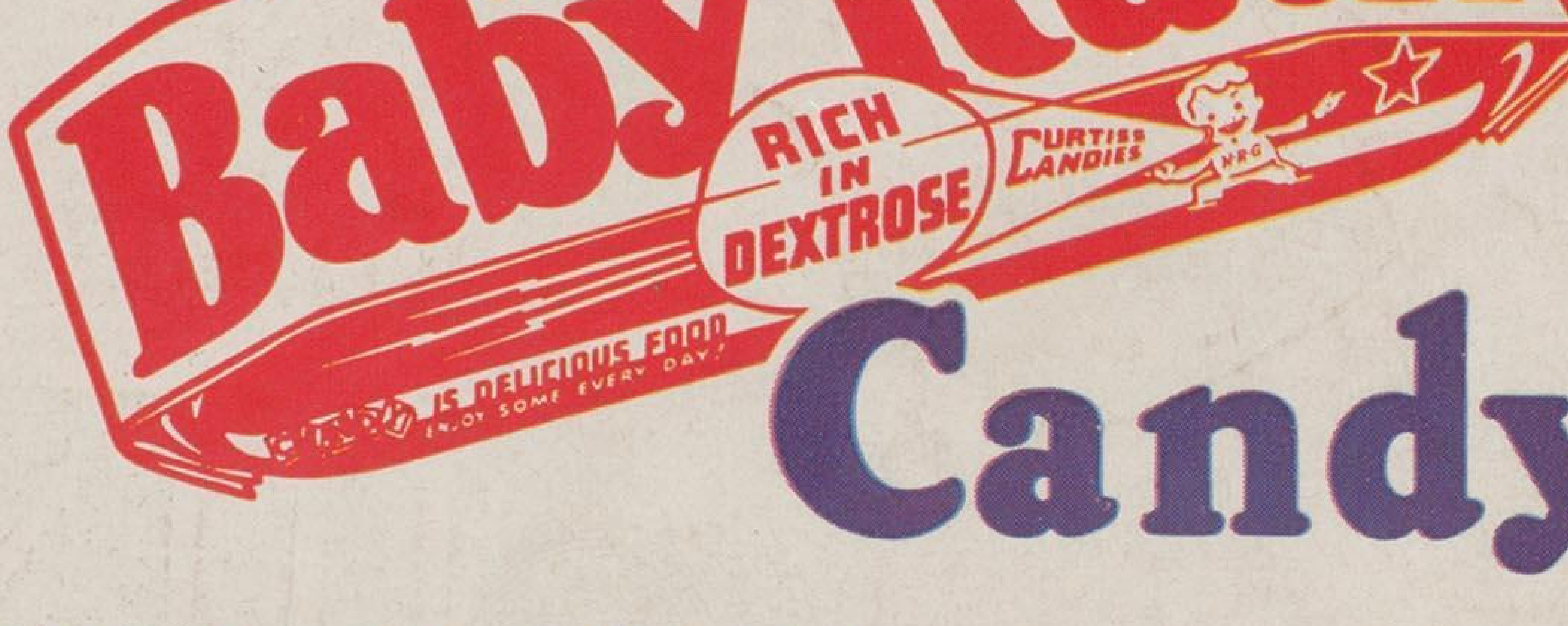
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